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Wofford College Journal

OCTOBER 1907

PUBLISHED BY
The Calhoun, Carlisle and Preston Literary Societies
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

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CONTENTS

Literary Department—

Salutation to Class of 1908 1

The Fitness of Nature 2

Inconstancy 11

All's Well That Ends Well 12

A Mother's Love 16

Should the Negro be Educated? 17

A Freshman's Letter to His Girl 19

Wonder 23

The Power of a State 24

My New Love 28

At Last 29

Editorial Department 31

Exchange Department 39

Clippings 40

Alumni Department 41

Local Department 43

Around the Campus 46

Y. M. C. A. Department 48

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PAGE

Anderson, C. W. & Co. . . . xii
Argyle, The viii

Bernhardt, Photographer . . ix
Biber, A. W., Jeweler . . . iii
Bishop, A. J & Co. iv
Bagwell, J. E., Grocer . . . viii
Band & White, Printers . . xvi
Bomar & Crigler . . . . . cover

Cudd, R. E. & Co. x
Callahan, W. E. & Co. . . . x
Chapman, The Grocer . . . x
Cannon & Fetzer Co. i
Central National Bank v
Correll, D. C., Jeweler . . . v
Crimm, Dr. I. E. xiii

DuPre Book Store i

Fashion, The ii
Fleming, C. E. iii
First National Bank xiv
Fidelity Loan & Trust Co. . xiv

Gas and Electric Co. iv
Greenewald, The Clothier . cover
Harris Furniture Co. x

Hygeia Ice Co. xi
Hopkins Shop xii
Heinitsh's Drug Store . . . xiii

Irwin's Drug Store xv

Johnson, H. J. ix

Keene, Alf. xiii

PAGE

Lester, L. T. x
Littlejohn, Worth iii
Ligon's Drug Store vi
Liles, Floyd L. viii
Lemmond, A. W. xiii

Miller, Bob xi
Maddux, W. E. v

Piedmont Laundry Co. . . . ix
Palmetto Book Store xi
Price's Clothing Store vi
Peterson, The Photographer . vii

Queen, J. R. x

Rowe & Rowe vii
Rigby's Drug Store x
Riebling Drug Co. v
Russum, J. M. xiii

Star Cafe ii
St. John, Dr. F. C. iii
Spartan Hardware Co. . . . vii
Spartanburg Bus. College...viii

Thompson & Dillard xiii
True's Department Store . . iii
The Battery Clothing Co. . . xv

University of Virginia . . . ix

Walker, John A. xi
Watauga Cafe vii
Wright-Scruggs Shoe Co. . xv
Wofford College . . . . . cover
Wofford Fitting School .. cover

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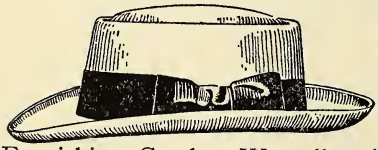

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT

John Lee Hydrick, Editor.

Salutation to Class of 1908

Hail to thee, Seniors, comrades and brothers,
Hark to the voice of the old college bell!
She's glad to have back, along with the others,
The boys of whose past she a story can tell.

For many a day in her old stone tower,
And many a night through the summer long,
She has lain in her braces, quiet, no power
To inspire her deep throat with a joyful song.

But this morn ere the sun had risen high,
The air was made rent with a gladsome strain,
The bell had awakened and we heard the cry,
"Hark! the boys of '08 have come back again."

Hail to thee, Seniors, comrades and brothers,
Look you, the campus has for us a tear;
Each shining dew-drop, along with the others,
But echoes the welcome, "I'm glad you are here."

And each falling leaf, turned yellow and brown,
Made sick by the Autumn's cold blasting rain,
Seems softly to say, from its place on the ground,
"I am glad to have seen you come back again."

The walks no longer look lonesome and old,
And the vine-covered walls no longer sere,
The sun on the windows turns each pane to gold,
And the class rooms whisper, "We're glad you are here."

Archie Willis,
Class Poet.

The Fitness of Nature

(Medal Essay of Science Department.)

In the study of biology, there is scarcely anything which impresses our minds so much as a term which we have chosen to call "The Fitness of Nature." Probably we can find no better definition of the term—or at least what we mean by the term than the fitness which an Omnipotent Being has fused into Nature all around us. There are numberless instances in which the fitness of Nature is revealed, such as the adaptation and adjustment of plants to their surroundings, animal instincts, the relation of plant to animal life, etc.

Let us notice the kind of fitness which is implied by the words "adaptation" and "adjustment," and above all, in the special adjustments connected with organic life. There are many unions which do not involve the idea of adjustment, or if they do, only in a very rudimentary form. For instance, the mere chemical union of two or more elements is not properly an adjustment. We do not call the formation of rust an adjustment between the ogygen of the air and metallic iron. When the combination brought about by the play of chemical affinities is affected by the selection of elements so placed within the reach of each other as to result in a given product, then we accurately describe that product as the result of co-ordination and adjustment. But the kind of co-ordination and adjustment which appear in that mystery which we call Life is of a still higher and more complicated nature than this. Whatever may be the relationship between living organism and the elements, or the elementary forces of external nature, it is very certainly not the relationship of mere chemical affinities. Contrarily, the unions which these affinities by themselves produce can only be reached by the dissolution and destruction of living bodies. The subjugation of chemical forces under some higher form of energy which works for them the continued maintenance of a separate and distinct individuality, is the

essence of Life. The destruction of that individuality is the essence of Death. There is a close and intricate adjustment between the chemical affinities of these elements as they are combined in the living body, but it is an adjustment of them under the controlling energy of a power which cannot be identified with any other, and which always presents phenomena peculiar to itself.

So much for the adjustments without which there would be no life. But having a living organism, how may we apply our term to it? The wonderful instincts of the lower animals—the precision and perfection of their work and the co-adjustment of their bodily organs and instincts are a glorious example of the fitness of Nature. The spinning machinery with which the body of the spider is provided, is not more accurately adjusted to the viscid secretion which is provided for it, than the instinct of the spider is adjusted both to the construction of its web, and also to the selection of places where it may likely capture its prey.

All lower animals have wonderful instincts, which are very serviceable—in fact necessary—for the propagation of the species. Some of these are sites for nest building, the number of eggs to be laid, care of young and the selection of their food.

Why does the mother bird build her nest in some secluded place? Why does she not select a clear open place, where the nest is likely to be noticed? The simple answer is that the instinct of the mother bird tells her that in some secluded and unobserved place her eggs and young are less liable to be destroyed. Let us look at the simple method of the queen bumble bee, the only one of the hive that lives over winter. As a site for her nest, she generally selects th old nest of a field mouse, which is certainly a spot not likely to be found by an enemy of any kind. After selecting this place for a nest, she gathers some pollen and lays her eggs upon it. Why does the mother bee lay her eggs upon this pollen? Because instinct tells her that as the eggs hatch out the larvae would eat into the pollen, and

that she need not supply any further food for the young. The larvae when they are fully developed show marked instincts also. They spin silk and cocoons for themselves. These cocoons are made to serve a double purpose. First, they serve as cradles and subsequently they are strengthened with wax and are used for stowing honey.

Having mentioned the queen bee let us see how the queens themselves are produced. Here is a very noticeable example indeed of animal instinct. In the first place, the cell in which the queen is to be raised is made larger than the others. Having done this, the bees seem to have an intuitive guidance in selection of food for the queen-to-be. This special food has the power of producing organic changes in the body of the young bee, and by its administration under what may be called artificial conditions, the sex of a certain selected individual can be determined, so that they may become mothers an queens of future hives. We have still another good example of animal instinct in the bee. In hot weather a considerable number of workers may be observed stationed at the entrance of the hive, fanning very vigorously with their wings. This is done in order that the hive may be properly ventilated.

There is one group of insects—the common Gall-flies—which have the power of calling on the vegetable world to do their nest building for them, and in response to the means with which these insects are provided the oak, or the willow, or the rose does actually lend its power of growth to provide a special nidus by which the plant protects the young insect as diligently as it protects its own seed. Let us dwell for a moment upon this example—for it is not easy to exhaust the wonders which are involved in this cycle of operations.. For we shall see they are not operations conducted according to the ordinary laws of nature.

It is in contradistinction from all natural laws that the oak or rose or willow as the case may be, is made to provide out of its own substance a wonderful nest for the egg and larvae of the Gall-fly. An yet in what may be called this

distortion of vegetable vitality to purposes which are in a sense unnatural, there is no breach in the great mental law which demands a special adaptation of means to ends. Upon examining the structure of the mother Gall-fly, we see this adaptation revealed. At once it becomes apparent that the Gall is produced by the operation of an elaborate apparatus. In fact this apparatus is so elaborate and so complicated that eminent entomologists have been studying its mechanism since the days of Reaumur, without being able fully to explain or understand it. However the general principle of the apparatus seems to be ascertained. It is an apparatus for inserting the egg of the fly into a vegetable tissue, with such effects upon that tissue, both by mechanical injury and chemical poisoning that the plant is stimulated and excited to an abnormal action an to artificial growth. For this extraordinary purpose, and with this most mysterious and complicated result there is elaborated in the body of the fly implements for boring, rasping, brushing, for irritating by mechanical means the substance of the plant. The same implements in addition are made to subserve the function of inserting the egg, and also for inserting some acrid animal secretion which has a specific action on the secretions of the plant. Here we have a wonderful example of how the instinct of an insect is adapted and adjusted to the organs of its body.

But we may say that such an illustration does not necessarily portray animal instinct, for this action of the Gall-fly may have been imitation. This doubt of itself is an absurdity, for how came the first Gall-fly to do such a thing?

However another example will not be amiss. Let us take a story of a young water-ousel. A pair of water-ousels built their next in a hole in a wall of a small tunnel constructed to carry a rivulet under the walks of a pleasure ground. The season happened to be one of great drought and the rivulet during the whole period of incubation and of the growth of the young in the nest, was neary entirely dry. One of the nestlings almost fully fldeged was taken out by

the hand for examination. This operation so alarmed the others that they darted out of the hole, and ran and fluttered down the tunnel towards its mouth. At that point a small pool of water had survived the drought, and lay in the path of the fugitive birds. They did not appear to seek it in the least, for their flight was very aimless, due to their frightened condition. One of them happened to stumble into the pool by merest accident. The effect was indeed curious. At first the little creature seemed surprised, but only for an instant and then there seemed to be awakened in it the sense of its hereditary powers. It dived into the water with all the facility of its parents, and the action of its wings under water was a very beautiful exhibition of the double adaptation to progression in two different mediums, which is peculiar to the winrgs of most diving birds. The young ousel remained under water for some time, but in due time it reappeared, and being captured, was placed in its nest.

Now we see that there was no possibility of imitation here. The rivulet beneath the nest, even if it had been visible to the nestlings, had been dry ever since they were hatched. The river into which it ordinarily flowed was out of sight. The young birds could never have seen their parents either swimming or diving. Therefore we have here one of a thousand cases which have forced the "Experience" school of philosophy to take up new ground. The young ousel could not posibly have had any experience, either through the process of incipient effort, or through the process of sight and imitation. We find that hundreds of similar cases abound in nature. Therefore it can no longer be denied in the face of such cases that "Innate Ideas" do exist and that "Pre-established Harmonies"do exist in Nature.

There are thousands of other illustrations of the fitness and harmony of nature. Some of these I cannot refrain—though the length of the essay will not allow discussion—from mentioning, because they impressed my mind in such

a wonderful manner—because the wisdom of an Omnipotent Being is revealed in them.

One thing in particular may be said as to the number of eggs laid by the mother. If the chances against life are many to one, a great number of eggs are laid. If the chances are less—a lesser number of eggs are laid. In other words the number of eggs laid are in proportion to the chances which the eggs have of becoming adults. Only one adult oyster results from the laying of one million one hundred and forty-five thousand eggs. Here the chances of life are very small, on account of so many marine animals living, or partially living, on the eggs of oysters. Consequently the mother oyster lays about 9,000,000 eggs a season. Again the codfish lays about 8,000,000 eggs a year. Here the chances are many to one against their successful development. Indeed if all the eggs were developed the ocean would soon be overrun. Let us contrast this with the "infant mortality of the fulmar petrel. This bird is said to be the most numerous in the world, although it lays but a single egg. However, the conditions are such that the chances of this one egg reaching maturity are very favorable indeed. Here we have seen the instinct of the animal greatly favoring the propagation of the species. Suppose that the oyster laid only one egg. We readily see that with the attendant chances of this egg reaching maturity there would be no oysters in a very short time. Again, suppose that the chances of the egg of the fulmar petrel for reaching maturity were the same as that of the oyster egg. Then we readily see that in a very short time the fulmar petrel would cease to exist.

Again th manner in which the animals chance their color in regard to their environment is a notable example of the fitness of Nature. This serves as a natural protection. The green grasshoppers, especially the katydid are noteworthy for their form as well as color and resemblance to the leaves upon which the perch themselves. The walking stick insect so closely resembles a twig that it is seldom noticed. The

common bullfrog also changes its color in regard to its surroundings.

So much for the wonderful instincts of the lower animals and their peculiar adjustments to external conditions. However, these adjustments would be useless were they not a part of another adjustment—an adjustment between the instincts an perceptions of animals and those facts and forces of surrounding Nature, to which they are related and which are related to them, and to the entire cycle of things of which they form a part. In the instinctive actions of the lower animals which involve the most distant and most complicated anticipations, it is clear that the prevision which is involved is a prevision which is not in the animals themselves. They appear to be directed by some simple thing, such as an appetite, odor, or taste and obviously they have no more consciousness of the ends to be subserved than a sucking babe has of the process of nutrition. They walk along a certain path, but the path is not one of their engineering. It was made for them and they simply follow it. But the propensities and tastes and feelings which make them follow it, and the rightness of this direction towards the end to be attained, do constitute a fitness which binds together the whole world of life and the whole inorganic world on which living things depend.

Not only is the fitness of nature portrayed in the animal kingdom but in the vegetable kingdom as well. Even the little seed which is to become the adult plant adapts itself to external conditions. If the season is especially cold, the seed assumes a hard outer coating in order that it may withstand the cold. If the season be especialy dry the seed assumes a thinner coating in order that all of the available moisture may be used.

In the grown plant the leaves adjust themselves to their environment. Indeed leaf adjustment is a very fine illustration of th fitness of Nature. Let us dwell for a moment upon it. The epidermis on the lower side of the leaf is perforated by small holes leading into the interior These are

transpiration pores and are known as stomata from a Greek word meaning mouths "mouths." These holes do not pass into the cells, but are gaps between certain cells (guard cells) of the epidermis. They open directly into intercellular spaces of which they are the end. These intercellular spaces are respiratory cavities. The guard cells, between which are the stomata, change their form according to the amount of light, heat, hygroscopic state of the atmosphere and other external conditions, thus opening or closing the stoma between them. Thus by means of the guard cells and stomata the leaves are able to adjust themselves to external conditions.

Leaves exhibit a peculiar property called heliotropism, a word that means "turning towards the sun." If we place a plant near a sunny window and turn it so that the leaves will face away from the sun, in a few days it will be seen that all the leaves have turned so as to face the sun. The physiological value of leaf adjustment will be readily evident when we consider that the process of food manufacture is wholly dependent upon the action of chlorophyll (of which numerous particles abound in the plant) through the agency of sunlight. Without this agency no food can be produced, even though its influence may not be direct. Seed germinate and many parasites and saprosites grow and flourish in the dark but in these cases it is always at the exense of reserve material, provided by the plant itself, or by the host, through the agency of chlorophyll acting in the light.

Next let us take a plant and note its adaptation to its enviroment. For this purpose we have chosen the common Brake or Fern. The Fern may be divided into two portions —the aerial and underground parts. The aerial part shows admirable adaptation to its stalk, which rises to such a point that air and light may easily be procured. Its broadly sweeping top is covered by a tough and impervious skin. The function of this skin is to prevent undue evaporation and consequent desiccation, however, the skin is translucent, thus allowing the sun's rays to reach the starch making tis-

sue within. The rhizome or underground part, with its pointed terminal buds, its elongated roots, armed with boring tips and its thick fleshy parenchyema for food storage, is well adapted to its own special surroundings.

The environment of the Fern changes periodically with the alteration of summer and winter, and we see the plant unergoing a corresponding periodic change of structure in order to maintain its adaptation to its environment. In the summer the aerial part is fully developed and as a result of its development starch is accumulated in the rhizome. When winter approaches the aerial part dies, and the fern is reduced to the underground part, safely buried in the soil. During the winter and spring months the starch is gradually consumed and when the aerial environment becomes favorable the aerial part is put forth again. The adaptation of the fern to its environment may be made clearer by supposing the fern to be inverted; the aerial portion being planted in the ground portion lifted into the air and exposed to wind and sunshine. Under these circumstances the want of adaptation of the parts to their respective environments would readily be seen.

We cannot write longer of the glorious illustrations of the Fitness of Nature though the living world is full of them. In conclusion let us say a word of what we might call a greater Fitness than these individual examples. We can find no better illustrations of the perfect harmony and fitness of nature than the relation of plant and animal life. Man, in common with all animals, is under the highest of obligtions to the vegetable kingdom. There is neither necessity nor possibility of exaggerating this obligation, for man himself "the lord of creation," is absolutely dependent upon lant life for existence. Were all vegetable life withdrawn from the globe all animal life would seen cease, so intimate is the connection between animals and plants. But why is this? It is because plants take in the poisonous carbon dioxide given off by man and then give out the oxygen which is absolutely necessary for our existence. Here in-

deed do we see the crowning point—as it seems to us—of the Fitness of Nature. God, that All-wise Being, has placed man her to rule His creation but He has also placed here the humblest plants to convert the poisonous discharge of man back into the very breath of life.

Now the essay is finished. It is not what I would have it be, but in it I have tried to bring out a simple truth whch has long impressed my mind. It seems that in the study of Nature we find enough to convert the most confirmed atheist. For what is Nature to us if we do not see in it the working of a Divine hand? What is Nature if it is not a teacher as well as a preacher? In Nature there is a power which of itself has impressed my mind. What it is I know not, but from the divine and simple grandeur of Nature, I have drawn some of the most valuable lessons of my life. Truly it is as Wordsworth, the Great Nature poet, says:

> "One impulse from a vernal wood
> May teach you more of nature and of man,
> Of moral evil and of good,
> Than all the sages can."

Miller Foster, '07.

Inconstancy

'Tis dark without, the rain is falling,
The lightning flashes thro' the sky;
The thunder rolls across the heavens
And visions flit before my eye.

But I in my quiet room am sitting
Dreaming of pleasures that might have been mine—
Writhing in agony, cursing inconstancy—
Cursing that changeable heart of thine.

"Most faithless of women!" But why should I say it,
For women alike are most faithless and frail,

But I cannot blame thee, 'tis nothing but common,
'Gainst what's in thy nature thou canst not avail."

"330."

All's Well That Ends Well

"Jack, may I ask who pinned that genuine American Beauty on the lapel of your coat?" asked Robert Jamael of his twin brother, who sat facing him, on the opposite side of the large writing table in the center of their room.

"If you like you may do so, Bob," replied the other.

"Then," continued Robert, "I make use of the privilege granted me and ask the question, who gave you that rose?"

"The dark-haired, brown-eyed girl who is spending the winter in the old brick house on the corner," replied the other.

"That's strange!" exclaimed Robert.

"And Bob, may I ask who fastened the counterpart of the one I have on the lapel of your coat?" asked Jack, his chin buried in his hands.

"If you like, you may do so, Jack?" replied the one addressed.

"Then, with your permission, who gave you that rose?" asked Jack, in a more interested tone of voice than he had at first used.

Then letting his chin drop in his hands to the exact angle at which his brother's was being held, Robert replied:

"The dark-haired, brown-eyed girl who is spending the winter in the old brick house on the corner."

"That's strange!" exclaimed Jack.

The silence that followed was beginning to grow embarrassing. The boys sat looking each at the other, and each conscious of the fact that the other wanted him to speak, to say something. For nineteen years they had been companions in the truest sense of the word, and since they could first remember no secret had ever existed between them. It was Robert who broke the silence:

"Jack, we are brothers, more than brothers, we are twins, and up till now we have each been the confidant of the other, true to each other as it were possible for us to be. You are beginning to love the dark-haired, brown-eyed girl who is spending the winter in the old brick house on the corner, and I, too, am fast losing my heart to her. That that is a true statement of the case, I think you are willing to admit. Now, what I want to say is this, let us each treat the other fairly. That I love her, I admit; that you love her, you cannot deny. That she will love us both is hardly probable. She will choose between us, but in order that we may each treat the other fairly, I make you this proposition: let us each keep the other posted as to the progress he is making. And then, if you win her, I'm her brother-in-law; if I win her, you're her brother-in-law. Now, what do you say to the proposition?"

"As fair as the one on whose account it is made," exclaimed Jack. "We will still be the same confidants, each of the other, and not even the dark-haired, brown-eyed girl shall come between us. And if I win, you're to witness the consummation, if you win, I'm to be on hand."

The days passed rapidly and each of the boys, true to his promise, kept the other posted as to the progress he was making.

"Jack," Robert had said, "that girl has allowed me to tell her I love her more than anyone else whom I have ever known, and while she has not yet told me she loves me, still I believe she does."

"Well, Bob, you are doing the square thing by me," Jack had said, "and I shall not do less by you. That's the dearest little girl in all the world, and she has allowed me to tell her all about it. I have simply opened my heart to her and told her that I cannot live without her. And now, Bob, up to my promise, that girl isn't anxious for me to have to live without her."

"Well, Jack, you're certainly doing the square thing by me. I've got nothing to say on that account."

"And Bob, I tell you, from now on I'm going in to win. The winter is almost over and unless one of us persuades her to remain for all time, she will be leaving soon. I'm telling you this so that you, too, may put forth your best efforts to win her. I am going to manage somehow to see her tomorrow, day after that, day after that, and every day from now until the time comes when I win."

"Thank you, Jack; you're as square as a cube. Tomorrow we both go in to win. I see her tomorrow, day after that, day after that, and every day from now until the time comes when I win. Here's to your success."

"And to yours," shouted Jack, as he bounded out of the room.

The moon was hidden behind a cloud and Jack ran squarely into Robert as they were each trying to open their room door.

"You dropped something, Jack," said Robert, picking up a small white fan.

"Bob, is this yours?" asked Jack, picking up a small white fan.

The boys stood still, each holding a small white fan that the other had dropped.

"Jack, she gave it to me?" said Robert.

"Bob, she gave it to me," said Jack.

And simultaneously each of the boys pressed his brother's fan to his lips. They opened the door, turned on the light, and sat down on opposite sides of the large writing table. Jack drew from his pocket a thin square package and pulled from it a photograph of her. He placed it on the table, and within the same breath following Robert drew from his pocket a thin square package and placed on the table an exact fac-simile of the one Jack had placed there.

Each of the boys looked at the other, then at the two photographs lying side by side, each like the other.

"Jack, she loves me," said Robert, as he sat looking at his brother. "And I've a secret to tell you—a week from this evening I'm going to marry that girl."

"Are you?" said Jack. Then, "She loves me, and I've a secret to tell you, a week from this evening I'm going to marry that girl."

Robert drew from his pocket a small square box, and when he had lifted the lid, the large solitaire sparkled in the bright morning sun. Jack pulled from his pocket a small square box and another solitaire rolled on the table, sparkling as the other. They gazed at each other, grasped each one the other's outstretched hand, and whispered simultaneously, "You've been square with me; if, in the end, you win, she, too, has won."

Robert stood before one of the two dressing glasses in his and his brother's room, Jack before the other.

"Jack, in three hours that dark-haired, brown-eyed girl will be mine," said Robert, in no steady tone of voice. "You'll be on time, will you not?"

"Bob, in three hours I shall be the husband of that dark haired, brown-eyed girl, You'll not be late for the ceremony, will you?"

The little church on the hill was lighted up and the rector stood near the newly made altar alone. At exactly 9 o'clock the front door opened and Jack stepped into the church, the dark-haired, brown-eyed girl leaning on his arm. At precisely the same moment the side door of the church swung open and Robert stepped in, the dark-haired, brown-eyed girl leaning on his arm.

The rector raised his head as the two couples stopped directly in front of each other, right in front of the altar. Each of the boys looked at the dark-haired, brown-eyed girl leaning on his brother's arm, and then at the one by his own side, to make sure that she was there. The girls laughed, and Robert broke forth, "Twins, by Jove, and just alike!"

Archie Willis.

A Mother's Love

The King of Heaven on His throne
  Was clothed in beauty, perfect, bright—
And 'round him hovered white angel forms
  Awaiting His decrees of might—
"Go quickly," said the Voice of Love,
  "Search yonder realm of guilt below
And find if beauty, faultless, pure,
  Exists 'midst universal woe."

Three bright forms glided from the throne
  Wand'ring out from Heaven's light—
Passed swiftly by revolving spheres
  And reached at last the earth—and night—
The morning sun arose—'twas spring,
  The soft winds blew across the leas,
The birds sang, joyful in the light—
  The green leaves rustled on the trees.

A lily of the purest white
  Begemmed and sparkling in the dew
Its fragrant, dazzling petals swayed
  In winds that gently 'round it blew
What beauty, freshness, faultlessness!
  What drowsy fragrance filled the air!
The angels, stopping, looked again,
  And smiling, plucked this treasure rare.

A little child played 'mongst the flowers
  One small hand clasped within the other,
The curls fell 'round the laughing eyes
  The child lips murmured "Mother"—
What innocence, what boundless trust!
  The little form almost divine!
The angels, wondering, hovered near
  And gently raised it for their shrine.

A mother came across the grass
  Her face was worn and lined with care,

Her form was bending e'er with toil,
  The hands were hard, and white her hair.
  What sacrifice, what love sublime,
She'd given to this child so dear!
This mother's love, the angels thought,—
  Might fitly 'fore the throne appear.

The lily sparkling with the dew,
  The rosy child, the mother's love,
Were carried in the angels' robes
  And placed before the throne above.
The flower's petals withered lay
  Alas! The child was dead, was cold,
But the mother's love was sweeter still
  Sublime, eternal, pure as gold!

W. C. Curry, '09.

Should the Negro be Educated?

One of the questions which perplex this nation, but more especially the Southern States, is whether it is expedient to educate the great mass of negroes which dwells among us.

Archaeologists who have revivified ancient Egypt have shown us that contact of the negro with civilization antedates that of Anglo-Saxon by many centuries. He was carved and chiseled on the Egyptian monuments and tombs while the Anglo-Saxon was wandering in savagery and barbarism in the fens of Germany. Explorers in Africa have found remains of his prehistoric civilization, if so it might be called; for the negro, although continually having every opportunity for development, and coming into contact with the grandest and most cultured nations of his day, has never aspired to anything grand, noble, or uplifting. In fact, he has persisted in continuing in his original condition where might was right and where liberty was license.

We will make a physical comparison of the brain of the negro with that of the Anglo-Saxon. The average weight

of the Caucasian brain is forty-five ounces, while that of the negro is only thirty-five. When, in a human being, we find less than thirty-one ounces of brain, we generally find also insanity, idiocy, or imbecility. The weight of the brain of a well-developed monkey is twenty-five ounces. Is it not just as plausible to give the monkey ten ounces more of brain through evolution by education and make him the equal of the negro, as to give it to the negro and make him the intellectual equal of the white man?

Next let us make a psychological comparison of the two brains. Let us first notice the shape of the negro brain. It is a great deal smaller and narrower in front than that of the Caucasian. It has been established by science that the front of the brain contains the subjective faculties of man, such as self-control, reasoning, will-power, judgment and restraint. In the back of the brain are the objective faculties —the appetites and passions—such as anger and sensuality. The front of the brain in a Caucasion controls the passions. He has self-control, will-power, acute judgment, and keen reasoning powers. The negro has all these only in an inappreciable degree, but has his desires and passions well-developed. He is affectionate, sensual and emotional. He exhibits a love for gaudiness, loud songs, all kinds of display and parade, and impressive and high-sounding language.

Thus we see that with such preponderance of emotion and lack of will-power the negro will always be at the dictates of his passions and emotions. This may be seen in everyday life by a close observer. With rare exception the negro has never been known to break a habit which he has once acquired. Once he has fallen, he will ever remain so. "A race can never rise higher than its women," is an old saying. But when the men and women of a race are so degraded and morally degenerate, what hope can we have for such a race?

A noted scientist has said, "The negro is conspicuously lacking in judgment, in the formulation of new ideas from existing facts, in devising hypotheses, and in making deduc-

tions in general. He is imitative rather than original, inventive, or constructive." There are few exceptions to this rule, but instances of negroes completing a college course are as rare as genius among the Caucasians. Again, the majority of such negroes have white blood coursing in their veins. Such are Booker Washington, Tanner, Dumas, and Prof. Dubois.

The negro and the Caucasian are the extremes of the human family. The one is objective, the other subjective; the one is intensely emotional, the other an acute reasoner; the one lacks self-control, the other is a master of his passions.

The negro is incapable of any great amount of education. With his highly cultivated imagination a smattering would tend to make him feel that he was the intellectual and even the social equal of the white man. A demand for social equality would not be tolerated for one moment by self-respecting Southern white men. The inevitable result would be a bloody race war. Thousands of lives would be lost and millions of dollars would go up in flames, but the result would be the complete annihilation of the educated, inefficient, indolent, and assertive negro. We should for our sake and for that of the negro avoid the experiment of giving him a smattering of education which will only be disastrous in the end. The safety, peace, order, honor and fortune of the South demand it.

"A little rearning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not of the Pierian spring."

"330."

A Freshman's Letter to His Girl

Dearest Janette: The reason that I have not written before is that the whirl of college life has nearly carried me off my feet and I have been unable to get pen to paper. We have had a bowl fight and some baseball and lots of classes; but the most important thing I've done was to go calling upon a young lady. I reckon I had better tell you all about

it so that you can see that she is not loving me (at least I don't consider it that way). Of course I don't intend to have anything more than a Platonic friendship with her since you are my only—.

I dressed before supper so that I'd be ready in time, but Travers, the sophomore, a friend of mine who was going to take me and "knock me down" to her (I am fast learning to use slang stunts) wasn't dyked before nine. I got impatient, but Travers said if we went too soon we would get run. I told him we got run at home for staying too late. Then he said something about my needing a bottle. I thought that was unkind as he knew mother didn't want me to drink.

Then we started off to the calic's house (a calic seems to me to be a girl who never walks on the same side of the street that the poolroom is on). Just before a fellow opened the door Travers says, "You'll have to spiel 'em up a few tonight or we'll have a bum time, 'cause I'm feeling sorter sick."

I said I couldn't spiel very much. (Spiel in German means "to play.") He got huffy and said that if the girl didn't, and he couldn't, we would have a chilly time of it. I asked him if it was the custom to "spiel" every time you went calicoing. He called me a bad name and just then the door opened and we went in . When we got into the parlor the calic was sitting on a sofa and another fellow was sitting beside her. I sat down on the other side and Travers and the fellow who opened the door sat facing us. I looked at the girl, whose name was Miss Maud McCanstand, and noticed that the fellow beside her was looking mighty earnest. Then I heard him say, real low, something about his being mad at us because we came in. This made me feel awful bad, just like I did when I spilt chocolate on the bride's white silk dress at the wedding last year. I could not think what I had done wrong. I had come in the room just like Miss Ehney showed us how, when we were in the seventh grade at school, and I shook hands like they said to, in the

book advertising clothes. And when I shook hands I said that the pleasure was all hers because I read a book once that said you ought to "ascribe everything nice to the lady," and I think pleasure is nice. I felt terribly bad about it because a soph. had told me on the morning of the bowl fight that ten freshmen had been wounded and three killed in duels last year for stepping on sophs.' toes in the class fight and that I had better keep out as I would certainly be challenged. For, though the bowl fight looked less dangerous than the old way of fighting in the attic of the college, it was really worse because you were bound to step on some one's toes, and that meant a duel. I would have stayed out the fight if the freshies hadn't come 'round and told me that they would beat the bad place out of me if I didn't come. The soph. told me afterwards that he was exaggerating a little for "emphatic effect."

I was scared when I heard that fellow was mad and I decided I would do the gentlemanly thing and avoid a fight if possible. Not long after this the other fellows left. This made me feel worse and one of the fellows said something about not seeing more of me, which I took to mean that he was going to quit speaking.

After they had gone; we talked awhile and then I saw the piano and remembered what Travers said about it being the custom to have music when you went calling. So I asked the girl if she played and she said she couldn't. I felt awful scared when I heard this, as I felt sure Travers would never speak to me again if I didn't try. Then I remembered the old saying about "when in Rome do as Romans do," and it helped me to screw up my courage a lot. And I said, "I can play a little," and acted like the "little" was a lie when really it was the truth.

Then the girl said something about not knowing I was a musician, and Travers said he didn't know it either. I wanted to make a good impression first, so I started out on Chopsticks, as I could use two hands on that. When I got to where you start hitting the keys one after the other I heard

some coughing and looked around. The calic was red in the face and so was Travers, and Travers says—and his voice sounded queer and he looked as if he was going to have apoplexy like old Mr. Barkley,—"Tell Miss Maud about that snake you told me about." I got off the stool for I thought they weren't having a very good time without me. We talked some more and then some more fellows came in and Travers got up kinder quick and said we'd better go. I wondered what these fellows had done wrong and if there would be another duel in the morning besides mine. This brought to my mind my "affaire d'honeur." So I said, "Miss McCanstand, may I speak to you, please."

She was real nice and said, "Why, yes," and came out into the hall and shut the door.

I says, "I just wanted to apologize for"—

"Oh, that was all right I think it was real entertaining."

I got red and said, "I don't mean about the piano; I mean about those fellows getting mad at me for coming. I wish you would see about getting the trouble smoothed over. I am an only son and it would not do for me to get killed."

She got red and gasped and choked, then said real funny, "I'll fix it; good night," and ran away.

When I got outside Travers says, "Well, you were the biggest fool punching those keys I ever saw. What did you do it for?"

"You told me it was the custom to spiel here and I did the best I knew how."

"I see," he said, "You've learned more Dutch since you came here than you have slang for all your 'stunts.'"

Then he said, "What were you jollying the calic in the hall about?"

I told him the truth about it and he told me that when a fellow was talking to a girl at her home and another came in, the first one had to leave. He said, though I can't quite see through any of it, that what that fellow said about being mad was only a compliment he was paying the calic.

The customs of this place are certainly strange, for when

I asked Travers to take me to see another young lady he promised to knock me down to, he said, "Oh, I forgot, her great-great-grandmother died two years ago, and I am afraid she isn't receiving now, and we'd better not go."

No don't you think that is funny. Whoever heard of a custom like that? And if she has been in mourning for two years how did Travers get to know her. It's the old customs I reckon and I reckon I'll understand them when I get to be a sophomore like Travers.

Love to all.

Yours immutably,

Ezekiel.

D.

Wonder

The brightest stars that are above
  Oft shine with feeblest light,
The very ones we dearest love
  The soonest pass from sight.

Thus not what thou wast but now art
  Makes thy joy or sorrow;
From thine own heart let hope then start,
  Thou canst nowhere borrow.

If in thy bosom's cabinet
  There rests some fond treasure,
Must fear need fret some one may get
  That which dooms thy pleasure?

But they when one this Love has gained,
  And winning loves ever;
Once 'tis obtained, shall fate in vain
  Thy hope to wreck, endeavor?

For the hope we fondly cherish
  Oft fade like stars away—
Or, like the dear ones, soon perish
  In cold and lifeless clay.

Ed. R. Mason.

The Power of a State

(Medal Essay Calhoun Society.)

It was Jas. A. Garfield—one of our martyred presidents—who said. "The power of a State depends upon the intelligence of its citizens." His words were true then and they are true now. I am no preacher, and this essay is to be no sermon, but were I such, these words would be my text.

It is the inalienable right of every man—and woman too as for that—to have a good education. It is necessary, both for the individual and the State. It is the function of a free State to educate its citizens—to give them all the education necessary to make them good citizens.

This being the case, let us see the conditions—or at least some of them—necessary for good citizenship. In the first place a citizen should have a thorough knowledge of the people among whom he lives. He should know how to communicate his ideas to them; he should be able to fully understand when they communicate their ideas to him. If a country is composed of a number of tribes, who cannot understand each other's language, it is impossible from the nature of the case to set up a common government, excepting that the government be ruled by a monarchy, an oligarchy or an aristocracy. If, upon landing on our shores our forefathers had tried to set up a federal form of government, it would have been impossible because the tribes of Indians did not understand each other's language. Of course there might had been other reasons, but this would have been a fundamental one. Thus, every citizen of our country should know how to read and write and speak the English language.

If one would be a good citizen he must know something about the world in which he lives. It is not necessary for him to be able to recite the length of a long list of rivers or the height of a number of mountains at will. He may go to a cyclopaedia and obtain all such information as this if he so desires. But he should know something of the nature

of his country and the nature of other countries as well. He should be measurably familiar with these facts in order to take part in the government of his own country, or in determining what shall be its relation to other countries. He should know about the products of his country, its exorts; he should know about the nature of its soil and the configuration of the land, for how else is he to exercise a wise judgment in voting upon such a thing as a tariff law? If he does not know these things, and is called upon to vote, there is nothing left for him to do but to ask his leader, and act accordingly. Can we say that this is in conformity with the principles of Democracy? Thus we see that some knowlege of geography is an essential part of public education.

The citizen should know something of the forces of the world in which he lives. He should know something about light, heat, electricity and magnetism. About nature he should know something, for he has to co-operate with nature. It is readily understood that as civilization increases the closer must be his co-operation with nature for his well-being. Hence we see that some knowledge of science is essential to intelligent citizenship. And the farmers will greatly profit when they learn to put more science into their farming.

The world has been trying experiments of one kind and another for a long time, and he who would be wise in the future must know something of the experiments of the past. If the citizen is to be a wise man—if he is to play a wise part in the government of his country—it behooves him to know something of the experiments which have been made in the past—in other words he must know something of history. It is not necessary that he should be able to give a chronological list of the crowned heads of England or Fance, for this is not to know history. But it is highly necessary that he should understand something of the rise, progress and development of the human race. He should know where it has succeeded and where it has failed; why it has succeeded and why it has failed. This he should know

in order that he may not repeat the experiments which failed before. It is necessary in order that he may not think that the experiments which succeeded yesterday under one circumstances will succeed again today under other circumstances. Therefore the citizen should know history because he should know the world's experience; for how else may he display wisdom in shaping the destiny of his country for the future?

Our world has produced some great men. These great men had have great thoughts, and have uttered them. The great men live in these thoughts. The true history of the world is its intellectual history, and this has been written by its great leaders. For the history of Greece, we look to its great philosophers; for the history of Palestine, we look to its prophets; for the history of Rome, we look to its great statesmen and jurists. When we speak of England, we think of Shakespeare and Milton; of France, we think of Rosseau an Voltaire and Hugo; of Germany, Schiller and Goethe. The great men of the past have done great thinking, and their thoughts live in literature. To be a wise citizen one should know something of the great thoughts of these great men. He needs not especially to know the names of the books, but he should know the spirit of them. it needs be that he know literature

Another requisite of good citizenship is that the citizen shall be able to support himself. One may have excellent ideas, good judgment; he may be a good talker and a good listener, but if he is dependent upon the charity of the public for support, he is not a good citizen. Then it is the duty of the free State to furnish such elements of education as will enable its citizens to become self-supporting. It seems so far that we have paid too much attention to the higher education and thus to a certain extent neglected the broader education. It behooves us to broaden it at the base, even though we may have to trim it at the top. If all the education of a public school system tends towards proficiency in literature, then it is reasonable to suppose that one gradu-

ating from the school can do little but write school compositions, the most proficient of these being very probably articles for the newspapers. We have used the words, "can do but little," and by them we mean one can do but little more than if he had never gone to school—the school has not helped him from an industrial standpoint. Our public school system should be such as to make the provision of self-support adequate.

Now are these all the requisites for a good citizen? Indeed they are not. A man may read, write and speak the English language well, he may know geography, science, history, and all this knowledge may simply enable him to be a greater rascal than he could have otherwise been. Life's entirety is not intelligence; there enters into that which is far more important than intelligence—conscience and will; the power to know what is right and wrong, the ability to resist the wrong and do the right. To be a good citizen one must have moral training. A citizen should be trained in such a manner that he can use his conscience and his moral well in all the various questions which may arise. If this is not done—if the free state does not see that its citizens be trained morally—then the skill of the writer may serve only to make him a better forger, and the knowledge of science may simply make him a more skillful dynamiter.

In a broad sense education is the development of character. Democracy requires that the State shall furnish to its children—to all its children—development in all the elements of character which are essential to good citizenship. If we are to be a free people, if we are to be a self-governing people, it is necessary that we be a people of free, self-governing individuals. Now, if we are to be a people of free, self-governing individuals, each individual of the naton must be educated to understand not only himself, but the world in which he lives, the men and women with whom he is to live, they that govern the world of matter as well as the world of

men, and the individual must also be trained to conform his life with these laws.

If it were possible for the State to take each individual and train him in such a manner as this, we would approach close to an ideal State. True enough it is the function of the State to do so, but heretofore it has not done so—it has seemed that it is impossible for it to do. But the more of its citizens that are trained in this manner, the greater will be the power of that State.

W. D. Fierson.

My New Love

O crimson maid, whose ever-willing hand
Doth blot from tortured minds all thought of care,
Be thou my love, my love eternally;
No blushing maid shall e'er thy throne usurp—
No fairer hand shall e'er thy septer wield—
But thou and only thou shalt be my bride.
But 't was not always thus; I loved a maid
Whose rippling hair did crown a queenly head:
She was my goddess, and full oft I heard
The distant echoes of the wedding bells.
She led me on, then drove me ever from her—
I came to thee, and thou hast been my friend
Whose crimson breath hath recreated me.
My life is blank, my eyes bloodshot and blear—
My pallid face bespeaks of emptiness—
I soon shall leave this tottering earthly form
And down my soul shall sink to dismal Hell;
But what care I? Hell's fiercest seething fires
Are pleasures, matched with woman's scorn—
'Tis she and only she who gladly thus
Consigned my soul to everlasting Hell.

"330."

At Last

He had thought her cruel; he had thought her faithless; he thought that he had been wronged. He was jealous all his life, and never gave her rest. He could go out and everywhere enjoy the society of his friends, but she must stay at home. When they were married she was light-hearted and free from care, but now the tyranny of a jealous husband crushed her tender heart until now there seemed none to be crushed.

Then the little one came to love her. She had thought that this would be the tie that would bind him nearer to her. She longed that his eyes would be opened, but no.

One day a very dear friend had come to see her, and her husband returning home had seen him leave. Then the volley of cruel, heartless words which poured from his lips seemed to crush her very life. She loved him, but she could not stand this, so she had left him to go to the home of her childhood.

A cottage by the sea. In the distance could be heard the angry beating of the breakers on the shore, now nearer and nearer and then farther and farther away until it sounded like the roll of muffled drums. The pale moon threw her silvery waves of light around the home.

The room was dimly lighted, and the mother sat, tired, rocking her restless child, but he would not sleep. The sparkle of his dark brown eyes reminded her of him she loved. His every feature was stamped upon the face of his child. She thought of him as she sang so sweetly the song he loved to hear—

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea!"

She paused a moment, yet she did not hear the slight rustle of the blinds, neither did she see the pair of eyes gazing at her through the cracks. The silence was only broken by the distant boom of the ocean, and the sound of

her voice came floating out to him who stood at the window—

"Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea."

He was fascinated. Her face was turned from him, but he could see the look of sadness on her brow. The mother bent over her child as she smoothed his hair and sang:

"Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps."

She bent over her child and gently kissed his forehead and looked long and lovingly into his face, then she leaned back, weariness and sadness written on every feature. The mother and the child were asleep.

The man outside stood rooted to the spot, his gaze fixed upon that upturned face, so beautiful, so pure, and withal so marked with care.

"Could it be his girl wife?" he thought. "Her whom he had loved so passionately, her whom he had treated so cruelly?" Surely care and time and sorrow had left their marks upon her brow, but she seemed now more beautiful than ever. He thought a moment, then lightly turned aside to the door. Softly he entered and knelt beside her chair. He touched her and she awoke, at first startled, but recognizing the face so dear to her, there came the faintest glimmer of a smile upon her lips as she listened to him saying, "My own, I have wronged you cruelly, but I love you, I love you. Won't you forgive and love me as of old?"

Her snow-white arms softly stole around his neck, and all was silent save the dull roar of the deep blue ocean beating on the lonely shore. H. C. S., '08.

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Salutary.

A new staff makes its debut on the stage of literary effort with this issue of The Journal. We enter into our work realizing the responsibility of our position and with a determination to keep The Journal up to the standard maintained by the staff of last year. So when our mistakes appear, for no doubt we will make them, do not criticize us too severely, and attribute them not to lack of zeal but to our inexperience.

It will be our effort to give to the students the best magazine which we are capable of. We have no apologies to make for our staff, for we believe that they are competent men, and if they receive the proper support from the student body they may expect a first-class Journal in every respect. Mr. Willis, the business manager, having had

previous experience on the staff of THE JOURNAL, has met, so far, with marked success in his department. The other members of the staff are all new men, but are men of distinction in class-room work and thoroughly competent to furnish good material for their respective departments of the college magazine.

We sincerely hope to make THE JOURNAL even a greater success than it has been. In order to do this, the students must take an active interest in it. We heartily commend the work that a few have done for it, but a college periodical should be representative of the literary work of not a few men but of the whole college. Many seem to think that there is no responsibility on them beyond that of electing a board of editors. A few contributions are handed in, and the editors have to search the "Campus" for the rest. There seems to be a radical defect in our life here. We live in an atmosphere that is too coldly critical. Men who have never contributed a line, and whose religious scruples, perhaps, will not permit them to do so, will sit around and try unmercifully to pick flaws in the articles of others. Every student should take an active personal interest in everything that has the welfare of his college at heart. When he does so we may expect the college magazine and everything relative to the college to prosper.

THE JOURNAL has never been ranked anywhere except among the first-class publications, and this we feel we can say without reserve. What its future will be and what its fortune this year depend on three things: These are the earnest, active interest of the editors, and this we do here and now promise; the hearty support of the student body in the matter of subscriptions and also in the matter of patronizing our advertisers; and, lastly, unless the men in Wofford College grasp the splendid opportunity offered through the medium of THE JOURNAL for perfecting themselves in literary ability and for cultivating a literary style, then they need not expect the best of the magazine. If the material in THE JOURNAL does not exactly come up to your ideals and

expectations, before you condemn, first ask yourself one question: To what degree am I responsible for the conduct of THE JOURNAL? THE JOURNAL is yours, Wofford men; help us make it what it ought to be.

The New Students.

The faculty and old students extend a hearty welcome to the class of 1911. We are glad to share with you the duties and pleasures, the benefits and privileges, the high standards and traditions of Wofford. We are confident that you will use them well.

It is a matter of gratification both to the faculty and the old students that so large a number of new men have entered college. The prospects for a good year's work are the brightest in the history of the institution, and much is expected of the new men.

Throw yourself into every phase of college life and let all its departments receive a new impetus from you. In the class-room, in the literary societies, on the athletic field, in the Y. M. C. A., and in all the other departments, fulfill the great expectations we have of you.

To the new students THE JOURNAL extends a hearty welcome and throws open its columns to them. We wish them to remember that THE JOURNAL is as much their magazine as it is ours, and we expect them to support it with the very best poems, stories and essays of which they are capable of writing.

College.

The month just past has been a wonderful month to many a boy. He has been getting a taste of that far-away something called "college life," which he has been thinking of and expectantly awaiting as he came up through the high school or country school.

A college is a miniature world, we might say, with a little less, perhaps, of stern necessity to drive us on than we find out in life. With some men this is not true, however,

for they have said, "I must, I will have an education," and so they have come up on the "Old Hill," to the best college in the land, we think. They may not have money—few of us have, indeed—but a determination to do things and to forge ahead at any odds is characteristic of Wofford men and of Wofford College.

College life will be to us what we make it, "a little study, some athletics, more society," the exact reverse of these or all in wholesome proportion. The opportunity is ours; the opportunity knocking "unbidden once at every gate," if we answer not turns back and "returns no more." Let us look on college life, then, as an opportunity, ours but once, and see to it that we make the most of it.

Self-Dissection.

Nothing else is more fatal to either achievement or happiness than a habit of perpetual self-analysis, and especially a habit of self-depreciation. It is a dangerous thing to carry in the mind a morbid picture of oneself, for the quality of the thought tends to reproduce itself in the body.

We believe that a large part of human troubles and misfortunes comes from lack of self-esteem, of self-respect, a proper appreciation of oneself. The artist reproduces his model on the canvas, and the ideal of yourself, which you carry in your mind, you tend to reproduce. If your ideal is deformed, morbid, these defects will reappear in your life.

I read of an estimable lady who almost ruined her usefulness and her happiness by a morbid habit of self-condemnation. She seemed to think it was a virtue to be always criticizing, finding fault with and picking flaws in herself. She was all the time on a tour of self-inspection, hunting for defects, weaknesses, bad habits, bad tendencies.

A proper self-esteem—not egotism—will keep you from debasing yourself, will prevent you from doing things which would be unworthy of you, and which would mar your career.

Learn to think highly of yourself, and strive to be worthy

of this estimate. If you are honest and sincere, if you do your level best to live up to your highest ideals, to be somebody in the world, to do something worth while, you certainly ought to have a high measure of self-respect.

Decay of the Parties. It has been a long time since political parties in the United States were in so serious a condition of shipwreck as they are today. This statement applies as much to either of the great parties as to the other, and equally to both of them.

If it should be attempted to lay down platforms of principles for either or both of the great political parties, great confusion would result, as serious difficulties in drawing lines of demarkation would be encountered.

The Democratic principles, as they were stated in the days when Democracy was in the height of its power and was led and represented by some of the greatest men in the country, embraced the inviolable maintenance of the rights of the States and resistance to all Federal aggression. There were to be equal rights to every citizen to make the best and get the best by means of such talents and opportunities as he might have, with special privileges to none. There was to be no unjust discrimination and no favoritism in the levying of taxes, and in the matter of tariff it was intended to raise revenue while giving only incidental protection to home products.

Today, in writing a Democratic platform, serious changes are necessary. As to the rights of the States, they are largely neglected, while everywhere there is a strong feeling in favor of pushing forward and making paramount the power of Federal government.

As to the centralization of governmental power, that was once wholly the fundamental doctrine of the Republican party. Today the most prominent Democratic leaders are all for national ownership of railroads and national control of all industrial and financial corporations. This is rank Re-

publicanism while demanding Federal control, stop at Federal ownership.

When it comes to the tariff, the Republicans, who were the apostles of high protection, are now badly divided on the subject, because, while the protection policy has enabled favored parties to amass vast private fortunes through the special privileges they enjoyed, a great body of Republicans get nothing, but were made to pay exorbitant prices for articles of daily consumption. Thus it is that many Republicans demand a relaxation of the strenuous conditions created by the high tariffs on foreign goods.

On the other side, the Democrats are no less divided on the tariff issue. There was a time when there was little or no manufacturing in the Southern States, which were long the stronghold of Democracy, and the tariff imposed a tremendous burden on the South, while giving it no benefits. Today the situation is wholly different. The South, with the greatest abundance of raw material product at home, is making large and lively progress in manufacturing, and is therefore feeling the benefit of tariff protection.

It is coming, therefore, to be very difficult to draw lines between the two parties on questions upon which they once differed most radically.

Our Advertisers. We take advantage of this opportunity to impress upon the minds of the student body the importance of patronizing those who patronize us. In order to make THE JOURNAL a success we must have funds. We cannot get out a magazine without other funds than those paid in as subscriptions. Our advertisers aid us very materially just along this line. No man likes to put his money where it will reap no harvest, and the business men of this city and others who advertise in THE JOURNAL, with good judgment, expect your trade. In making your purchases, please bear this in mind. Look over the ads., and when you spend your money, spend it with those who advertise in the columns of THE JOURNAL.

Labor Day.

The man who works with both muscle and brain has celebrated once more the day set apart in his honor. It is a good idea to have the Fourth of July holiday, that reminds us of the value of patriotism as a force in this world. More beautiful is the celebration of Christmas, which recalls the fact that the humblest, meekest and kindest of Men has proved Himself through the ages also the most powerful.

The day devoted to labor is a good day. It reminds the world that the man who works is now recognized as a thinking man—a man of rights, and one soon to be what he should be, the most powerful factor in all the human elements that make up a nation.

Labor is the foundation of all good things in this world. And, being the foundation, labor has been raised most slowly. Labor has fought the wars and won them, without the glory. Labor has built the palaces without inhabiting them; it has produced fine clothes for others to wear; it has cut down the forests, tilled the new fields. The world as it stands is a work of labor guided by intelligence. Since the labor and the intelligence are united in the same man, it is well that a day should be set apart to labor's especial honor and glory.

Union labor has helped increase the pay of every kind of workman in the country; it has saved millions of women from toil; it has kept millions of children in school. It has formed, and will form in the future, the basis of political action in the interest of the majority. The two millions of labor union men have also vastly increased the prosperity of all laboring classes. A Wall street newspaper would cheerfully admit that the money magnates have a right to say a great deal in this country, and the same newspaper thinks that two millions of union workmen are such a small number that they ought not to make such a noise.

It happens the union workmen don't agree with this idea. They know that two millions of united human beings are a vast, almost inconceivable force. They realize that they

have their weaknesses, they make their mistakes. Proper government may make such unions unnecessary in the future; but they are going to stick at their work in the present, with better pay, better people, more education, and better government for their motto.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

L. K. Jennings, Editor.

It is with a mingled feeling of pleasure and responsibility that we undertake the duties of the Exchange Department this year. As inexperienced critics we realize the necessity of a great deal of study to make this department a success and to keep it up to the high standard set by former editors. It is true that this department of college magazines is not always the most interesting to the reader. However one interested in college journalism should give it due consideration.

As comparatively few magazines are out yet, we feel that it would be much more profitable now to give a few suggestions concerning the pursuit of our labor than to attempt criticism.

It is our purpose to be just in criticism, to be very careful in reading all magazines to see the good as well as the bad, and to accept with gratitude any suggestions that may tend to the betterment of our own work. It is no more our duty to seek errors and defects so as to make harsh criticism than it is our duty to note the good and justly comment upon it.

It is generally acknowledged that men are poor critics. Taking this statement into consideration, we now desire to beg our contemporary editors to take no offense at our criticisms, for we intend to criticize with the very best of feeling toward our exchanges, and, too, we intend to take all criticisms in that way.

We shall take great pleasure in exchanging journals with all of our old contemporaries, and extend a hearty welcome to any journal that has never exchanged with us.

CLIPPINGS

A Toast

Here's to the girl I love so well,
With eyes of softest blue;
Here's to the sweetest crimson lips
Of the fairest girl—that's you.

The Summer Wife

She has wandered in the mountains,
She has dipt into the sea;
But her "hubby" spends the summer
Working hard as hard can be,
(At the club.)

"She"

As I gazed into your soft blue eyes
And read love's story written there,
My heart went out with anxious cries
To my fairy love with golden hair.

The Other Side

Here's to pleasures we have missed,
Here's to girls we've never seen;
Here's to lips we've never kissed,
And here's to things that might have been.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

R. Arlington Brown, Editor.

"The class of 1907 have gone forth to join their predecessors in the great battle of life, and to do honor to their Alma Mater."

S. L. Allen is now superintendent of the graded school at Enoree, S. C.

C. S. Bethea has accepted a school at Gaddy's Mill, near old Union church, Marion county, S. C.

Wesley Boyd still running at large, Mountville, S. C.

O. G. Calhoun is on the farm in Abbeville county for one year, after which he proposes to take a course of law in Harvard University.

W. W. Carson has entered Trinity College as a student and assistant in English, Trinity, N. C.

C. L. Carver is still following his former occupation as a farmer at Fairforest, S. C.

W. B. Compton, Jr., becomes superintendent of the Tatum Graded School, Marlboro county, S. C.

P. E. Dukes has accepted a partnership with his father in the mercantile business, Branchville, S. C.

T. E. Dukes has a large and progressive school at Lydia, Darlington county, S. C.

D. M. Ellen has just completed his course at the Spartanburg Business College.

W. S. Floyd has accepted the school at Mineral Springs, S. C.

M. C. Foster is teaching at Reidsville High School, not so very far from the campus boys.

E. M. Fripp, so we understand, has returned to the familiar fields of former days, where his father's family is still living, Port Royal, S. C.

R. L. Holroyd has informed us that he is now teaching at Owings, S. C.

J. C. Jordan has cast his lot in the district of Chattanooga, Tenn., as a real estate agent.

J. B. Koon is numbered among the faculty of the Fitting School, where he is professor of algebra and arithmetic.

J. M. Latimer—merchandising at Lowndesville, S. C.

I. B. Magness has accepted a position with the Spartanburg Realty Company as traveling agent.

H. L. Powell is junior preacher on the Campobello Circuit, Spartanburg county, S. C.

S. L. Prince has been elected professor of physics, Astronomy and Bible in Lander Female College, Greenwood, S. C.

W. C. Rogers is without our knowledge of his whereabouts.

C. N. Sapp has gone on an indefinite trip to Norfolk, Va., where he will visit the Exposition and other places of renown.

R. N. Spigner is principal of the Prospect Graded School, Williamsburg county, S. C.

P. K. Switzer has gone to Charleston Medical College, where he will take his M. D. degree.

S. W. Taylor is superintendent of the Clover Graded School, Clover, S. C.

A. R. Walden is taking a medical course at Augusta, Ga.

J. C. Watson is teaching school at Ridge Springs, S. C., so they say.

H. C. Woodley is a member of the Wofford College Fitting School, where he is teaching that much-needed study—history.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

B. N. Alsbrook, Editor.

On the morning of the 18th of September the familiar sounds of the old college bell called the students together for the first chapel services of the collegiate year. Very few of the old students were absent from their accustomed places, and there was an encouragingly large gathering of Freshmen.

The services were conducted by Rev. A. J. Stafford, and Dr. Carlisle gave one of his heart-to-heart talks to the students, but most especially to the Freshmen. It abounded in excellent fatherly advice.

The present Senior class is the largest in the history of the college. The lower classes are proportionately large. The college buildings have been overhauled, two new members have been added to the faculty, and this bids fair to be the greatest year of old Wofford.

Thus far the enrollment is as follows:

Senior Class	45
Junior Class	62
Sophomore Class	76
Freshman Class	93
Preparatory Department	149
Total	425

Under the efficient management of Prof. Gamewell the lyceum last year was both educational and interesting without being expensive to the students. The dates for the attractions before Christmas are as follows:

Monday, October 14.—Dr. Robert C. MacArthur, "America's Great Plan Among the Nations."

Thursday, November 14.—Commonwealth Ladies' Orchestra.

November 18, 20, 22 and 23.—Edward Howard Griggs.

The engagements for after Christmas will be announced later.

The officers of the various classes are as follows:

Senior Class—President, L. K. Jennings; Vice-President, J. T. Taylor; Poet, Archie Willis; Secretary, Yates Smith; Treasurer, M. P. Orr; Prophet, E. R. Mason; Historian, A. S. Nettles; Captain Baseball Team, P. L. Martin; Manager Baseball Team, L. K. Jennings.

Junior Class—President, Tom Hill; Vice-President, Boyd Stackhouse; Secretary and Treasurer, L. K. Breeden; Captain Baseball Team, Olin Herring; Manager Baseball Team, James Hardin.

Sophomore Class—President, Thomas Huey; Vice-President, G. K. Craig; Secretary and Treasurer, Sam Lander; Captain Baseball Team, H. C. Raysor; Manager Baseball Team, Wm. O. Wrightson.

Freshman Class—President, C. E. Dupont; Vice-President, J. H. Stuckey; Secretary and Treasurer, Munsey; Captain Baseball Team, Sam Black.

A handsome trophy cup is offered to the class in college that puts out the best baseball team. For the next two weeks games will be played to decide who will possess the cup for the next year. Each class has some good players, and the contest bids fair to be interesting to the last. There is much material in the Freshman class and Fitting School that can be developed for the 'varsity.

On the afternoon of September 25 the Senior and Junior classes met on the athletic field. The Juniors were defeated by the score of 5 to 3. The game was uninteresting, except in the fifth inning, when the Juniors made three runs on a scratch hit and three errors. The pitching and batting of Martin, the State leaguer, and the throw of Coffin from right field to first, throwing out the runner, were the features of the game.

The second game of the series was a game between the Freshmen and Sophomores on the 26th. The Freshmen were defeated by the score of 12 to 2 in a game abounding in brilliant plays. Beecham pitched a good game, but the whole Freshman team played in "tough luck." The features of the game were the pitching and batting of Carnes, of the Sophomores. Professor Spencer umpired, and deserves credit for the accuracy and promptness of his decisions.

On the 27th the "Fighters" and Seniors played a fast and exciting game, which resulted in the score of 4 to 1, the Seniors being the victors. The "Fighters" played decidedly the best game, but errors at critical times were responsible for the score. The features of the game were the pitching of Smith for the "Fighters," who struck out seven men and gave only three hits, and the batting of Jennings, of the Seniors. Martin played a fast infield for the Seniors, cutting off several hits. The game was tied until the sixth inning, when a passed ball, a hit, and an error gave the Seniors three runs.

At 7:30 o'clock on the evening of September 20th the student body assembled in the chapel to welcome the Freshmen. Dr. Snyder presided, and addresses of welcome were delivered by representatives of the organizations on the campus as follows:

Calhoun Society, L. K. Jennings; Carlisle Society, B. N. Alsbrook; Preston Society, Archie Willis; Y. M. C. A., R. F. Morris; Senior Class, E. R. Mason; Junior Class, James Hardin; Sophomore Class, C. B. Dawsey; The Journal, J. L. Dukes; Mess Hall, R. L. Keaton; Athletic Association, P. L. Martin.

Mr. White responded for the Freshman class with a few apt remarks. The students then adjourned to the Science Hall, where enjoyable refreshments were served by a bevy of Spartanburg's young ladies, and the Freshmen forgot their troubles for the time, at least.

On the afternoon and evening of September 27th the Epworth League of Central Methodist Church gave a reception in the gymnasium. Refreshments were served and a neat sum was realized for home mission work. Quite a crowd of young folks visited the gymnasium during the evening, and all seemed to have a very enjoyable time. The college boys seemed to take especial interest in the reception, as it was one of their first opportunities of seeing their friends in the city.

AROUND THE CAMPUS

Mr. T. M. Hamer, who has been attending the University of South Carolina, has entered the Senior class.

Mr. W. C. Curry, Jr., has entered the Junior class. We are glad to see Mr. Curry with us again.

The new concrete pavement from North Church street to the college is thoroughly apprecitaed by the students, who remember the condition of the sidewalk during the rainy weather last year.

The professors' residences have been remodelled and repainted. The campus has been put in first-class condition. These facts combine to improve the appearance of College Place.

Prof. A. C. Daniel, last year our professor of gymnasium, and at present principal of the Inman Graded School, was in the city a few days ago.

Prof. H. C. Woodley, of the Fitting School, is able to be out again after several days' sickness. Prof. Woodley was a member of the class of '07.

Mr. W. J. Parks has entered the Junior class, having worked at his home in Greenwood last year.

Mr. E. L. Moore, who has been attending Furman Uni-

versity, and was a member of the 'Varsity Baseball Team, has entered the Freshman class.

Mr. H. C. Sheridan has entered the Senior class. He was a member of the class of '07, but taught school at Smoaks last year.

Mr. Archie Willis, of the Senior class, has been elected by the Preston Literary Society as their representative in the annual oratorical contest.

Mr. John Lee Hydrick, of the Calhoun Literary Society, has been chosen literary editor of The Journal, to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Mr. Hilliard Atkins.

Mr. B. N. Alsbrook has been elected by the Carlisle Literary Society to fill the position of local editor of The Journal, made vacant by the absence of Mr. J. F. Thompson, who did not return to college this year.

Dr. Wallace—What are the three fundamental wants of man?

Junior Cely—Food and clothes.

Dr. Wallace—Well, what else does man need that he has to work for?

Junior Cely—Air.

An Economic Problem.—Which class yields the greatest profits to "Hop's Shop."

Fresh. (to Senior Bethea)—Which section are you in?

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

Wm. B. Garrett, Jr., Editor.

Time has again brought us to the beginning of another scholastic year. What promises to be the most profitable year in the history of the Young Men's Christian Association has been ushered in by the beginning of the fifty-fourth anniversary of the college. Already a goodly number of the new students have united themselves with the association, and in the course of a few weeks we feel sure that a majority of the students, both old and new, will have become members.

It goes without saying that we are glad to see so many new students at college this year, and there is no department of college into which all are more welcome than the Y. M. C. A. It makes us feel proud to have so many students in college this year, because it means that the Y. M. C. A. will be greatly strengthened and be a greater power for good than ever before.

Young men, many of you have left home for the first time. There you felt the restraining hand of a father and the helpful influence of a mother; and to some of you, for the first time in your life, this has been removed. Just now you have reached a crisis. Will you fall into the habit of neglecting the reading of your Bible, of staying away from Sunday school and church, and of not having each day a few moments of communion with your mother's God, or will you join the Y. M. C. A. and identify yourself with all that is beautiful and good in life? The course of your life may depend upon how you answer this question.

You will find it one of the most beneficial elements of college life to be where a body of young Christian men have gathered together. The influences of these meetings will be for the upbuilding and strengthening of your moral character. Your ideals will be higher and loftier.

Without a doubt, to be an active member of the Y. M.

C. A. will help you morally. You owe it to your God, to your mother and to yourself, to join the association, and do active work in helping to raise weak and fallen humanity. Do not neglect the most important duty of your life; join in the ranks of the Christian men and march forward, living in faith and doing your duty, so that at last you will reach the goal of life.

Since it is such an important matter that we should do the will of God, the Y. M. C. A. has carefully prepared four courses in the study of the Bible. Three of these courses to be led by students and the fourth by Prof. A. G. Rembert, one of the faculty. This is certainly a golden opportunity to learn more about the Bible and its teachings. One of the courses is devoted solely to mission study, and another to personal work. Either of the courses will prove to be beneficial to you, and we ask you to think seriously about the matter and decide to join our ranks and make this indeed the most profitable year in the history of the Young Men's Christian Association.

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CONTENTS

Literary Department—

To Toxaway 51

A Queer Coincidence 51

The Motto of a College Optimist 54

An Extremist 55

An Autumn Thought 59

The South and Immigration 60

Thought of Death 65

The Hart Moss History Prize 66

Editorial Department 68

Exchange Department 76

Clippings 80

Alumni Department 82

Local Department 85

Y. M. C. A. Department 95

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PAGE

Anderson, C. W. & Co. . . . xii
Argyle, The viii

Bernhardt, Photographer . . ix
Biber, A. W., Jeweler . . . iii
Bishop, A. J & Co. iv
Bagwell, J. E., Grocer . . . viii
Band & White, Printers . . xvi
Bomar & Crigler . . . . . cover

Cudd, R. E. & Co. x
Callahan, W. E. & Co. . . . x
Chapman, The Grocer . . . x
Cannon & Fetzer Co. i
Central National Bank v
Correll, D. C., Jeweler . . . v
Crimm, Dr. I. E. xiii

DuPre Book Store i

Fashion, The ii
Fleming, C. E. iii
First National Bank xiv
Fidelity Loan & Trust Co. . xiv

Gas and Electric Co. iv
Greenewald, The Clothier . cover
Harris Furniture Co. x

Hygeia Ice Co. xi
Hopkins Shop xii
Heinitsh's Drug Store . . . xiii

Irwin's Drug Store xv

Johnson, H. J. ix

Keene, Alf. xiii

PAGE

Lester, L. T. x
Littlejohn, Worth iii
Ligon's Drug Store vi
Liles, Floyd L. viii
Lemmond, A. W. xiii

Miller, Bob xi
Maddux, W. E. v

Piedmont Laundry Co. . . . ix
Palmetto Book Store xi
Price's Clothing Store vi
Peterson, The Photographer . vii

Queen, J. R. x

Rowe & Rowe vii
Rigby's Drug Store x
Riebling Drug Co. v
Russum, J. M. xiii

Star Cafe ii
St. John, Dr. F. C. iii
Spartan Hardware Co. . . . vii
Spartanburg Bus. College...viii

Thompson & Dillard xiii
True's Department Store . . iii
The Battery Clothing Co. . . xv

University of Virginia . . . ix

Walker, John A. xi
Watauga Cafe vii
Wright-Scruggs Shoe Co. . xv
Wofford College . . . . . cover
Wofford Fitting School .. cover

Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

John Lee Hydrick, Editor.
R. B. Hicks, Assistant Editor.

The resignation of the Literary Editor and the election of a new one caused the work of receiving and selecting the literary material for the October number of THE JOURNAL to fall on the other members of the staff. We wish to thank them for their kindness in doing this work. Also, we wish to extend to every man in Wofford College an invitation to write something for THE JOURNAL every month.

To Toxaway

There's a spot among the mountains
  Where the velvet flowers grow,
And their sweet and soothing perfume
  Fills the breezes as they blow;

Where caressing beams of sunshine
  Kiss the laughing rills each day,
And the birds are always singing
  'Round the lake at Toxaway.

B. N. Alsbrook.

A Queer Coincidence

"No, Judge," remarked the old colonel, as they sat over their coffee one afternoon in the Charleston Hotel, "I don't believe in circumstantial evidence. Too many strange coincidences happen for me to put much faith in a mere chain of circumstances."

"Ah, my dear Colonel, you wouldn't do for a legislator.

If it were left to you, you would make it as hard to convict a man of any crime as it now is to convict of treason against the United States!"

"Maybe so, maybe so," replied the Colonel, smiling, "but let me tell you why I am prejudiced against circumstantial evidence.

"A good many years ago a die was made for a new five-dollar-gold-piece at the Philadelphia mint. After two coins had been struck the die broke, and for some reason a duplicate was never made. However, the two coins were put in circulation, and one of them came into my possession. Since then I've always had it in my pocket.

"Did you ever see one like it before?" he asked, handing the coin over to the judge. "No? Well, the chances are a million to one that you never will see another, for, as I said, there's only one other like it in existence.

"One night I was a passenger with several friends on a Mississippi steamer. After supper, as was the usual custom then, we sat down to a quiet game of poker.

"While we were playing a man came in, spoke to one of the others, and stood watching the game. He was a tall, lank, rawbone sort of a fellow, with small, devilish black eyes that wouldn't look you square in the face. In a word, a rather suspicious looking fellow, and not at all the sort that a gentleman would care to play cards with.

"However, one of the others, Charles Woodville, of Kentucky, had met him during the day, and out of mere decency asked him to take a hand. He did so, and I watched him closely, for I thought him a sharper, but he tried no tricks on us that night, for he lost from first to last.

"Once the conversation touched on curiosities, and I brought out my coin for them all to see. It passed from hand to hand, and when it reached the stranger I noticed he examined it rather closely, but I thought nothing of that at the time. Then the game went on as before.

"About twelve we squared up and started to go to bed. Then I remembered my coin and asked for it. Imagine my

surprise when it couldn't be found anywhere. We searched high and low, but the coin had disappeared. I was plainly annoyed, and embarrassed, too, for that matter.

"It was a trying situation for every man there, and I was wondering what would happen next, when Woodville spoke. 'Gentlemen,' said he, and I saw him look straight at the stranger, 'this is certainly an unfortunate affair, a ducedly unfortunate affair, and the only way I see to get out of it is for every man to allow himself to be searched.'

"No sooner had he said that than the stranger jumped up with an oath. 'No,' said he, speaking in a rapid, excited tone, 'I want you all to understand that I'm a gentleman, and I wouldn't have accepted your invitation to play had I thought you anything else. If it suits the rest of you, search one another, but I swear you shall not search me.' With that he drew his pistol and backed out of the room.

" 'Colonel,' said Woodville to me rather excitedly, 'I'd almost swear that impudent rascal has your coin, and, by the eternal gods, we'll make him produce it.'

"Just then I chanced to glance at the table, and, sir, will you believe it, I detected a tiny gleam of gold! The others gathered about me as I opened my knife and pried my coin out of a crack in the table.

" 'Look here, gentlemen,' said I, 'we've got to find that man and apologize to him, for he knows we suspected him.'

"We went to hunt for him and found him in the barroom. In a couple of minutes things were set straight, and I ordered juleps.

"While we were drinking them, the stranger reached in his pocket and drew out a coin. He tossed it on the table with the remark, 'That's the reason, gentlemen, that I refused to be searched.'

"We looked at the coin, and, Judge," the Colonel remarked, as he pushed back his chair, "that coin was an exact duplicate of mine—the only other one in existence!"

The Motto of a College Optimist

Oh, this world is full of sadness—
  But it's full of gladness, too;
And it isn't time for madness
  When things do not always do.

J. L. Nettles, '08.

Aunt Lindy's Sacrifice

Jes, hea' dem birds a singin'
  Dar berry bestest tune,
'Pears like dey know dyar's sumthing
  Gwin' happen putty soon.
See all de yallow roses
  Air gone from yander bed,
I spec' its 'cause my Moses
  Am gwin' tonight to wed.

I hea' de banjo playin'
  Spec' it am time ter go;
I's de specal guest gwinin'
  As all de folks'll know.
In red wide ribbon en lace
  I's shorely lookin' fine
Ye bet I's still akeepin' pace
  Wid tuther gals of dis time.

De room am packed wid niggers
  Ob eber sort en shape;
I wonder if de fiddler
  Gwine gib his bestest shake?
Hare combes de parson fur me;
  "A pruddy wedding dis,
Ye shore du look pleasantly
  I must now take er kiss."

De parson he am single,
  Erbout my berry age.

I hea' his money jingle
  Ye bet I sot my cage.
Round erbout we walked dat floor,
  His arm er round my waste;
"Back deacon, gib me de door,
  I's gwine to leab dis place."

"See har', Lindy," he begun,
  "I lubs ye awful now;
Won't ye take me as I stand,
  En gib de solum vow?"
"Parson, dis am monstrous sudd'n,
  My heart I scarcely knows,
But jist tu hab er double weddin'
  I 'cept to help out Mose."

E. R. M.

An Extremist

The day had been an excedingly hot one, and save for the wonderful ride through the Royal Gorge, wearisome and uninteresting. On either side of the track there was nothing to be seen but bare, white wastes that rolled back monotonously to low mountains even more bare and uninviting. The glare from the earth was fierce, and the fine, alkaline dust made the eyes and lips smart. Everybody on the train was complaining except a couple of drummers who took the heat and dust as a matter of course, and chatted goodnaturedly through it all.

About seven o'clock the sun went down in a glorious flash of red. It seemed as if he were not content with burning the earth to powder all day long, and angered at his forced departure, burst out with doubled fury, making the western sky one vast sheet of flame. Then he dropped behind the farthest western hills, and all of us breathed a sigh of relief.

Soon the moon rose and shed its milder light upon us. We crowded into the observation car and gazed out on a different world. What had been a dreary desert was now

a vast, silent, mystic sea, and the mountains were the far off, beetling shore of some strange, unknown land.

At ten we began to climb with Marshall's Pass for our goal. Soon all had turned in for the night except half a dozen of us who kept to our camp stools out of enjoyment of the scenery. For a while conversation passed rapidly from one thing to another, then some one told a rather sad unusual story, and others of a similar sort followed.

While we were thus passing the time the conductor appeared in the doorway, and all joined in asking him for a story.

"A story?" he asked, hesitatingly. "Why, yes," he consented quickly, after a moment's silence, "I'll give you a story, a true story—a page out of this mountain's history.

"It was before this road was built that they came out here. They were surveyors—three of them, and the other was a young woman. She had no business in that crowd. Joe Morton was a fool to let his six month's bride come out here with him where his business was surveying a railroad. But he was young then, and as I said, but six months married.

"Joe Morton was a quiet sort of a fellow, rather cold and reserved at all times even to his friends, and not at all deserving the handsome, warmhearted young woman who bore his name. At least, that was what his companions thought at first. Perhaps he didn't love her very much, perhaps he did, even too much for his own good. I leave that for you to decide.

"She did the cooking for them and when the meat ran short would take her gun or fishing tackle and get more. It was no easy task to get over these mountains, and being surveyors they could not always choose the easiest way, but she didn't seem to mind it, or if she did she never murmured. She was there because Joe was there, and so long as she was with him she cared nothing for the climbing or the rocks and snow.

"Well, one afternoon they made camp on the summit up

at the Pass above us. The most difficult part of their work was done, they had found a way by which the D. & R. G. could scale the Rockies on their highest side, and were justly proud of it.

"Next morning they started down the other side, leaving Joe's wife in camp, with the understanding that they would return at noon. Before that time they were back; but she was gone. Her rifle was missing, too, and at first they supposed that she was out after game. But when they emptied their rifles to attract her attention and got no answer, all of them were uneasy. Joe's sunburned face had become grey as ashes, and his usually firm lips twitched nervously as they started out to search for her.

"All that afternoon they scoured this mountain in every direction, but found no trace of Joe's wife anywhere. Night came, and his companions told Joe they must go back to camp until morning. But there was no use in telling him that; he paid no attention to them, but went on rapidly, half audibly calling his wife's name again and again. Then one of them got on either side of him and half led, half dragged him back to camp, for they knew it was a much as a man's life was worth to move a foot up here after dark.

"Next morning they started out at daybreak and a couple of hours later found her. Down the side of a cliff, a sheer hundred feet, she had fallen, and there she lay horribly bruised. A few yards away was the squirrel she had shot and was trying to get when her feet must have slipped and she was hurled down on the hard, pitiless rocks below.

"Joe half raised her from the ground where she lay and brokenly called her name. He fell to pleading with her to open her eys, to speak to him, and when she made no sign, he turned his face upward and prayed God to make her speak to him. For a moment the strong man in him was gone, vanquished by the pitiful sight before him and he wept like any other child overcome by grief. Then he steadied himself, took the poor, lifeless form in his arms, and started back to camp. It was a long, hard climb, and his

burden was very heavy. Now and then he staggered, once he stumbled and fell to the ground. His companions came up to help him, but he almost fiercely refused their aid, got up painfully and went on slowly till the camp was reached.

"The next day one of them asked Joe where he wished to bury her. It was a useless question,—there was but one thing to do,—but Joe shuddered at the idea.

" 'No, no, not here—she can't stay here,' he objected; 'it's too cold and lonely, too—too God-forsaken.'

"But, of course, they had to bury her there.

"They lingered two days longer for Joe's sake, then told him it was time to go on. But he only shook his head determinedly and said he'd have to stay there. No amount of reason or persuasion had any effect, and they had to go on without him.

"Some time afterward they returned on their way back East and plead with Joe to go with them, but the more they persisted the more resolved he was to stay. So they could only share their provisions with him, wring his hand, and go on without him.

"At the nearest settlement they made arrangements by which he could get supplies regularly, and sent two men to help him build a house."

Just then a passenger interrupted, and the conductor excused himself for a moment. When he returned he took up his narrative again, but in a different tone.

"All that was long ago, but Joe Morton still lives at Marshall's Pass still remains true to his wife, though she has been dead all these years. I often wonder that he has not killed himself, up there all alone in that awful silence. Ah! you people from the East with states no larger than counties out here, you don't know what a terrible thing solitude is, and when you do learn you generally blow out your brains. That's what Joe Morton was expected to do, but somehow God has made life a little bit attractive for him even up there, and he seems content to live and watch beside his young wife's grave.

"There's a bit of inspiration about it, too, isn't there?" he continued, in a slow, scarcely audible voice. "We see so much about divorces and desertions in the papers nowadays, and those who deal in such things would call old Joe Morton a fool. But he knew how to stick to a woman—he knew how to love his wife. He was an extremist, of course, but some men love that way, they say.

"But I must go," he said abruptly, after glancing at his watch. "When we reach the Pass you'll see a post beside the track that marks the altitude, then look on your right a couple of hundred yards and you'll see where Joe Morton lives and where his young wife lies."

We sat silent, gazig far out into the clear, cold night, and our thoughts were of Joe Morton and his long vigil. Suddenly the little log house and the nearby marble tombstone came into view, and we held our breath with emotion.

The puffing of the engine became more regular, the click, click of the wheels quickened and grew louder, and the lonely cabin with its gleaming white sentinel was lost in the dim lit distance.

An Autumn Thought

Autumn leaves are gleaming
  In the sunset's golden glow;
Shades of night approaching
  Make shadows come and go.

Brilliant stars are shining
  From a tender Southern sky,
And the dear old South growing
  As the seasons hurry by.

Maiden voices sweetly singing
  To the noble Southern youth
Keep them ever looking forward
  Hold them to the living truth.

"Brighter days are yet before us,"
Words from out a prophet's mouth
"Every season brings us nearer
To the greater perfect South."

Frank B. Morgan, Jr., '08.

The South and Immigration

Immigration is a subject which has interested mankind far back in the dark ages of history. It is always allied with marked improvement and better things. It is the great factor that has propelled civilization on its westward course. Wherever it is found there is sure to be progress and a better state of affairs. What else could be expected? Men with varied ideas, temperaments, and tastes when brought in contact with each other combine their talents and are useful one to another and strengthened by their union. Prosperity necessarily follows. If the inflowing element is of a degenerate class it is softened by contact of the higher and if it he on an equal, strength is added and the new element is broadened.

Going far back in the history of the world we find Abraham a distinguished immigrant, wandering into an unknown land, mingling among strange people, yet kindly received. Moses is perhaps one of the greatest immigrants of ancient times. We find him leading a nation among new surroundings, seeking new environments in an unknown country and it is to him perhaps that we are indebted for the preservation of a history of the human race. Looking away back in the beginning of civilization from the time of Abraham and Moses up to the present, we find that the voluntary migration of people into new fields of endeavor has not only been beneficial to those who come, but also to the upbuilding and enlightening of the country to which they come.

Since every country has improved from the voluntary inflow of a good class of people it seems that every one

should agree that a desirable class of new people would be beneficial to the South. There is no doubt but that our Southland is in a critical period and this question is of utmost importance. The future holds in store for this part of the country a great destiny and if advantage of this commanding position be taken we may expect to see her rise to the mountain heights of prominence and prosperity.

The South of today is different from what it was twenty years ago. After the horrors of war she was left in a miserable condition, having an emancipated race to contend with and a government to reconstruct. But today a most wonderful movement of industrial and commercial development is taking place. As a proof of the great change that has been brought about in the last few years, let us compare briefly the South with Great Britain.

Great Britain with comparatively few natural resources is dependent upon the outside world for most of its food-stuffs. It buys much of its iron ore, all of its cotton and a large part of its lumber from other countries, having only 10,000 square miles of coal fields, of which a large part has been worked out. Its population consist of 40,000,000 people crowded into an area equal to that of less than half of Texas. Then, look at the South with the world's cotton trade under its control and 62,000 square miles of Virginia coal fields, with iron ore sufficient to duplicate for years to come the whole iron and steel trade of Europe, with thousands of acres of the most fertile lands in the world and a great part of this uncultivated, producing several hundred million dollars worth of various farm products, able to clothe the whole world, able to furnish sufficient food-stuffs for hundreds of millions and to do more manufacturing than that of the whole country today. From this can we not see the great opportunity that lies before us? Can we not see at a glance what this broad, comparatively undeveloped country needs? Without a doubt we need people, and for them we have to go beyond the bounds of our

land. And the great task, the great success that lies before us, is to turn the tide of immigration to the South.

The great drawback to Southern agriculture has been the scarcity of labor. We have heretofore been mainly dependent upon the negro to do our work. There is no doubt that the negro and the mule have done a great deal for the Southern planter and we do not wish to cast them aside, but the time has come when further steps have to be taken. The negroes are leaving the farms and finding employment in cities, in hotels, on Pullman trains and the like. He is tired of the country and seeks easier work, many of them becoming vagrants and the chief cause of much crime. Fields of cotton are left unpicked, fertile lands untilled all because the negro, our main source of labor, is seeking a more desirable work, for which he is really not fitted. Without a doubt when the black man finds out that these newcomers are his competitors he will have to work better. He will be forced to meet the demands of a thrifty laborer and will have to abandon his careless, slip-shod way of doing things. He will be forced to go back to the farms because white foreigners are more capable of holding positions in cities than he. The negroes are naturally careless and uncouth, their farms are not in the condition that those of energetic foreigners would be. Their fields are not properly fertilized, therefoe the fertility of the soil decreases each year. They are content to live in almost any kind of rude hut, taking no pride in the appearance of their farms, satisfied with making one or two bales of cotton and ignorant of the various products their land could produce. They get in debt easily and make provision for hardly a day ahead, thereby making quite often a very unsatisfactory laborer.

Foreigners who come to this country are accustomed to working hard for a mere living. In the thickly populated countries from which they come they are cramped upon a very small tract of land from which they get their support, and when they have the opportunity of working the

board, fertile lands of the South they take pride in upbuiling and improving their surroundings. This is not merely a supposition, but it has been proven. In some of the southwestern States where some few immigrants have settled, it is noticed that their homes are improved, their children sent to school and they are happy in their new land, taking great pride in themselves and their country.

In the majority of the Southern States the white population furnishes insufficient labor to develop the many industries that it offers. The State of Florida, with its excellent climate, fertile lands and natural resources could sustain ten million people, while its entire population equals about that of Baltimore. Does this not give a glimpse of the undeveloped South? Of all the rich lands of Mississippi only a third are in cultivation and thousands of acres of the famous Yazoo-Mississippi Valley are in weeds.

The cotton region of the South covers an area of about 700,000 square miles and less than ten per cent. of this is planted in cotton. From the above facts one can clearly see what is needed and the only remedy is to get people to settle here and work up these resources that have been lying untouched so long.

There need be no fear of too great an inflow of immigrants so as to depress things by overpopulation. For there are estimated to be over a billion people in the world of which only fine hundred million are fully clothed. As a part of the program of universal education it will be our job to cloth the people. This will require from forty to fifty million bales of cotton. So viewing the question from this standpoint we may look forward to the time when King Cotton shall rule entirely from his Southern throne.

There is no product that can compete with the cotton of the South. It has held and will always hold an important place among American products. It has done more, possibly, for the enriching of our nation than any other product, when we consider the final goods into which it is

manufactured, besides the raw material. One-fourth of American exports are produced from cotton and its by-products. If the Southern cotton crop would fail for several successive years, thousands of people would go in rags and the whole world would be affected. Can this be doubted when our land is known to be the home of the cotton plant, and the greater part of the world is supplied by it?

It is not a mistake to say that some sections of the United States have of late been looking on the South with jealous eyes, especially since this Southern immigration movement has been afoot. Heretofore New England has been manufacturing our cotton. They have grown rich. But the South will permit it no longer. She will raise her cotton and manufacture it at home and the world will come to her for its supply of goods. There is a reason for New England trying to impede Southern immigration. If we get sufficient labor and skilled workmen from abroad we will not be dependent upon other sections and they will naturally suffer. We have been idle long enough, the vision of the future is clear before us, the greatness of the subject demands our immediate attention and brings us to the conclusion that Southern immigration is no longer a theory but a necessity.

The question at issue is, how shall we get immigration down South. According to the law of our country, which is to protect American labor, "No person, company, or corporation shall prepay or in any way assist or encourage the importation of any alien into the United States, in pursuance of any promise or agreement." But it does allow the State to take such action. The best possible plan to follow is one that several of the Southern States have already adopted. This is by establishing in each State an Immigration Bureau which shall be supported by State funds. A commissioner of immgration is appointed, whose duty it is to go to Europe and select the best class of people. Their passage is paid by the Immigration Bureau and there is no

danger of an inferior class of people being brought among us.

Advertising the advantages of the South in Europe is another great way of stimulating this movement. When a foreigner first thinks of America, New York always enters his mind, and our aim should be to direct his attention Southward and let him learn of the opportunities that would be open to him.

The cry should no longer be the "South for Southerners alone," but also for a desirable class of people to aid in the upbuilding of this country. Henry Grady says: "It is the home of a brave and hospitable people. There is centered in it all that can please and prosper human kind. A perfect climate, above a fertile soil yields to the husbandman every product of the temperate zone." If with all this the people of the South will take advantage of the great opportunity that is offered, success is sure to follow. It seems that we are beginning a new era. Great progress has been made in this immigration movement and further steps are yet to be taken. The South has been to long silent, the hour has struck when it shall speak, shall rise, and in no great time reach that point of eminence which it justly deserves.

F. Mason Crum, '09.

Thought of Death

When I have traveled life's pleasant ways,
And fought for victory in many frays,
  Shall I, the soldier, sheathing my sword
  Then lay me down and await the word
Of Death, who men think often cruel?
Or shall I strive to add more fuel
  To the fire of hatred and of prayer,
  With a coward's heart and traitor's fear?
I pray you, tell me who is this Death
Whom you say has such a bitter breath,

Is he such an enemy that man
Should wish to use such an awful ban
When into his mind the bitter thought
Of sorrow that by Death's hand was brought
Does come, and, with a sad silent tread,
Bring the memory of those long dead?
Many times have I wept his conquests—
Many times have I seen loving breasts
Heave with sorrow that never did they
Dream to see. With Bryant let us say,
Stern Death, with his mighty cold, cold hand
Carries us only back to the sand,
Where we can mingle with our brother
The bleak, cold mountain. And our mother
Earth shall welcome us to her once more
As the element we were before.

J. L. N., '08.

The Hart Moss History Prize

The Hart Moss History prize of twenty dollars in cash has now been offered for such a length of time that the student body is very generally acquainted with the conditions of the contest. It may be well, however, to restate the rules and call attention in a public manner through the College Journal to this important piece of historical study and rivalry in which it is hoped a large number of the students will engage.

Essays will be accepted on any subject to which the approval of the Professor of History has been secured beforehand. This is in order to allow free play to the natural bent of a writer towards any field of investigation in which he may feel particular interest. The following subjects are, however, suggested:

Sectionalism in American Politics, 1789-1904.
The Aaron Burr Conspiracy.
John C. Calhoun.

The Conflict of Church and State in European History.

The rules of the contest are as follows:

1. The competition is open to all students in Wofford College, instructors and assistants excepted.

2. Essays must be written in either pen or machine writing.

3. Essays may be of any length. They should contain enough material to evince considerable knowledge of the subject. From 2,000 to 5,000 words would be a good length.

4. Essays must be signed with the name of some historical character. At the time of handing in his essay, the contestant must deposit with the Professor of History a sealed envelope bearing his own name and containing the name of the historical character which he has signed to his essay.

5. A bibliography of all books, articles, maps or other authorities used must be appended to the essay.

6. Essays will be judged from three standpoints—thoroughness of research, independent judgment manifested, and literary style.

7. Essays must be handed to the Professor of History not later than May 23. There will be positively no extension of time. The professor will select the five essays which he considers the best and submit them to a committee composed of two professors of history not in Wofford College and one person not a professor in history.

D. D. Wallace.

Wofford College, Nov. 5, 1907.

Wofford College Journal

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

J. L. Dukes, Editor.

The Policy of The Journal.

At the beginning of the new college year The Journal bears greetings to all its readers and announces its policy. If you have been interested in the magazine in the past, it is hoped that you will continue to be, and even increase your support, in the effort to put our college periodical in the front rank of such publications, not only of the South, but of the country at large. To represent the literary talent of the student body, therefore, is its ideal; to contain only such contributions as have literary worth and fibre is its aim. Whether or not it realizes this ideal depends almost wholly upon the support it receives from our college men. Will you lend your aid?

It is not the purpose of this policy to discourage work for the magazine on the part of any one, but rather to

stimulate it in order to reach a higher standard, if possible, than has heretofore been maintained. The editor realizes, however, that his predecessors made an enviable record, if The Journal, therefore, does not suffer in comparison with the past year's work it cannot be considered by any means a failure.

Students in every class of the College are earnestly requested to submit manuscripts for publication, which will be carefully considered. Wofford is known to a great extent through this medium, and is judged by the quality of our literary expression. It is our duty, our pleasure even, to see that the college is properly represented. If your first article should not be published, continue to write until the required standard is attained. The familiar scenes and personages about your home or on the campus furnish *nuclei* for interesting stories. By giving them a literary development, you will not only benefit yourself, but help materially to bring The Journal up to its coveted standard and by so doing encourage the editor in discharging the duties which you have assigned him.

Physical Development.

The interest in self-development, as applied to the physical man, is widespread and deep. People, as a rule, are beginning more and more to see that "the first requisite in life is to be a good animal," and that, if we would have a healthy nation, we must have a healthy community; if a vigorous community, then a wholesome family, for in the strength of the individual will be found the strength as a nation.

Rome lost her much boasted power by relaxation in discipline, and by indulgence of vices of all kinds. The Roman soldier, thus incapacitated, was physically unable to bear the ancestral armor, and going into the fray with heads and breast unprotected, made an excellent target for the arrows of Goth and Hun. Thus enervated by dissipation, rusted by indolence, crippled for want of exercise,

he became worthless as a fighter and useless as a defender. Hence the sad end of Rome.

Japan, on the other hand, has recently taught the world the result of systematic living and exercise—by keeping the body to a high degree of energy and life, the mind alert and the vision clear. To have a good knowledge of hygiene or care of the body; to know what to eat, drink, and wear; to know how to work and exercise, to rest and sleep—in a word, to know how to properly care for this human machine is the first duty that every sane individual owes to himself and to the world. For, as Walt Whitman tells us: "The body belongs to the soul and the soul to the body," and he says further, "There can be no real health of soul if there is not equally health of body."

Let us then, in our education, strive to attain an equal development of the entire man—healthful, vigorous bodies should be sought after with the same eagerness as intellectual attainment.

Believing that everything man represents to himself and to society depends largely on his health and that energy is the mainspring to success, let us vie with all diligence to attain and maintain our health—the source from which energy flows—by industriously cultivating a high tone of thought and action, and applying ourselves by well directed efforts to the building up of a well developed physical manhood.

The College Grind.

Any old clothes man will help you to make up the type. There is little talent needed and less imagination. There are stringent rules to follow, compounded in play and in fiction. Select your lanky frame with its top heavy head, hollow cheeks, deep sunken eyes and protruding hatchet-like jaw; drape your second hand finery upon it, clap a book under its arm and a pair of black rimmed spectacles on its nose and you have your popular and established conception of the typical college grind.

And yet, such a type as we have just sketched is almost a complete stranger to the modern recitation room. If you are peculiarly interested in this sort of thing, and have a keen eye, you may, however, discover a fellow in very close sympathy with this type. But the old clothes man had nothing to do with the making of this fellow. You would put yourself in the way of a libel suit, were you to suggest that the stuff that hangs on his shoulders came from the second-hand shops. The coat make no pretense of keeping its owner warm. It is simply the best compromise he can make with certain essential gentlemanly customs. Well, the fellow realizes only too well that he must never become so much concerned with the instruction in hand as to forget the basic necessity of keeping both of his large feet firmly gripped upon the floor. Once let him lose sight of this, and a gentle elbow from his bench mate will send him many a league onward into the corridor beyond. Only brick walls could stop the impulse gained from the absolutely frictionless polish of those trousers. The black rimmed glasses are generally missing, as are the hollow cheeks and sunken eyes. Twenty odd years of following the plough sends this "grind" to his books with a splendid guarantee against such deformity. If we look still closer we find that all that remains of our popular type is the protruding hatchet jaw; that is seldom missing.

Though we do not have the sunken eyes, the sallow skin and the hollow cheeks in our modern "grind," there is another deformity more pitiable than these. The look of abject lonesomeness is never a stranger to his face. There are lines which form and deepen; the strange record of these companionless days. The only thing that college can mean to him is a hole in some alley, with a stove and a chair and a bed thrown in: the picture and memory of a thousand cold faces, a few precious book friends, and a few keen convictions on the laws of Democracy. Bitter? No, only lonesome.

But this type of fellow is not asking your pity. He

would laugh at you were you to suggest such a thing. He has felt the stings, but he takes them as necessities in the regular course of things. Every snub, every sneer, every piece of insincerity, has brought some treasure home to him; they have added to his burden, but he is just old fashioned enough to believe that as his burden, so will be his strength, and though such sentiments are not befitting a man, they do seem to help him.

Your modern "grind" is not a recluse, or a hermit. Follow him up from supper some night. Be sure and go when it's dark. Don't let your friends see you sneak down that back alley. Watch your chances, and drop around and see just what kind of a fellow this "grind" is. You'll enjoy the pastime and he will be only too glad to see you. He'll sit on the bed and give you the chair and honestly he'll talk and think almost like any other kind of a human being. No, he won't know much about football, except perhaps you may see his eyes light up or his great back straighten, as you describe the long run or the scrimmage; he'll want you to tell him more of that kind of stuff. Yes, it will be a mighty fine little talk you will have. But then what good can it do either of you. You could not make this fellow manager of your football team. What kind of an appearance would he make at a reception? You can't put him on your Glee Club; yes, his voice is good enough, but how would he look in a dress suit? Do you suppose the girls would call him "perfectly fascinating?" No, not now.

The entertainment is no place for him. He could not enjoy it. What does he know about the cheer and strength of lovely faces and sparkling eyes? No, we must not let our sentiment go too far. Later on, of course, this awkward fellow may do things. But college is college, fraternity is fraternity, society is society, and so, when your little talk is over, you just sneak back up that alley again and forget that "grind." He gave you of the best he had. He wasn't ashamed of that little room, he wouldn't be ashamed

to speak to you tomorrow, but you would be to have him. Snub him, he won't care; he's used to it.

Sentiment.

Speaking of sentiment, how little we see of it in the average young college student of today. With a sneaking idea that it is effeminate and unbefitting the years of manhood, we are only too glad to find some legitimate outlet for our natural youthful buoyancy, such as a good solid rap on the big back of a comrade, or some such demonstration of the divine passion. Football, Greek, German, and sentiment, we hold incompatible. Not that we of today believe that we have changed materially in our make-up, or that we have less capacity for loving (yes, that's the word we deliberately chose) these big hulks of comrades of ours, but we make a much plainer effort to subdue these things. We, who have youth, are too fond of apologizing for its joys and enthusiasms. This old serious world of ours is too prone to scoff at our little idealism and follies, and we are too prone to heed these jealousies. Let your laugh ring out. Remember that dignity is a thing very closely connected with simplicity. The fellow who subdues his natural buoyancy of life, his gladness and joy in living, is not dignified. He's silly and foolish and dull and stilted. He's playing the man in the sense that his brothers do when they borrow the paternal's coat and trousers to masquerade about their little kingdom. Let us be more natural and laugh and be merry.

More Liberty for Finland.

A new constitution for Finland has been drafted and submitted to the Russian Czar by the Finnish senate. It is intended to replace the antiquated constitution of 1771 and 1789, the ukases of the Czars, and other precedents in part legendary, in which the grand duchy of Finland has been covered. The new constitution was begun by the senate a year ago with the sanction of the Czar. It

affects sweeping changes. The status of Finland is defined in the new document as that of a semi-sovereign state bound to Russia by a personal tie only. The Czar is obliged to govern Finland exclusively through his Finland subjects, which means the banishment from Finland of the Russian army and gendarmes who now occupy the fortified posts. In finances the people secure control.

The Czar surrenders his exclusive privilege of levying custom duty and levying and disbursing ordinary taxation. He retains the right to determine the rate of custom duties upon Russian goods entering Finland, to grant pensions, to secure the payment of interest on existing state loans, and fix the salaries of state officials. These through the senate, which will be reorganized and will become the regular cabinet ministers. The constitution decrees that women are eligible to public positions, and that the army is to be officered exclusively by Finland subjects.

It is expected in Finland that the Czar will approve the proposed constitution.

Write for The Journal.

We want you fellows to write for The Journal. And without appealing to your "college spirit," we'll give you five reasons why you should.

The Journal is no "graft." None of the editors make any money out of it. What they get is hard work, whatever honor there is, and the fun of doing it.

An educated man ought to know how to write his own language accurately and elegantly. Writing for the Journal gives practice in this.

There is a certain amount of honor in getting into print; and a great deal of pleasure in seeing your own work in black and white.

You owe The Journal as much support as you give the baseball team.

Writing is a relief for the feelings. It helps your soul to get things out on paper. When you have a happy fancy,

after you read a certain letter, or a sombre mood in front of the fire—and you all have them, you know—put it down in the best shape you can and send it to us. It will help you—and us.

And as a corollary, you know that you all have time.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

L. K. Jennings, Editor.
J. C. Hardin, Assistant Editor.

Now that our various college duties have begun in earnest we realize that the time has come for us to enter into our work with all seriousness, and with the determination to make this department of our Journal a success.

It is indeed encouraging to note the large number of exchanges that have come to our table and the valuable opportunity which they afford for interesting and instructive work. The attractive appearance of these fills us with pleasure, but at the same time recalls to mind the fact that our real work as critics has just begun. We know that the majority of these exchanges are now in the hands of comparatively new and inexperienced journalists, and this is sufficient reason why each staff of editors should by all means be given every encouragement possible, and especially should all exchange editors bear this in mind.

It is, of course, impossible for us to attempt to criticize and comment upon all our exchanges this month, although we would like very much to do so, if our space permitted. However, we shall take great pleasure in reading all and shall criticize those first received.

One of the first exchanges to reach our table was the Concept, published by our sister college, Converse. We were expecting a good number of the Concept, and on reading the magazine found our anticipations more than realized. It is full of freshness, vivacity, and literary merit. It contains quite a variety of short stories which are very interesting, although in every case the theme could have been more fully developed. Those entitled "Unforgotten," and "A Summer Experience" are both well written stories from a rhetorical standpoint, but the former ends too abruptly, while the latter is almost entirely lacking in theme. The style and manner of presentations in both are exceptionally pleasing to the reader. More time

and care will enable the authors of each to write good stories, but we would suggest that they enter new fields in their next attempt. The poems "Haps" and "Heimweh" are worthy of mention. Special praise is due the writer of the "Commencement Debate" (affirmative). The query, though not a difficult one, is handled in a masterful way. The debate clearly shows careful preparation and that much time was spent in composing it. The various departments are full and well arranged and the editors should be heartily congratulated on the success of the first issue of their "Journal." The strength of the editorials is commendable, while the well balanced literary department shows the tact and attention of its editors.

The Red and White for September comes to us in a very attractive cover and contains some very readable matter. It easily ranks among our best exchanges and this issue would do credit to any institution. The departments are full and interesting, and the contents of the literary department are evenly balanced—there being "solid" matter, poetry, and fiction. However, we note one thing with great disapproval, and that is the exchange department. The editor gives us a splendid article on the duties of an exchange editor, but makes the serious mistake of using editorially "I" instead of the editorial "we." It seems in this case, however, that the editor was egotistical only in expression, for his motives are the best, and we are sure of his sincerity. We would suggest that the editors be more careful in looking over the proofs, as there are several very noticeable typographical errors in this issue. "Some Forward Steps in Power Production" is a splendid article, entered as a prize oration. The writer shows sound and practical judgment in his strong declaration and enters into his subject with systematic precision. "A Way With Women" is an interesting and well told little story, but is built on a very weak plot, and has no special literary merit. The poem "The Evening Star" is a neat little poem which, be-

sides clearly expressing the writer's sentiments, shows thought and careful preparation. But we would remind the author of the fact that rhythm as well as rhyme are essential to a good poem.

We welcome and read with pleasure The Furman Echo, and congratulate the editors on the complete and interesting number which they have presented. Such a publication reflects very creditably upon its editors as well as their institution, and compares favorably with all our other exchanges. The departments are well prepared and arranged and the editorial department deserves especial mention. The opening poem, "The Sailor," is very good, its metre and rhythm being excellent and its worth much more than its name would imply. It is also worthy of mention for the moral which it teaches,—the fatal result of negligence. "An Age Ago" is afairly well composed story, but with a weak plot, attractive only because it is handled in such a way that it lures the reader on and keps up his interest in spite of himself. "The Witch's Curse" is an extremely light and uninteresting story, which lacks originality and which scarcely becomes the ability of a college men. The plot is old and time-worn, and certain parts of the story are too extravagant to even seem natural. Its only redeeming quality is the manner of expression, which we consider admirable. We believe the author of this story capable of great improvement and suggest that he give more time and thought to his next attempt. The poems (I and II), under the title of "San Francisco," are well composed. The author has evidently studied and investigated his field thoroughly, and knows what he is writing about. His style is clear and forceful and his meaning cannot be misunderstood. The poem "Lament of Orpheus" is commendable. "A Theory for the Solution of the Tariff Question" is an article deserving mention, both on account of its unusually attractive and interesting style, and its accurate statements of historical and statistical facts.

One of the first and neatest magazines to come to our table was The William-Jewell Student and we find it to be very interesting, quite attractive, and noticeable.

This, their first edition from the pen of the new staff is appropritaely called the "Editor's Number." Each editor devotes his space to an article from his own pen, thereby avoiding the usual criticisms made on the first numbers of college magazines. As a general rule the editors on making their debut, find some difficulty in obtaining contributions from the students for their respective departments, therefore fill their space with the medal essays and prize poems of the preceding year. These articles contain good matter but are not the proper material for the upbuilding and betterment of college journalism.

Upon examining The St. Mary's Muse we find a criticism which we consider just and are quite sure if they will profit by our suggestion they can make their magazine much more attractive. It seems to us that they have failed to see the great importance of having their issue's divided into departments, thereby giving each editor or group of editors a separate and distinct work to do, consequently they will feel their responsibility and strive to make the department worthy of comment and praise.

This issue contains information that will doubtless interest their alumnae but as to literary contributions it is sorely lacking.

The Newberry Stylus with quite an attractive cover is very neatly arranged. Its respective departments are all interesting and contain good material. This issue as a whole is rather short, but to the point. "Obligations of the Educated Man" is full of deep thought and is well expressed.

We beg to acknowledge the following exchanges: The Red and White, Concept, The Furman Echo, Davidson

College Magazine, Isaqueena, Southwestern University Magazine, The University of Virginia Magazine, The Erskinian, The Lenoirian, St. Mary's Muse, Willam Jewell Student and The Newberry Stylus.

CLIPPINGS

A Kansas City druggist says a wealthy West Side man came into his store Sunday morning and throwing a dime on the show-case, said:

"Give me two nickels for that, please."

"Going to try a slot machine?" asked the druggist, pleasantly.

"No," replied the wealthy man. "I'm going to church." —Ex.

"Tommy," said his mother reprovingly, "what did I say I'd do if I ever caught you stealing jam again?" Tommy thoughtfuly scratched his head with his sticky fingers. "Why that's funny, ma, that you should have forgotten it, too. Hanged if I can remember."—Ex.

In a recent examination in one of the schools of Baltimore a teacher asked this question: "Name three classes of people?" One of the answers was, "Men, women, and babies."—Ex.

One day the office boy went to the editor of the Soaring Eagle and said:

"There's a tramp at the door, and he says that he has had nothing to eat for six days."

"Fetch him in," said the editor, "If we can find out how he does it we can run the paper another week."—Ex.

"Deacon Jones, will you lead in prayer?" The deacon snores peacefully.

"Deacon Jones will you lead?"

Deacon Jones (awaking): "It ain't my lead;I dealt."—Ex.

"They were sitting in the parlor—heandshe.

"A step approached, then it was he—and—she."—Selected.

Prof. C.—Give the principal parts of pono.

Soph.—Ponyo, ridere, readi, possum.

Prof C.—Wrong. Ponys, ridere, throwi, flunkstum.—Ex.

B.—If I had an imagination like you, I'd be a millionaire in a few years.

W.—Yes, and if I had your appetite I'd be a pauper.—Ex.

A Doubtful Triumph

"I can pronounce your name, but I can't spell it," she said to her partner, trying to remember who he was.

"J-o-n-e-s," he replied gravely.

A Human Biped

"Harry, there's a man down here with a bill," called Mrs. Austin to her husband.

"Gee whiz! let's go down and see him, Pop," exclaimed young George Austin excitedly. "He must be a bird."—Selected.

The Holy Fly

Helen was watching some flies on the window-pane, when she called to her mother: "Mama, come and see if this is the bosom fly!"

"The bosom fly, child! What kind of a fly is that?"

"Oh, the one they sang about in church last Sunday, "Let me to thy bosom fly!"

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

R. Arlington Brown, Editor.

We are proud to have an alumnus of Wofford College tell us something of college life and habits a half-century ago, as experienced by him and his classmates who have long since passed away. Would it were possible for us of today, who are now passing where he once passed to look back with him and see those days as he sees them. It is a rare treat that we have the sentiment of that dark period reechoed through pen; and again I say, we all are proud to have him write these words of beauty and power to us.

Wofford Fifty Years Ago

Looking at the present alone one is apt to move in a circle and a small circle at that. Looking forward all the time may lead one into the clouds, or sunken pits. Even the skilled surveyor has to take backsights now and then in order that he may move forward in a direct course. A college that is little over a half-century old has little history, but there is perhaps enough to give a few suggestions for present work and plans for the future. Fifty years ago when the first small classes assembled in the old Wofford Chapel, there was an old field with a few clusters of pines here and there on the south side of the college. North of the college there was an unbroken forest as far up as the pumping station of the waterworks. A few of the students boarded on the campus, but most of them were obliged to board in the village. Work began with three instructors: President W. M. Wightman, David Duncan, James H. Carlisle. A little later when a class needed him, Prof. Warren DuPre arrived from Newberry where he was conducting a female school. There were no elective courses in those days. The student had to take all or none. There was not a multiplicity of studies. Recently some of the "town students" appealed to the faculty to be excused from

morning prayers as nine o'clock was too early for them to reach the chapel. Such softness, or more plainly speaking, laziness, would not have been dreamed of fifty years ago. The homespun students from the farms in that early day would have considered such a boy a fine subject for prayers, even if prayer could avail to save such a one from a worthless, aimless, fruitless life. The first recitation of the day was at sunrise. In winter when it was raining or snowing the students on East Main street, or South Church street had to move out from their rooms when it was dark. There were no side-walks to speak of and street lamps were unknown. The writer's sunrise recitation was made to Prof. David Duncan. The colder and more disagreeable the morning, the more cheerful he was. He had much fun with his fire builder, Hercules, whom he always called, "Herakles." If the morning was very cold, Herakles could always be depended on to have a poor fire. Looking backward those sunrise recitations in all sorts of weather tended to work out unquestioning obedience to college requirements. That training was manifest on many a battle field, 1861 to 1865, when the Wofford boys marched cheerfully to the place of death. There was only one literary society in the early years of the college. Secret societies were not thought of. Kerosene, electricity, street cars, canned goods, oyster saloons, restaurants, ice cream parlors, hot and cold drinks were unknown. "Store clothes" were not as common as they are now. Many of the students wore garments woven and made at home. One of the students from Abbeville was known as "Old Red," because his beard was red and he wore a suit of reddish-brown jeans during the winter season. But the day for the "Old Red" and the "Blue Jeans" boys has passed out of college life. There will be no more of them. Sunrise recitations will no more arouse students from their slumbers. The old simple college course, with three or four recitations daily, and thorough drilling in the geography, history and mythology of the world as known two or three thousand years ago, will

not return. How much better new methods, with elective courses and three or four modern languages besides English, and that superficiality that comes from spreading too much is going to be is an unsolved problem. The boys of this day have many advantages not enjoyed fifty years ago. They have it in their power to do better work than their fathers did, and on the other hand their failures will be greater if they do fail. Diligent study, loyalty to college authorities, self-respect without any selfishness, high ideals and an upright walk assist any boy in this day in laying the foundaton for genuine manhood and respectable scholarship.

Fifty-Seven.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

B. N. Alsbrook, Editor.

On Friday, October the fourth, the Senior class baseball team defeated the Freshman team by the score of 6 to 5, thereby winning the trophy cup.

The feature of the game was Martin's homer in the first inning with two men on bases and of the Seniors going to pieces in the fourth inning and letting the Freshmen turn in four scores. Johnson had been pitching in this inning, but then "Legs" Martin took his place in the box but did very little better.

In the fifth inning darkness was beginning to set in and the Freshmen neded one run to tie the score. Ellerbe, W., was at the bat and the first ball that was pitched to him he landed on it for a clean two-bagger, but things went to pieces when he came in home on a pass ball and was called out by the umpire.

Seniors

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Jennings, 2b	3	1	1	1	1	1
Tolleson, cf	3	2	1	1	0	1
Martin, ss	2	2	1	3	3	1
Stanton, 3b	2	0	0	1	0	2
Johnson, p ss.	2	1	1	0	1	0
Hamer, 1b	2	0	1	4	0	1
Layton, lf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Crum, c	2	0	0	4	0	2
Coffin, rf	2	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	20	6	5 *	14	6	7

*Tolleson out, bunted foul on third strike.

Freshmen

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Ellebre, p	3	1	1	2	0	0
Johnson, J., lf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Blair, 2b	3	1	0	0	1	0
Black, 1b	2	1	1	5	0	1
Beacham, cf	1	1	0	0	0	0
Rhea, c.	2	1	0	6	0	0
Ellerbe, H., rf	2	0	1	0	0	0
Hart, 3b	2	0	1	0	0	0
Perritt, p	2	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	20	5	5	*14	4	1

*Hart out, changing position in batter's box after pitcher had taken his position in the box.

Score by innigs:

Seniors	303	00	—6
Freshmen	100	40	—5

Home run—Martin.

Two base hits—Johnson, A., Allerbe, W.

Base on balls—Off Perritt, 2; off Johnson, 0; off Martin, 1.

Struck out—By Perritt, 6; by Martin, 0; by Johnson, 2.

Stolen bases—Johnson, 3; Ellerbe, H., Blair.

Hits—Off Johnson, 2 in 3 1-2 innings; off Martin, 2 in 1 1-2 innings; off Perritt, 5 in 5 innigs.

Left on bases—Freshmen, 4; Seniors, 3.

Sacrificed hits—Stanton.

Passed bayys—Crum, 4.

Wild Pitch—Johnson, 2.

Time of game—1:10.

Scorer—Otto Jeffords.

The standing of the Wofford class teams at the end of the season was as follows:

Teams:	Won	Lost	P.C.
Seniors	4	0	1,000

Sophomores	2	1	1	.666
Freshmen	2		2	.500
Fighters	0		2	.000
Juniors	0		3	.000

Mr. Archie Willis, of the Senior class, has been elected president of the College Press Association of the State of South Carolina.

This position is avery high one, but Mr. Willis is one of Wofford's most competent men and an able speaker. His student friends are sure that no one better could have been elected to fill this position than he.

The Junior class of Wofford College has decided to put a flag on the staff in front of the main building. This will be a double flag, the upper being United States, and the lower the class flag bearing the figures "'09." Both will be silk flags, twenty feet in length and will cost $40.

The flag staff was put up by the Junior class four years ago, but through a misunderstanding, the succeeding Junior classes have not supplied new flags. It is hoped that the staff will not be without a flag again, for a flag adds considerably to the appearance of the campus.

The building of the new bridge on the walk from North Church street to the main college building has been completed. This bridge is very pretty and makes the appearance of this part of the campus very much more attractive.

The students of the college have finished the fixing up of the tennis courts and the boys are now seen playing tennis at all times of the day.

Mr. J. H. Hayes, of the Freshman class at Wofford, who has been very sick for the past several days, is now able to be up and attending classes.

The pillars supporting the main college building of Wofford have been cemented, which adds greatly to the appearance of the college.

Mr. A. B. Waldrep, of Piedmont, who has been teaching in Anderson county his fall has given up his position in order to resume his studies in the senior class.

Dr. H. N. Snyder is meeting the classes of Dr. Cooke while the latter is away on account of sickness in his family.

Mr. H. L. Powell, of North Carolina, was in Spartanburg last month shaking hands with his old college chums at Wofford, where he graduated last year.

At the meeting of the Inter-Society committee at Wofford Saturday morning, it was decided that they would publish an annual this session.

This committee reported its action to the three societies and the societies instructed the committee to meet during the week and make all necessary preparations and if it meets with the approval of the societies, Wofford will have an annual this session.

The senior class this year is the largest class since the class of '95, and with such a large graduating class at the head of this annual, there is no doubt that Wofford will publish one of the best annuals in the South.

The Glee Club at Wofford College has been organized.

The prospects for this club are very encouraging and it is composed of many fine voices.

The members are now at work and they hope to be able to give several entertainments before Christmas.

Following are the members chosen and the officers who were elected:

President, Professor Hinds.

Executive Committee: Hamer, chairman, senior; Johnson, senior; Huff, junior; Hicks, junior; Morris, senior.

The Chorus

Bass: Jennings, Duckworth, Morris, Harley, Mahaffey.
First tenor: Zimmerman, Tolleson, Hamer, Rogers.
Second tenor: Atkins, Hicks, Huff.
Soprano: Curry, Johnson, Stephenson, Mitchell.
Pianist: Curry; France, assistant pianist.
Violinist: Finch.

Mr. W. O. Tatum, of Columbia, was in the city last month, visiting his old schoolmates at Wofford, where he was a student last year.

Mr. W. C. Curry spent a day last month in Greenville.

Mr. B. N. Alsbrook, of the Senior class, attended the Fair at Greenville.

The following men attended the State College Y. M. C. A. Conference at Clemson College as representatives of Wofford:

Of the Senior class—R. F. Norris, W. B. Garrett, W. A. McKelvey, R. A. Brown, A. W. Waldrup, and B. B. Patterson.

Of the Junior class—Messrs. Whitaker, H. M. Cox, and F. W. Felkel.

Of the Sophomore class—Messrs. C. B. Dorsey, D. L. Betts, G. K. Craig, R. Leon Keaton, H. C. Hardin and T. E. Craig.

Of the Fitting School—Messrs. M. A. Lane and Blair.

On October 23, at a business meeting of the Glee Club of Wofford College, it was decided that the club should purchase a piano for their own use. The literary societies

of the college volunteered to donate a part of the sum for the piano, for which they could have the use of the piano for any function, which they might have free of cost. But the Glee Club preferred to have sole control of the piano and are willing to rent the piano to the societies for their functions.

The purchasing of this piano will be of value to Prof. Gamewell, who has charge of the lyceum course. Prof. Gamewell in the future will use the piano for any musical entertainment which he may have.

"Schrek" Taylor, of baseball fame, and who graduated last year, attended the Bryan lecture and visited his friends in college.

G. C. Peterson has returned from a visit of several days at his home in Laurens.

After several weeks hard work by Mr. R. L. Keaton, the Wofford College calender for the session of 1907-08, has been sent to the publishers.

This calendar will be the best one that the college has ever publishedd.

They will be here by November 20th, and ready for sale by Mr. R. L. Keaton on the college campus.

They will also be sold at the Palmetto and DuPre's book stores and if the residents of Spartanburg wish any they can be purchased at these stores.

The price of one calendar is fifty cents and if more is wanted the price is according to the number purchased.

The Wofford College class football teams are all hard at work now and they will soon be ready to pull off some games.

Mr. C. D. Plyler, a member of the Sophomore class, has returned after spending several days at his home at O. K.,

in Lancaster county. Mr. Plyler was called home on account of his brother's death. His brother was accidently shot by a negro boy.

Mr. Whitlock, a member of the Freshman class, spent a day last month at his home in Greenwood visiting his parents.

Mr. O. C. Oglesby, who has been attending the Fitting School the present session, has returned to his home in Cowpens. Mr. Oglesby says that he expects to return and enter the college next session.

At the meeting of the classes some time ago there was a kick against each class turning out their own football team on account of the Freshmen being "greenhorns" and not knowing how to play the game but now the classes are talking the other way and the Freshmen are the only ones they are dreading.

Nothing has been heard about the team out so far but they are expected to be out also in a few days and this team ought to win over any of the teams as they have very near two hundred students from which they can pick their team while the other classes have only a few more students than that to pick four teams.

Mr. E. Myers, of the Freshman class, delivered an interesting lecture at the college Y. M. C. A. meeting Sunday, October 27th. He also preached at Duncan's church in the city that night.

Mr. Leonard has returned from Greenville, where he had been enjoying the fair for several days.

Mr. Marshall Orr spent a day with his parents, in Greenville, last month.

Professor Watson, physical director at Wofford, spoke to the students about playing tennis instead of taking gymnasium. He said that students who did not wish to take the gymnasium training could discontinue it, providing they would play tennis three hours a week. He then told the students that those that play tennis must enroll their names on the tennis roll book and also make a report each week of how much time they had spent playing tennis. It is expected that over one-half of the students that are now taking gymnasium will drop exercises and go to playing tennis.

Mr. L. H. White, who has been a member of the Freshman class at Wofford college left last week for his home in Lee county. It is understood that Mr. White had to leave on account of having to have an operation performed. The students of the college are very sorry to give up Mr. White, as he was one of the ablest men in the college. Mr. White says that he expects to return next year, so the college will not be without him for only one year. Mr. White responded for the Freshmen at the reception given them several weeks ago by the old students. He was also elected secretary of his class some time ago.

The college Y. M. C. A. intends to send a delegation of three to represent them in Washington, D. C., at the Voluntary Students' Convention which will come off on the 28th and 29th of November. The Y. M. C. A. will bear one-half of the expenses of their representatives. The Y. M. C. A. have been accustomed to send representatives to several conventions but none have been as important as the one which it now has in view.

On October 26th the Senior class football team defeated the Freshmen by the score of 7 to 0. The feature of the game was the steady line-bucking by the Seniors.

Among those who attended the State Fair were Messrs. McKewn, Manning, Dantzler, Alsbrook, Hamer, Rushton, Welch, Calvert, Copeland, Jennings, Boyle, Griffin, and others.

On the morning of October 31st, Mr. J. L. Dukes was called to the bedside of his mother who was very ill at the Columbia Hospital. We are glad to report Mrs. Dukes is better.

A series of six lectures will be delivered by Mr. Edward Howard Griggs on behalf of the Woman's Lecture Association, one in the afternoon and one at night on three alternate days. The afternon lecture will be delivered at Wofford College at 4 p. m., and the night lectures at Converse College at 8:30 p. m. The price of tickets for the entire course is $1.00. The lectures are as follows:

1. The Humanity of Shakespeare. November 18th, at Wofford, 4 p. m.
2. The Ethical Awakening—The Merchant of Venice. November 18th, at Converse, at 8:30 p. m.
3. The Individual and the State—Julius Caesar. November 20, at Wofford, 4 p. m.
4. Facing the Mystery—Hamlet. November 20th, at Converse, 8:30 p. m.
5. The Tragedy of Ambition—Macbeth. November 22nd, at Wofford, 4 p. m.
6. The Final Attitude—The Tempest. November 22nd, at Converse, 8:30 p. m.

"Mr. Griggs combines rare intellectual and artistic qualities as a scholar with unusual power as a speaker. His culture and his wide learning, especially in the department of letters and history, enable him to draw illustrations for his subjects from both classic and modern letterateurs, and his frequent comparisons of the great masterpieces of art add force and beauty to his discussion. Broad, tolerant, and catholic, he thinks clearly and deeply and one can-

not fail to realize his grasp of the great realities of life. He inspires us to hold fast the beauty and loftiness of our ideals, and to believe that 'the vision splendid' need not 'fade into they light of common day.' To express his thoughts he has at his command language vivid, virile or tender, as the subject may demand, of exquisite simplicity, yet arising at times to genuine eloquence uttered in a voice whose musical cadence has a peculiar charm."

Wanted

A pass in Greek—Harley, Smith, Rushton, Calvert, Als brook, and Stabler.

To know is Bull still "on the hog."

A private secretary to write love-letters. Archie Willis.

To know if Fresh. Ray ever got in a hurry.

A cure for Freshness. Bob Manning.

Senior McKewn—Are you going to see "Playing the Ponies" at the opera house at the State Fair?

Senior Nettles—I don't know, but I'll bet they have some fine trained ponies there—even better than Gentry's show.

Junior Burnett to Senior Dukes—Say, Roy, did you meet Mr. Bryan at the Y. M. C. A. reception? Yarborough and myself met him twice.

Prof. Spencer, to Freshman—How do you spell "exhilarate"?

Freshman—I don't spell it. I abbreviate it.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

Wm. B. Garrett, Jr., Editor.

The Student Bible Study Institute held at Clemson College.

On the evening of October 18th the assembled in the Memorial Hall at Clemson College a large crowd to hear the opening address of the Bible Study Institute. How inspiring and uplifting it was to hear, and join with an assemblage of Christian men in songs of praise and thanksgiving, and to hear such godly men as Dr. Murray, R. H. Legate, Mr. Taylor and others speak. Delegates from the different colleges of the State were present and were brought closer in touch with one another spiritually, learning from each other many helpful methods by which to teach the Bible. There were twenty-three delegates from our college and the Fitting School, and surely, with such a large delegation attending such an inspiring institute, our Bible classes will flourish as they have never done before. Let each and every one of us try to make this the most profitable year in the history of our Bible courses.

Among those who attended the Institute from Wofford were B. F. Morris, R. A. Brown, B. B. Patterson, W. B. Garrett, Jr., C. B. Dawsey, R. L. Keaton, H. C. Hardin, F. W. Felkel, Betts, Woodward, Craig, Turner, Myers, and several others.

It is said of Milton that the greatness of his life was due to the fact that he searched the Scriptures each day. Listen to what our great men of today tell us and we will find that the greatness to which they have attained is due mainly to their making the Bible their daily companion. You will remember that Hon. William J. Bryan made this same statement concerning his own life in his recent lecture in our city. So we see that the essential cause of real ability and power is the knowledge that one has of the Bible. In this Book we find some of the most beautiful passages that have ever been written in any language. Even Ingersoll,

the noted infidel, acknowledged that the most beautiful passage that he had ever heard was taken from the Bible. Think of the millions of people that know not of the Word of God and who are begging for the message of Truth and Life to be brought to them, and then think of our own people surrounded with all the opportunities to read and study the Bible, yet how many there are who never even take it from the shelf. Are we, as honest thinking men, not condemned by our consciences? Let us face the problem in its true light and resolve to give more of our time to the most important part of life, for "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul." Let us attend the Y. M. C. A. more regularly and join in the prayer meetings which are held each Wednesday night.

The four Bible classes have organized and are doing some very profitable work. Prof. Rembert makes the course he is teaching very interesting by giving graphic accounts of each Book as a whole. A Mission Study Class has been organized and will be led by Dr. D. D. Wallace. This will prove beneficial to any who are interested in missions, and we all need to know more about such a broad, deep subject.

The three classes led by students is the course in the Life of Christ. It is important that every one should connect himself with one of the classes above mentioned. The Y. M. C. A. certainly extends to all a hearty welcome to join one of the classes.

Six bands of Personal Workers have been organized and are trying to do a great work among the boys on the campus. Let us not forget the ultimate aim of our work, to bring more men under Christian influences. If the men of the Y. M. C. A. will work with their whole spirit, mind, and body, we are bound to win. Let us work with all our might for even today "The harvest is great, but the laborers are few."

Wofford College Journal

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

1907

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December, 1907

CONTENTS

Literary Department—
When? 97
Dem Ole Mules 98
Our Southern Neighbor 101
A Memory 105
When Mother's There 105
A Country Courtship 106
She Whom I Loved is Dead 107
South Carolina Honors the Memory of Her Greatest Hero 108
"As Cupid Whistled His Songs" 111
The Wide, Wide World 114
"Because He Loved Her So" 114
Chapter One From the Autobiography of a Baby.. 121
Absinthe 124
The Long Result of Time 125
Constitution of the College Press Association of South Carolina 128
Editorial Department 132
Exchange Department 140
Clippings 144
Alumni Department 147
Local Department 152
Y. M. C. A. Department 158

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PAGE

Anderson, C. W. & Co. . . . xii
Argyle, The viii

Bernhardt, Photographer . . ix
Biber, A. W., Jeweler . . . iii
Bishop, A. J & Co. iv
Bagwell, J. E., Grocer . . . viii
Band & White, Printers . . xvi
Bomar & Crigler . . . . . cover

Cudd, R. E. & Co. x
Callahan, W. E. & Co. . . . x
Chapman, The Grocer . . . x
Cannon & Fetzer Co. i
Central National Bank v
Correll, D. C., Jeweler . . . v
Crimm, Dr. I. E. xiii

DuPre Book Store i

Fashion, The ii
Fleming, C. E. iii
First National Bank xiv
Fidelity Loan & Trust Co. . xiv

Gas and Electric Co. iv
Greenewald, The Clothier . cover
Harris Furniture Co. x

Hygeia Ice Co. xi
Hopkins Shop xii
Heinitsh's Drug Store . . . xiii

Irwin's Drug Store xv

Johnson, H. J. ix

Keene, Alf. xiii

PAGE

Lester, L. T. x
Littlejohn, Worth iii
Ligon's Drug Store vi
Liles, Floyd L. viii
Lemmond, A. W. xiii

Miller, Bob xi
Maddux, W. E. v

Piedmont Laundry Co. . . . ix
Palmetto Book Store xi
Price's Clothing Store vi
Peterson, The Photographer . vii

Queen, J. R. x

Rowe & Rowe vii
Rigby's Drug Store x
Riebling Drug Co. v
Russum, J. M. xiii

Star Cafe ii
St. John, Dr. F. C. iii
Spartan Hardware Co. . . . vii
Spartanburg Bus. College...viii

Thompson & Dillard xiii
True's Department Store . . iii
The Battery Clothing Co. . . xv

University of Virginia . . . ix

Walker, John A. xi
Watauga Cafe vii
Wright-Scruggs Shoe Co. . xv
Wofford College . . . . . cover
Wofford Fitting School .. cover

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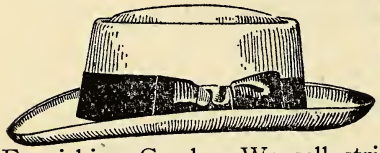

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Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

John Lee Hydrick, Editor.
R. B. Hicks, Assistant Editor.

When?

When a bullfrog has wings like a bat,
  And turtles make nests in the trees;
When a chicken has fur like a cat,
  And wasps make honey like bees;
When mosquitoes never have bills,
  And steel is transparent like glass;
When rivers run over steep hills,
  And a zero on exam. is a pass;
When a cube is round like a ball,
  And the snail can outrun the hare;
When people grow twenty feet tall,
  And alligators swim in the air;
When a bluebird has horns like a cow,
  And the mocking-bird learns how to swim;
When whiskey never causes a row,
  And a quartette of gnats sing a hymn;
When gravity pulls up instead of down,
  And days are longer than years;
When fish learn to walk on the ground,
  And women never shed tears;
When dirt doesn't make water muddy,
  And donkeys have reason like men—
'Tis then every pupil will study
  And never make less than a ten.

N. U. T., '10.

Dem Ole Mules

Never heard of dem ole mules? Why, they're right over here to Babham's. Parker pays their board. Parker sez he's agoin' to give 'em respectable funerals, and he thinks he'll raise a monument over 'em, because he sez they've done more to purify the atmosphere of this town than any evangelist that ever came to it.

Parker went into the barnyard one day where we was milkin'.

"Wall, what now?" I sez, fer I see he wanted somethin'.

"I want to borrow $50," he sez.

"Whew," I sez. "What security?"

"My note and granny's," he speaks up, prompt as could be.

I bust right out laughin'. I knew his note and granny's wa'n't worth, legal, the paper it was wrote on. Parker opened dem eyes of his so I could see clean into the soul of him. "Jake," he sez, "You ain't afraid of that security and I know you ain't."

I wa'n't afraid of it and I've always been glad I wa'n't.

I kind of took to Parker the first time I saw him. He wa'n't knee-high to a duck den, just a little bundle of freckles and bristling red hair and ole clothes. He was lickin' Peter Jarvais' boy out here in the road for saying nasty things about his granny's Dutch cap and Dutch English.

"I'll lick him every time!" he sez, mad all over, "and I'll lick him harder next time, too!"

Him and granny lived in Peter's tenant house. She washed for women folks and Jim worked round and went to school winters.

Parker, he took that $50 and went over here and bought them mules from "Lanky" Jones. "Lanky" was a horse jobber, a sleek, sly one, too, that 'ud skin you every time. I don't know what Parker paid. "Lanky" got 'em off a tripper on the Harlam road the fall before for $25, and

I guess he got their winter's keep out of Parker.

A more unlikely pair of critters you never set your eyes on. They was old and gaunt and shaggy, and had one pair of eyes, and them dum wicked ones, to the team of 'em.

I don't know where Parker picked up Toby. That was the smartest little nigger I ever see. Why, it seemed to me there wa'n't nothin' that lad couldn't do in the way of fun makin'. He could whistle and he could jig so as to call a house down, and he could sing almost as good as Parker could. Wall, sir, that little nigger could tumble, and twist himself all up into loops and knots so as to make you afraid he'd never undo hisself. But he always did come out straight. He could talk rings right off a stick you held in your hands and throw his voice all around the room. Him and Parker and dem mules went round the country givin' kind o' minstrel shows off a big canvas wagon and advertisin' patent medicine for a big consarn. That kind o' thing was new then and it took wonderful.

I've heard tell of folks as could make a hoss laugh, but I can tell you right here, Toby could shore make dem mules laugh just when he'd a mind to. He was awful fond of dem critters. He named 'em Sodom and Gomorry. He said he think 'long at fust of callin' 'em Ananias and Sapphira, but he thought maybe there was more down-right wickedness in Sodom and Gomorry.

There must 'a been fifteen thousand people on the fair grounds that day. Ike Baker was there a-barkin' some kind of salve. It 'ul cure corns and warts and bunions, he said. When I come up to him he had a crowd round and he was a-tryin' it to cure rheumatiz. An ole farmer had his arm bare to his shoulder and Ike, he was a-rubbin' it on thick. Ike 'uld stroke the arm kind of slow like and den a little quicker, and den soft and gentle like. "Now, how does it feel," he asks. ?

"Not a darn bit better," snaps the old chap, and the crowd give Ike the hoss laugh.

Well, 'twas just about then that Parker drove on. Ike,

he set up a holler 'bout Parker gettin' in front of his lay-out. Parker strutted over to look at the trottin', leavin' Toby to settle with Ike. He knew that nigger could hold his own and the hull outfit's agin heavy odds.

Toby, he sets there on the box a-lookin' as innocent as a sheep and lettin' Ike do the talkin' till Ike threatened to lead the mules away. Then Toby speaks up: "Fore God, sah!" he sez, "don't touch dem mules' heads. I warn you, sah—they's awful."

But Ike, with a big oath that he wa'n't afraid of any ole lantern-jawed, wall-eyed mules that ever brayed, ketched the mules by the bridles, and rip!—they went backward, drivin' their long wagon straight through Ike's tent and takin' everything in it before it. I just wish you could 'a seen the corn salve fly, and see the boys a-scramblin' for it. Then right there in the confusion didn't them dum mules let out a pair o' brays that fetched everything on the ground up standin', and sent the trotters under the wire and half way round the tracks unofficial.

'Twas Toby's boast that he'd waked up many a town he'd struck at midnight with dem mules. I guess he could do it alright. I guess he knew them mule's ticklish points. Of course they put Parker's outfit off the grounds, but as Toby said, they'd advertised enough for one while.

The next week we had a picnic over in Babham's grove. 'Twas Fourth of July. Ike Baker was there. Ike was courtin' Bill Inabinet's widow, or rather, as everybody but the widow knew, he was a-courtin' of the late Bill Inabinet's life insurance. Some folks said as how he was a-gettin money out of Mrs. Inabinet right along by promises of marriage. Some dirty little stories was a-floatin' over from the next State about Ike. They said his name wa'n't Baker at all, and that he had more'n one wife a'ready.

I see Ike and the widow a-setting' on a log off by themselves, as Toby said afterwards, "billin' and cooin' like a couple of pigeons on a ridge-board." I always suspected Toby knew more about Ike than he'd tell.

Pretty soon I see Ike look behind him. He see them mules standin' there hitched to a tree, a-lookin' as meek as Moses and his brother. Ike edged off to the fur end of the log and the widow she edged after him. You see, Ike knew them mules and he didn't have no 'casion to feel neighborly to 'em. Pretty quick I see Ike get up and look all round him kind o' scared like, and set down agin.

All of a suddent I see Ike light off that log and sprint acrost that lot for the road. The widow she come plunging toward us all-fired red and breathless. Toby was the first to go to the widow's assistance. He'd been a-sitting a little off from me eatin' watermelon to beat the band. He got a seat for the widow and a fan, but I see a look in his eye I'd seen there afore.

The wimmin folks crowded round Mrs. Inabinet. She couldn't speak for a spell. When she got her breath she said them mules kept a-sniggerin' and a-chucklin' behind 'em, and then they spoke—spoke just as plain, she declared, as she was a-speakin'. One of 'em sez: "Iky, does yer wife know yer here?" Then the other one sez: "Iky, Iky, Maria's a-lookin' fer you!" Then they sez: "Skiddoo!" That is when Iky went right over the wire fence. He left a bit of his coat on the top wire.

Toby? Oh, he looked innercent enough, but as I've said before, Toby had a handy way of throwin' his voice around —ventriloquism, they call it. Evangeline.

Our Southern Neighbor

We are inclined to look upon South America, having a lot of Republics with constitutions fashioned after ours, having the same physical conditions as exist in North America, as a people with the same national mind as we have. But let us look at the history of South America from the beginning and we will find that a very different condition does exist.

North America was colonized by the sturdy English who

came for free thought, and a right to exercise religious freedom, and incidentally to better their existence by developing the natural resources.

South America was never really colonized. It was exploited by armed bands hunting for the precious metals. In order to gain this end the natives were cowed, robbed, and butchered, the land was divided among the Spanish grandees who got as much out of the land as possible by any means whatsoever. And on top of all this the whole was domineered by the debased and tyrannical Church of Rome. The low ebb of morals and this extremely bad influence of the Church put down education in the masses. Books of course were smuggled in and read among the higher classes, but they were books by such men as Voltaire and Rosseau, which were worse than none at all on unprepared ground. So when the Church lost its power there was extreme looseness in ethics and economics.

The adventurers and fortune-seekers who came to South America seldom brought their wives with them, and were soon intermarried generally with the natives, producing a very inferior class of half breeds. Large numbers of negroes have been imported. These have not intermarried so widely and pure blacks form half the population of the Argentine, leaving a very small proportion of the whole pure whites. The immigration has been from among the lower classes of Italians, Germans and Spaniards. This mixture of breeds with the low standard of morality and the influence of the Church has given rise to a very superstitious and highly excitable population.

The rule of the Spaniard was broken in the beginning of the nineteenth century when Spanish affairs were so unstable in the Old World. Discontented revolutionists started the turmoil in Brazil and the Argentine and soon it had spread to the whole of South America. Independent governments were set up under constitutions nominally modeled after ours, but full of sentiment and containing little of the necessary practical and fundamental ideas of govern-

ment. And consequently they have been very unstable. At every election, more or less, the opposing faction have taken up arms and they have had petty warfare in the States themselves, and between the States since their formation. But these conditions are rapidly passing and times are more peaceful.

Indeed, a beautiful example of peace making has recently been set for the world by the Argentine and Chile. Seven years ago these countries were on the verge of war and each was making extensive preparations for it. By determined efforts of the clergy and the American and English embassadors, arbitration was resorted to, and the differences were settled. On March 15, 1904, a huge bronze statue of Christ was erected on the Andean boundry between the two countries, 14,000 feet above the sea. It bears these words written on everlasting granite, "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Chileans and Argentines break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ, their Redeemer."

The populace, once a nation of slaves, serving the Spaniard who was after nothing but the amassing of wealth for himself and the collection of enormous revenues for his government is settling down to a development of the country's resources.

First among them are valuable silver and copper mines in the Andes, besides extensive beds of nitrate of soda. The grasses of the Pampas and other extensive plains afford excellent pasturage for millions of cattle whose hides and flesh are shipped in large quantities. Sheep also flourish there, making the annual wool crop one-fourth of the yield of the world. Brazil already produces more coffee than any other country. The culture of cotton is rapidly increasing and it is said that if its price continues South America will soon become a prominent competitor of the United States. There are thousands of square miles of rubber trees, untouched, and vast forests of pine, which will necessarily soon become valuable on account of scarcity elsewhere. And with the

advance of industry comes great banking and business interests.

And what part is the United States taking in this magnificent development? English, German and Italian banks are doing an absolutely safe business, paying in many cases 25 per cent. On account of the lack of coal on the continent all manufactured articles have to be imported. They are bought largely from Europe and handled by European firms. Why? Because there are no American steamship lines to encourage trade with the United States. Of course foreigners will handle American goods, but they much prefer to throw trade to their own countries. And why are there no American steamship lines? Because after a vessel carries a cargo to South America, it cannot afford to bring back raw products in the face of our protective tariff. So far the Yankee has taken little part in South American affairs. He has shipped his tram cars, locomotives, and harvesting machines, but does not care where they run; exported his calicoes, but does not care how they sell. Occasionally we find an American merchant doing a better business than his foreign competitors, but handling foreign goods. Here and there is a celebrated entomologist studying grasshoppers in a devastated field or an engineer making charts of currents and depths at a river's mouth, for a government trying to be progressive. Or we might hear of a Yankee pioneer yonder on the plains, pushing steadily forward, bending the soil and climatic conditions to his will. There in a girls' normal school is an American teacher trying to engraft her system of education into institutions hundreds of years old. Wherever the Yankee is found he is always foremost. But, there are too few. There are just enough to show what could be done if the United States at large would take an active interest in this growing neighbor.

The Monroe doctrine has remained unchallenged for nearly a century. But the question now is, are the nations of the world having overflowing populations and aggressive

foreign policies willing to see so vast a continent lie fallow? Surely we may answer: No. Then if the natives do not show themselves capable of assuming the enormous duties which belong to a modern continent and the United States does not assume them, then the time is ripe for the partition of South America. Already this question is occupying the minds of great European statesmen and we will have to step lively if we do not want our toes trodden upon.

Europe has taken every advantage to make South America feel that the United States wants to gobble up everything in the western hemisphere and consequently they look askant at us. We will have to show them that we are not after territorial and political advancements, but commercial expansion. There is an old Spanish adage which says, "lean toward whatever sun gives must warmth," and we ought to cultivate with South America that warmth of good feeling, which grows out of commercial advantage.

A Memory

Knowest thou the land where the mocking bird sings,
Where his sweet Southern lay through the stately pine
rings?
Where the fields are all covered with cotton and corn?
'Tis the beautiful Southland, the land of the morn.

There the golden rod waves like a vast sunlit sea
And over it echoes the sound of the bee.
The frangrance of jessamine bursts on the sense
And fills us with joy, and with pleasures intense.

B. N. Alsbrook.

When Mother's There

When Christmas comes with its treasured sums
Of all that is good and fair,
The greatest treasure beyond all measure
Is home—when mother's there.

On the lawn's a drift, in the cloud's a rift,
And soft the Christmas air,
But the sweetest dream in the sun's bright beam,
Is home—when mother's there.

When years have borne us, experience torn us,
From the pride as youths we wear,
We deem as wealth a week of health,
At home—when mother's there.

And Christmas night when the fire is bright,
We gather round her chair,
With the band unbroken, 'tis a priceless token,
The home—when mother's there.

And when days of toil with ceaseless broil,
Bring nights of thought and prayer,
We remember with love, to the throne above,
The home—when mother's there.

D.

A Country Courtship

"Come here Maude, and tell me about that Morris fellow," said old Mrs. Walcott as she sat up in bed. "Did you make him propose to you tonight? You know his daddy keeps the corner grocery and he would make a mighty nice man for you.

"Well, ma," said Maude with a titter, "I followed your directions exactly. I met him at the door and took his arm and told him he was lookin' might fine. I said that it seemed to me that he was growin' better lookin' every day. But he only smiled and said, 'That's what all the girls tell me.'

"Then we went into the sitting room and I picked up the paper you put on the table and turned to the inside page where it told about the marriage of Jeremiah Smith and Sal Jones. I said she was a lucky gal to git married. He said he 'lowed she was.

"The thick-headed fellow!" exclaimed Mrs. Walcott. "It

'pears to me that he ought to have taken a hint like that, 'specially when you brought it up so nicely."

"Well," continued Maude, "I said that he was a mighty handsome fellow, and that his eyes were a dream. But that because I was so ugly, I supposed I would always have to stay single, and grow into one of those old maids. But he just kept cool and said, 'I've seen just lots of mighty agreeable old maids.'

"Goodness gracious," volleyed Mrs. Walcott, "He ain't got much sense, but he's worth gittin' cause he's got the money."

"Then I said, "It's gittin' mighty nigh Christmas. I allers did like Christmas marriages. How'd you like to git married on Christmas?

"Then he blushed up like he was on fire and sez, "I wouldn't mind it if I could jes' git some good-lookin' gal to marry me.' "

"I up and sez, 'I wish I was good lookin'."

"He sez, 'You is.' "

"That's all I'm gwine to tell you, ma. It's comin' off on Christmas Day."

"330."

She Whom I Loved is Dead

She whom I loved is dead to me,
  And yet the dreary pall of Death,
That grim door of eternity,
  Has placed no ban upon her breath;
No funeral dirge the bell has rung,
  On her account no lights burn low,
The choir has no requiem sung,
  And yet my love is dead, I know.

Had death bade me forget my love,
  And cleanse my heart, her sacred place,
A thousand years he might have strove
  To make it so, and yet her face

Would still have been the same, her soul
  Would still have drawn my soul, and yet
A thousand years might roll
  On by, and I could not forget.

Had some one told me she was dead,
  And I had looked upon her grave,
The bitter tears I would have shed
  Could but have made no more her slave,
And yet the heart that won my heart,
  The soul that taught mine own to love,
Has not yet drawn itself apart
  To that bright realm (her own) above.

When Autumn's leaves turn red and fall,
  'Twill each time be the same sad scene,
And ne'er again will Spring recall
  The sweet old days that once have been;
And as the years each come and go,
  And other love—sweet purity!
I can but sigh and wish, for lo,
  She whom I loved is dead to me.

A. W.

South Carolina Honors the Memory of Her Greatest Hero

It was South Carolina's greatest day since the reconstruction. On the twentieth of November of last year there were gathered in our capital city fifteen thousand people. There were the self sacrificing veterans of our Southern Confederacy. There were State officials from this and many other States. There were men, women, and children representing every phase of life from every county in our State and from others. There were represntatives from our schools and colleges. Special trains from every part of our State poured into the city on this eventful day. And why this great concourse of people in Carolina's capital? All were gathered together to pay their loving tribute to

the memory of South Carolina's greatest hero—Wade Hampton.

It was a great day and one that can never be forgotten. But have our past wrongs been righted? Has this old Palmetto State actually begun a new era? Our State has produced many distinguished men, yea more than many of her sister commonwealths, yet she has never done sufficient honor to the men who have made her what she is. In the formative period of this nation her statesment stood the peers of the world's best known men, yet today their names are hardly known. Let the names of Pinckney, Rutledge, Lowndes, Cheves, and Laurens be mentioned and we venture the assertion that but few of the coming generation recognize these names as belonging to great Carolinians. There was a time when John C. Calhoun stood in the eyes of the world as one of the greatest men, one whom Gov. Aycock declares to have been the ablest logician since the days of Saint Paul, and yet the rising generation knows absolutely nothing about this great Carolinian. Shame upon the Palmetto State that she has allowed the names of her illustrious dead to be forgotten. 'Tis not thus in other States. Georgia and North Carolina are forever heralding forth the names and exploits of their great men. Massachusetts's Webster and Kentucky's Clay are at all times kept before the world's eye and were it not for the fact that Carolina's Calhoun was one of that great triumvirate we would allow the name of that great statesman to be forgotten.

Surely a better day is dawning. We have at last erected in our capital city at a cost of $30,000 a suitable monument to the memory of the hero who saved our State in its most trying period.

Wade Hampton began his military career as colonel of the the Hampton Legion. His promotions were well deserved and at the end of the terrible struggle he was lieutenant general, known and honored as one of the Confederacy's finest cavalry leaders. In the midst of a fierce battle

around Petersburg Gen. Hampton saw from a distance a young Carolina boy fall mortally wounded. Galloping up he dismounted from his horse, placed his arms tenderly about the form of the dying boy and looked down into the eyes of his own youngest son. Mastering his emotions in a magnificent display of self control, he kissed his son a last farewell, leaped upon his charger and dashed to the very forefront of the fray, led the charge and carried his men to victory.

It has been truly said that Hampton never sought after any office, but no man ever loved his State more or had greater hopes for its future. After Hampton's first nomination for Governor, he arose in th econvention and thanked them for all kindly allusions but he felt as if his day had passed and he remarked, "I have claimed nothing from South Carolina but a grave in yonder churchyard but I have always said that if I could ever serve her by word or deed her men had onl to call me and I would devote all my time, my energy and my life to her service." How many or how few of us know what Hampton did in the days of '76 to save our State from radical and negro rule. Hampton was elected governor—the carpet baggers claimed their candidate to be elected. The destiny of our State hung in th balance. Our president, Gen. Grant ordered a detachment of Unitd States troops to garrison the State capitol and enforce the laws of the Chamberlain Legislature. Five thousand armed and determined men who had served under Lee and Hampton surrounded the capitol crying for justice but eager for vengeance. Hampton appeared and said, "Fellow citizens, I have been elected governor of South Carolina and by the eternal God I will be governor or there shall be none." This short oration accomplished its purpose and prevented blood-shed in our State. He served two terms in the United States senate and discharged every duty faithfully and honestly. Nothing ever diverted him from the path pointed out by his own judgment and conscience. He always sought diligently for

that which was right. Each word that he uttered and every thing he did was inspired by an ardent desire to promote the best interest of his beloved State.

After all he had done and was doing he was in the basest kind of ingratitude hissed from off the platform at Aiken and shoved off the stage of action for a new and untried man. Why? Because the great man refused to support a measure which he believed to be wrong. The darkest and most shameful blot upon South Carolina's history is her treatment of Hampton. A million monuments could not wipe it out, yet let the State, though the tardy recognition has come after the great leader has gone to his everlasting reward, though the old hero in his life time did not see the change of sentiment as he ought to have seen it, though he went down to his grave with his heart crushed and burdened with the thought that his people did not appreciate his services, the best services of his life, yet we say let the State make amends as far as possible, and let coming generations know the deeds and valor of a great Hampton. Surely if any people in any age ought to hold in loving reverence the memory of a great hero, it is South Carolina with her Hampton.

Hampton's name is an illustrious one and one in which every true South Carolinian should feel a just pride and South Carolina has at last awakened to the fact that Hampton was her greatest hero and let us hope that she will ever hereafter keep before the eyes of the world the name and deeds of this great man.

This monument under God shall begin a new era, when South Carolina shall show gratitude to her great men and do loving honor to their great memory.

James Carlisle Hardin, '09.

"As Cupid Whistled His Songs"

It was an ideal night—a romantic night. There was "the moon keeping his nightly vigil, while the stars added their

golden rays!" There was the mocking bird "from whose silvery throat came Nature's choicest selection!" And there was the swing in which the actors in my little "drama" were swinging, while Cupid, quite content with his success, fastened his bow to a bough above, and swinging himself into it calmly whistled, "I'm up in the air about Mary"—and I guess I was.

It was Sunday night, and of course we, Mary and I, "would go to preaching—if there was any." But it happened that there wasn't "any," so I was really glad to have a nice long conversation with—the Mary that Cupid was whistling about.

Now Cupid is an ingenuous fellow, and while he was leading the first "act" he was also planning for the second.

"Say, wouldn't you both like a ride in a locomotive to C— tonight? We're coming back by morning, and I'll be mighty glad to have you." Could it be true! Yes, sure, that was "Mary's" brother speaking, and it was really us!

Now it was Sunday night—that was the dramatic part, to some of our good friend—but we decided to avail ourselves of this, our first opportunity of a real engine ride. So we abandoned the swing to change our suits for those more in taste to that of a locomotive.

Cupid had scored another point, and as he whistled another song, let himself safely to the ground—leaving his bow where it was, for he had no farther use for it as our "drama" proceeded.

At the appointed time we climbed into the panting engine and took our seats upon the fireman's box. A clanging of bells, a loud hissing sound, a great puff, and we were off. I thought of Cupid, and sure there he was, sitting on the bell cord, whistling a snatch of "Let 'er go."

It was a delicious ride. The roar and lunging of the train, the air outside made keen by our speed, the red and green lights as they followed each other in quick succession —this was the life of the engine. But I was living two lives. I could see the calm, majestic heavens stretching on

and on to the moonlit horizon, while I let my imagination form what it would from the masses of dark moving objects as we hurried along. Then, I could fancy I still heard Cupid whistling his ever jolly music, but best of all there was "Mary" sitting beside me. Occasionally a curl would break away from its pin and wave against my cheek, and her voice to the key of a child's at four.

Thus we rode, speaking occasionally, but preferring to drink in the beauty of our thoughts, letting them wander where they would.

C— was reached in due time, and we alighted among the tired crowd of excursionists, to ramble around till "our engine" would be ready to take us back. The excursionists soon vanished and the depot took on that bare, desolate quietness which comes over a public place when it has been deserted, as "Mary" and I walked upon its plaform. Yet, we were not at all lonesome!

"I wish we could repeat this often." It was she who opened our conversation.

"And I, too," I assented. And I heard Cupid break in with the strains of "And a little bit more."

"How'd you like to take a long trip with me, say—say—to Venice?" It really came easier than I had thought it would.

"Why, why—!" she said hesitatingly. And I heard Cupid whistling, "You'll have to leave the answer to the stars."

Well, I had acted the true soldier's part in obeying the orders of my commander—Cupid—and I felt better.

Just then our engine returned and we were soon off for home. The moon had sunk and only a few stars were left, which seemed proud of the opportunity to show their brilliancy.

It seemed only a few minutes before the puffing became slower, the hissing of the breaks was heard, and our friendly engine came to a stand. We were home.

It was with a lighter step that I turned away from

"Mary's" gate that night. And as I left I heard Cupid, back in his old swing, break forth with the strains of "Oh, what a night to spoon." "30 35."

The Wide, Wide World

What is life but a long unrest,
Where men seek fortune, honor, fame;
To find it all leads but to death,
And the world goes on just the same?

The very ones in whom we trust
Are but beings of sin and shame;
They laugh when one is in the dust,
And the world goes on just the same.

Our good impulses fade away
Whene'er your loss will be my gain;
We live for self alone this day,
And the world goes on just the same.

Today one wins and is thought great;
Tomorrow fails; no friends remain
To cheer him in his changing fate,
And the world goes on just the same.

So why live on when love is dead,
And life is but an endless lane?
You die. Who cares? No tears are shed,
And the world goes on just the same.

Ed. R. Mason.

"Because He Loved Her So"

They had quarreled during the summer and unreconciled they had returned to college in September.

Frank never experienced a college year that seemed so long before. Not once had he written to Daphne, though his sister mentioned her in some of her letters, saying that she was very bright and had won several distinctions, but he

soon forgot the account. His college work busied him and there was no time for sorrows.

At last commencement was at hand and Frank was happy that his school days were over. The next day he left for his home. He lived in a quaint old city and it is a port of some history.

College boys usually have a good time wherever they go. The boys had a merry time but towards evening the thinning ranks became weary and more quiet. Finally the supply of jokes failed, the yells seemed flat, the mirth subsided. Frank was looking out at the vast grain fields destitute of trees. He seemed to sigh and drew down the curtain.

It was nine when the train reached Burgin where he changed cars. The crowd surged forward and hackmen and hotel porters were vieing in their arts. Frank made his way to the waiting room and after the rush was over he found a seat which he soon appropriated.

When the ten had arrived and departed things began to grow quiet. It was a miserable place and time to wait two hours, but he placed his hat over his eyes and he soon fell asleep. Awakening he took a turn on the platform to vary the monotony.

Returning, he saw across the room only a few listless passengers, and none of them inviting his attention, he resumed his place where he sat dreaming.

Some one had entered the room and after a few seconds Frank looked up. A pair of deep blue eyes were gazing directly at him. It was Daphne! What should he do? As his train was detained because of a freight wreck, it was yet some few hours to wait, and for sake of old times he would make the best of it. He must be civil, and walking over he extended his hand.

"Why, hello, Miss Dagenhardt! I hardly expected this pleasure."

It was not very strange to shake hands with her but it brought him an unusual sensation.

She appeared very glad to see him and talked in her same old way.

Frank had rather blundered along in his conversation. He started out by speaking of senior year, and where had he gone? Perilously near the subject of their conversation that fatal summer evening. One was less personal than the other, but Frank's heart was acting unaccountably. He thought he'd better keep quiet because he might show some agitation. Daphne was so cool and self-possessed, and really he had seldom seen her look better.

She went over to the window and looked at the electric cars going to and fro. Perhaps she didn't find him very interesting. At first he was rather glad she had gone, then he didn't care, he didn't care—his eye measured the distance. He had something to tell her, and he knew he would, because he must.

"Daphne, I wish to tell you how sorry I am for those words last summer. They were unkind, unreasonable, forgive me, or scold me, and perhaps that would be a relief. I just wanted to try you and see if you would continue to love me. I love you now, as of yore, and won't you please say something."

"Why Frank!" and her eyes finished the sentence.

So here we leave them in their newly restored love and happiness, waiting for their train.

* * * * * * * *

It was nearly twelve when he arose to go. The "Apulia" was to sail the next day, and he would not have time to see her again before he left. It seemed as if he were tearing life itself from his bosom as he tried to say a farewll.

"You will be true to me while I am away, Daphne!"

"Always," she murmured, as she nestled closer to him and laid her hot cheek against his arm.

"I shall return within a year at the longest, and then I shall come to claim you if you still love me. For, in one year, I can complete my university course in law at Gottingen. Now, I must go. Will you wait for me?"

"I shall wait for you always Frank."

"Goodnight and may God keep you safe, sweetheart."

"To know that I will not see you again for oh! so long. But I will be true my love."

He imprinted a long lingering kiss upon her lips and turning descended the steps. Daphne watched the tall, manly form of Frank Dameron until he turned the corner at the next block, not very far away. Giving vent to a long sigh and brushing away the tears which she did not attempt to restrain, she went upstairs to her room, where, retiring for the night, she cried herself to sleep.

During the time Frank was in Europe, Daphne received no company, prefering to utilize the time in thinking of him, and also in writing to him, which she did no less than twice a week.

When Frank had been gone eleven months a crime had been committed, which would not only disgrace the perpetrator, but which was also calculated to blight the lives of his immediate family.

It was the time of the year for the reviewing of the cashier's books of the Farmers and Merchants' Bank of C—. After all accounts had been carefully reviewed and adjusted it was found that five thousand dollars was short and without warning Mr. Dagenhardt, the cashier, was arrested. He was released that day on bond to await his trial.

Daphne, of course, had been overcome with humiliation and it fell upon her to comfort her mother, who was prostrated with grief. Daphne didn't have time to write to Frank now, but if she had had time he wouldn't have received her letters, because he was on his way home.

As time wore on, and after thinking of the affair, Daphne began to realize its seriousness, how it would affect her later life. Poor girl, how unceasingly did it rest on her mind! She could think of nothing else. What will Frank say when I tell him of the disgrace? Will he love me still? Her whole future seemed blighted.

* * * * * * * * * * *

It dawned a beautiful day. The slanting rays of the sun made warm the chilled sparrows and the gentle autumnal breeze shook the golden leaves of the trees to the tune of their song and soon all was a gay festival. The nearby dwelling was also a scene of great activity and preparation. Everything was gay because it was the day for Frank to return. Daphne knew Frank would take tea with them if his parents didn't poison him against her and she thought there was little danger of that.

The train bustled in and Frank was soon at home, where he received a glad reception. Presently dinner was ready and all repaired to the spacious dining room. When the grace had been said, Mr. Dameron turned to Frank with a deep frown on his face and said: "Frank have you heard of the awful position into which Daphne and her mother have been placed by the indiscretion of Mr. Dagenhardt?"

"No, father, how is it?" he asked, surprised and interested.

Mr. Dameron gave a brief outline of the arrest and the charge. He ended by saying, "Do you intend keeping your intimate relations with Daphne?"

Frank was too surprised and grieved to answer that immediately, but said he would think it over. It certainly furnished him with ample food for thought.

Shortly after dinner Frank stole over to Daphne's and the first words she said were, "You have heard, Frank?"

"Yes, love, I have heard all and our Father only knows how I feel for you."

They seated themselves in a corner of the piazza and Daphne told him all, and she would no longer hold him to their engagement.

Frank took her soft, white hand and gently drawing her near to him said:

"Daphne I have always loved you and will ever continue to. I would not for a moment, let such an affair as this, one for which you are not responsible, and one which you

would have hindered had it been in your power, to influence he in the choice of a wife. But brace up, dear, I must go now."

At supper Mr. Dameron again put the question to Frank: "Well, I guess by now you have a decision about Daphne?"

"Yes, father, I have thought it over seriouly and I fail to see where Daphne is to be condemned for her father's disgrace or our love obliterated. I love her as much as ever now."

"But surely," expostulated Mr. Dameron, "You don't mean that! Surely not. People will disregard you. Remember your two unmarried sisters."

"Why, father, if any one would not marry either of my sisters because I married a pure, sweet girl, in misfortune, then I think it's for their good."

Frank knew his father was about to lose control of his temper, so he went to his room. Seated by the window he gazed into the dark abyss of the heavens and dreamed of plans to right this unfortunate affair. But he meditated in vain.

Early the next morning Frank went down town to see his friends and to look after a little business for his father. After greeting a large number of his friends the question seized him whether he should hunt up Harold Dearmond, his old rival, and speak to him. Frank hadn't treated Harold exactly right in the past and he thought it his duty to give him a hearty handshake.

Frank had just turned the corner when Harold stepped out of Ward Brothers' store, right in front of him. Harold appeared very glad to see Frank, much to Frank's surprise. It was a happy incident for Frank because Harold told him he had something very important to tell him.

Harold began, as they walked along together: "Frank, old fellow, I was very much surprised at your hearty greeting just now. I thought you disliked me as well as Daphne,

but Frank you have won the idol of my heart and now I am going to do all I can to make you both happy.

"You listen carefully to what I tell you and act exceeding prudent about it. You know Mr. Dagenhardt was accused of taking the missing five thousand dollars from the Farmers and Merchants' bank. Well, it's a mistake. I learned exactly how it occurred yesterday morning. Old man Blucher Covington, that rich old man, who lives on Hampton Terrace, returned day before yesterday after a tour out West. Yesterday I was talking with him and I told him about this affair and he said he'd bet a thousand or two that it was all due to a mistake, laziness, or negligence of Mr. Dameron, your father. Mr. Covington didn't decide to take his trip out West until the last day of the cheap rates, so he asked Mr. Dameron to go to the bank early that morning to let him have five thousand dollars. He would have gone to the cashier's home, but he met Mr. Dameron down town. He said Mr. Dameron also was going off on a two weeks' fishing trip that day and he just knew Mr. Dameron as president of the bank and never at the bank much, and also being a very forgetful man, forgot to leave a record of it with the cashier. Now Frank, you know your father drinks sometimes and Mr. Covington said he was feeling good that morning. You see your father right away as we have no time to lose. The trial comes up week after next."

Frank was so full of joy that he just hugged Harold and begged him to go with him to see his father. They hastened to Mr. Dameron's office and Frank told him what old man Blucher Covington said.

Mr. Dameron scratched his head for a moment, then he sank in his chair and murmured, "I'll swear I forgot all about it. I intended to tell Mr. Dagenhardt, but we left town before he came down to the bank and the account completely slipped my mind. Why in the world I didn't think of it! Now, what am I to do?"

"Well, Mr. Dameron," said Harold, "I had a long talk

with Mr. Dagenhardt this morning and he said if it was true he would gladly forgive you as you were not instrumental in his accusation. I also saw the clerk of court and he said if you would come and tell him you made the mistake he would see the solicitor and have the indictment destroyed.

Mr. Dameron heeded Harold's exclamations and left the room immediately. Frank, half crying, begged Harold to accept a remuneration for this great favor, but he would not and only said, "He did it for her sake."

The many sad hearts were made happy, the town took on a new life, and all was forgotten when Mr. Dameron published a written statement to the public. Three weeks later Mr. Dagenhardt announced the betrothal of his daughter to Mr. Frank Falimont Dameron and the most elaborate and expensive Dameron-Dagenhardt wedding was celebrated. J. L. D., '08.

Chapter One from the Autobiography of a Baby

If there is one thing which has always puzzled me, one peculiar characteristic of the human race which I have never been able to understand, and over which I have ponedred for hours at a time, trying to account for, it is the fact that the individuals of the human family seem always to forget what transpired during their infancy. In fact, I have rarely found any one who remembers any thing, any event in their life which happened before they were two and, in most cases, three years old.

I had never thought of this and, in fact, did not know that such was the case until one day, when I was about five years old, I mentioned something to my father about an event which happened when I was only two or three months old. He seemed surprised when I spoke of it and said it was utterly absurd to think that I could recall that which happened at that period of my infancy. I protested that I remembered distinctly having heard my mother tell a lady

who had called one afternoon that I was four weeks old, but he only laughed and shook his head. However, he did not convince me that all I remembered of my babyhood days was of the imagination, for some of the happenings of that period of my life were too vividly impressed upon my mind to ever be forgotten, and some of them I knew to be real life scenes.

The first thing I remember (I think I was not more than three or four days old) was a peculiar sensation which I felt one morning when I awoke from what must have been a long nap, and found myself almost buried in soft pillows and blankets. I knew that there was something new in the world. What it was I did not know, but the sun, which was shining in through the window, and which I remember made my eyes blink fearfully, seemed new to me. Now and then some one would come into the little room where I lay and would tuck the cover closely about me. I did not remember having seen her before. Just then two or three other people came in and lookd at me. I heard one of them ask, "Is it a girl or boy?" and some one with a deep voice replied, "He is a boy; my little boy. Don't you think he is a fine little fellow?"

Some how or other, I began to feel that I was the world's new addition. I did not know just what they meant by asking if I was "a girl or boy," but I somehow or other felt glad that I was a boy, and remember that I wondered what I would have been if I had been a girl.

I must confess that at this period of my life my memory was not just what I should have liked it to be, and the days and nights, now that I try to recall them, seem mixed and run together. One thing which I remember was a special delight to me was a little round affair, which I would, for hours at a time, hold to my mouth, and very often slept with it lying in close proximity to my face.

I remember that one afternoon I suddenly became conscious of a change in my surroundings. The pillows on which I had been lying were gone and the seemingly broad

expanse of ceiling above me had moved. I was rocking back and forth at a fearful rate of speed, and now and then I caught a glimpse of the man with the deep voice whom I had heard say, "He is my little boy." I felt his arms tighten about me and wondered what was taking place. A new sensation seemed taking hold of me and I could not keep my mouth closed. I screamed as loud as I could and repeatedly followed it with another in quick succession, and so on. I did not know why I was doing it, but it seemed the only natural thing to do under the circumstances.

How long this continued I do not know, but it could not have been long until I changed my position again. The rocking back and forth ceased, I heard some one with a sweet voice saying, "Mamma's little darling," and I felt it no longer necessary to continue the noise which I had been so persistently keeping up. I looked up into the face of the one who had now taken me, and who was so tenderly holding me, and I knew instinctively that she was my mother.

The days seem to have passed rapidly and, with the exception of the times when I felt it only the natural thing to do to put into practice the newly acquired art of screaming, nothing of any importance happened. I think I must have slept most of the first two weeks of my life.

I remember that one day, when I was not more than three or four weeks old, a friend of my mother's came to our house and brought a little girl of, she said, about my own age. Not long after she came in the little girl began to give proof of the fact that she, too, had learned the art of showing her disapproval of whatever she did not like. She opened her mouth as wide as she could, shut tightly her eyes, and screamed louder than I had ever thought of screaming. And then it was that I thanked whoever had made me a boy that I was not a girl. I began to wonder, however, if I looked like the picture I saw before me when I was giving the same demonstration, and, at the thought

of it, my mouth flew open, my eyes shut tightly, and I found myself accompanying her.

I do not remember the close of this scene; I think sleep must have generously overpowered and quieted me. But I do remember the close of a similar scene about a week or two later. I had been lying quietly in my room for two or three hours, perhaps longer, perhaps shorter, when I decided that it was time to give another exhibition of what I could do when I felt so disposed. I began to scream in the usual way, accompanying it this time by little kicks with my feet, which I had learned to use. I had been keeping up the performance for a short time only when the man who had rocked me so furiously a short time before came in. He bent over me, lifted me from my bed, and began to rock me again. To me that was the signal for a louder and more unusual demonstration than I had been in the habit of giving. Very soon, however, the rocking motion ceased and I became conscious of a tingling sensation which continued to be applied on a certain part of my body. He turned me over on my back again, and looking up into his face, I knew instinctively that he was my father.

A. W.

Absinthe

My glitt'ring green fairy
With features so airy,
Come back to me once again.
Come waft off my sorrow
And care for the morrow,
And all my unbearable pain.

Most torturous grieving
And sorrow, relieving
My hovel you've made a sweet heaven.
Tho' some may detest thee,
Forever I'll bless thee
And think of the bliss you have given.

B. N. Alsbrook.

The Long Result of Time

There is always history connected with the existence of every spot of earth, whether recorded or unrecorded. Even so our own beloved continent has its unwritten history. Long before the sound of a human voice was heard or ere the inventive ingenuity of man had distorted nature's creation there existed a perfect and complete order of events, but with the revolving cycles of time there came an epoch which to turn the vast waste of dormant resources into "an increasing all."

* * * * * * * * * * *

Nature's strong hand had clasped ten million square miles of waste land, surrounded by ten thousand times its area of briny water and o'er shadowed by an equal expanse of heavenly-blue sky. Time immemorial had hovered over this unknown and unhallowed continent whose founder was God, and the millennial dawn of a tyranical king had not cast its imperious and grotesque shadow upon a land so vast and fertile. From every compass of the rounded globe came nature's call but there was no heart to respond. The mighty forest swayed beneath the propitious touch of the wind, silvery vistas lined the boundless horizon, and the parrot's cry echoed from afar; while gurgling brooks and ferocious animals filled the air with their revelries, and mountain peaks rose higher and higher until the misty clouds formed morning dew and the sound of earth was heard no more. But ere the many centuries had pined away, the great God of adventure stretched forth his omnipotent hand and bequeathed to civizilation a new posterity.

The boisterous Atlantic, or "great unknown" as then called, hushed her roar that she might hear the stern command of her first admiral, and the fury of the foaming sea beat its retreat as the Mayflower calmly and serenely sailed into a stranger and a newer world. The monstrous demons, a common enemy to the seafaring folk, hid as it were forever from the superstitious man. Even the tremor of old

mother earth lay palsied and the vaunting storm cloud swooned, until the tempest tossed fleet gazed for a first time upon that clime whose margin never since has faded away.

The transcendence of that feat can never be told. Plymouth, Salem, and Jamestown soon grew into an innumerable civilization, and today they keep guard for the grandest nation in all christendom. Their wounded spirit found its first cure in Wolf, who stormed and drove Montcalm from the plains of Abraham; and thus it was that on the 13th of September, 1759, the rock-built citadel of the Canadians passed forever from the hands of their ancient masters. Severe taxation without representation became a bane to free rights, and the American forefathers looking out upon their country saw the dawn of a new future. "They had dipped into the future far as human eye could see, saw the vision of Democracy and the America that would be." Again their wounded spirit moved, and on the 4th of July, 1776, the congressional halls of Philadelphia were crowded to over-flowing. The mass went wild with enthusiasm, and standing breast to breast with one resentful voice they cried, "Give us liberty or give us death." The monarch of oppression dismounted in the midst of the royal king and challenged the bravest, "to be free." Every movement was frought with unanimity, and for seven long years the hostile armies faced the cannon and crossed their spears, but at no time did the American troops forget the deeds of the time before. Each day they rallied anew and moved down by land and submerged by sea their British foe; while the midnight rides of Paul Revere, as he rode upon his sainted Bucephulons, burst forth, to echo and re-echo through the teens of the nineteenth century and awaken again the bloody sixties.

We cannot declared those early grievance wholly futile, because the last quarter century of our national existence has been most strenuous, and those experiences remind us of the horrible shoals when we would overdo that which is

good. The cocoon has now fallen from our prosperity and in seemingly less time than would require to tell of it we have grown from a stranded people into a steadfast nation. With leaps and bounds the lesser modes of life have given sway to stronger impulses, and today American towers among the foremost nations. Her robust forests are supplanted by boundless fields of grain, dotted with millions of flourishing towns, and set off with a network of rails that seem to embrace in yonder infinitude. Her rapids break the long darkness of the haunted nights with incandescent lights, and the low humdrum of the factory dies away with the sound of the evening bells. Her mines have been opened and the country is rich wherein it was once poor. The centralized capital of the north has become so localized that the labors of Southern fields are veiled from the summer sun by dense clouds of smoke that surge from the stacks of surrounding manufactories. Her naturalist watches from the topmost peak of the Rockies and Alleganies and sees a thousand wonders, while her eager financier beholds from his spiral window "all the land and sea and sky filled with argosies of costly balls dropping down."

Through the long centuries America has ever preserved her individuality, and amid the graft and corruption of commercial and political thought and experience her principles have been those of a pure democracy. In the early years of our republic it seemed as though we were destined to become an aristocratic people, but about that time a hoard of financiers sprang forth and plutocracy seized the wand of American citizenship and with all the splendor of the plumed American eagle endeavored to establish its rights. But aristocracy and plutocracy have failed to survive singly and are now consolidated into a strong brotherhood and republican people. Four centuries have given birth to a new people and seen them ripen through all the stages of national growth into that of a full grown commonwealth. Today we live in the garden country of all the known and un-

known worlds. The hand of fate has led us on from the simple rules of nature into the shrine of our modern civilization. The God of yore has substituted for primeval necessities the luxuries of the twentieth century. Our staunch craftsmen have founded a government loved at home and admired abroad. All people heed the admonitions of that grand republican, Theodore Roosevelt, who holds the destiny of eighty million souls at his command, and all nations rush to the ford and stand there upon tiptoe that they might catch a glimpse of that awe inspiring dame, the American people. R. A. Brown, '08.

Constitution of the College Press Association of South Carolina

ARTICLE I.

This organization shall be known as the "College Press Association of South Carolina."

ARTICLE II.

SECTION 1. The object of this Association shall be to promote and upbuild the college magazines of this State, to raise the literary standard, to bring the officers of these magazines into closer relationship with one another, and to hold annual meetings at such times and places as shall be decided upon by a vote of all the delegates of the Association present at any annual meeting.

SEC. 2. The annual convention shall be held on the second Friday and Saturday in April.

ARTICLE III.

The Association is composed of the literary magazine staffs of the following institutions: Furman University, College for Women, Columbia College, Converse College, Winthrop College, Clemson College, Charleston College, Greenville Female College, Erskine College, Newberry College, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, University of South Carolina, Wofford College, and other institutions as shall be admitted by a three-fourths vote of all members present at any annual convention.

ARTICLE IV.

SECTION 1. The officers of this Association shall be: President, First Vice-President, Second Vice-President, Recording Secretary, Treasurer, Corresponding Secretary, elected annually by the delegates present at the convention.

SEC. 2. The Executive Committee shall be appointed at once by the President.

SEC. 3. The new officers shall hold their office for one calendar year.

SEC. 4. If any office of the Association becomes vacant, the college represented by the vacating officer shall have power to elect his successor.

SEC. 5. The President of the Association shall be appointed from the college that entertains the Association, and no college shall have the President for two successive years.

ARTICLE V.

SECTION 1. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings; to cast the deciding vote in case of a tie in the convention, and he shall have power to call special meetings by the requests of three of the colleges represented in the Association.

SEC. 2. The Vice-President, in the absence of the President, shall become active President.

SEC. 3. It shall be the duty of the Recording Secretary to keep an accurate copy of all the amendments of the Constitutions and By-Laws which are made by the Association. He shall keep a roll of the delegates according to colleges represented, and shall file the proceedings of the annual convention.

SEC. 4. It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to notify each college of the Association as to the time and place of meeting one month before the regular annual convention, and to do such correspondence as may devolve upon him.

SEC. 5. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to collect all money due the Association, and to make an annual report to the Association of its financial condition.

ARTICLE VI.

SECTION 1. The Executive Committee shall consist of thirteen members, one from each college, and shall be appointed by the President, as provided in Article IV, Section 2, and shall assemble at the call of the President, acting with the Chairman of the Committee.

SEC. 2. The Executive Committee shall have the power to select medals.

SEC. 3. The annual conventions shall be under the control of the Executive Committee.

SEC. 4. The Executive Committee shall have the power to direct the use of the funds of the Association.

ARTICLE VII.

SECTION 1. Five persons shall constitute the Committee on Decision. The members of this Committee shall not at any time have been connected with the faculty of any contesting institution in South Carolina.

SEC. 2. This Committee shall pass judgment upon all essays, poems

and stories submitted, and shall consider the following points: Style, Thought, Rhetoric.

SEC. 3. Any college of the Association shall have the right to object to any member of the Committee on Decision; such objection shall be sent in writing to the President one month before the annual convention.

SEC. 4. The Corresponding Secretary, one month before the annual convention, shall send a typewritten copy of one essay, one poem and one story from each college in the Association to each member of the Committee on Decision, who shall grade them and return to the Corresponding Secretary. Neither the names nor the institutions represented shall be known by any member of the Committee on Decision.

SEC. 5. A medal not exceeding ten dollars in value shall be given for the best essay, best poem and best story appearing in any magazine of the Association for the year. Only one poem, essay or story shall be submitted. The Secretary will read before the Association the prize essay, poem or story.

ARTICLE VIII.

No essay, story or poem shall contain more than twenty-five hundred words. Essays that have been used in debate or oratorical contest are not eligible. Every essay, story and poem shall be composed and written by the contestants themselves, and they must be members of the student body at the time they are written.

ARTICLE IX.

The essays shall be selected by the colleges of the Association, and no college shall send in over one contribution.

ARTICLE X.

Each college of the Association shall pay an annual fee of $5.00, which shall be paid on or before every annual convention.

ARTICLE XI.

SECTION 1. The annual convention shall consist of the Executive Committee. the delegates from the several colleges and the officers of the Association.

SEC. 2. The Association shall meet at such time and place as the convention may select. Each college is entitled to two votes. All alumni members present shall have a right to take part in the deliberations of the convention, and shall have the right to enjoy the privileges of the same.

ARTICLE XII.

Any college of the Association failing to send a delegate to the convention, or failing to pay its annual dues within the time limit without a satisfactory reason to the Executive Committee, shall be excluded from the Association.

ARTICLE XIII.

An honor roll shall be kept by the Secretary; the roll to contain the names of Presidents and the winners of the medals.

ARTICLE XIV.

The Association shall have no official magazine of its own, but each year the various colleges represented shall publish in their December issues the Constitution of the Association.

ARTICLE XV.

Parliamentary rules not provided for by this Constitution shall be referred to "Roberts' Rules of Order."

ARTICLE XVI.

By a two-thirds vote of all the delegates present at any annual convention, the Constitution may be amended.

Wofford College Journal

Establ shed 1899. Spartanburg, S. C., December 1907. Whole No. 166

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Entered at postoffice at Spartanburg, S. C., as second class matter.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

J. L. Dukes, Editor.

"Be merry all, be merry all
With holly dress the festive hall;
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
To welcome merry Christmas."

Christmas.

The tide of Christmas covers all the Christian land. Its feeling of love and generosity enters every home and hands are open to help the suffering and to make the world happier, brighter and more joyful. Everywhere is happiness, the kind that warms our inmost souls and makes our beings tingle with delight. Old hoemsteads are taking on their holiday attire and soon shall fathers, sons, mothers, daughters and friends circle around the cheerful Christmas fire forgetful of the noisy world and lost in the ocean

of home's sweet peace. Little innocent souls are hourly looking forward to old Santa's visit and their hearts are bursting with hopes and fears.

We feel a touch of Christmas in the air. It is so quiet and still save when the cock crows out his prophetic warning "that Christmas is nigh." Even the ringing of a bell sounds its message, too. Its tintinnabulation means peace and love and its echo strikes an harmonious sound within the recess of every heart. Christmas time is always reflective. When we look into the future with a hopeful heart and recall the past with sorrow or gladness. Still it is a time when hearts are free from hate and resentment, when man is a brother to man. And above all it is a time to rejoice. For,

"Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it
We are happy now because God wills it."

"The Perpetual Peace."

These words were once put up by a Dutch innkeeper on a signboard as a satirical inscription over a graveyard; and this is about the only place it can have its full meaning today. The world's international peace promoters can hardly get the nations to lay down their guns long enough to hold a conference and consider the subject.

President Roosevelt has recently gained a great reputation as a peacemaker and advocate of perpetual peace among nations, and settling all disputes by international arbitration. Emperor William, King Edward and even the Czar are vieing with each other in this peace movement which is a sure sign the plan will not succeed in the near future.

A permanent peace must be established by its friends, who are in earnest about the matter and not by these stout advocates of the "preparedness' remedy for war. It is an evidence of bad faith to enter a peace conference armed for war. For no conclusion of peace shall be held valid as such, when it has been made with a secret reservation of the ma-

terials for a future war. Peace made under such conditions will be but a mere truce or a suspension of hostilities, and not a peace. A peace properly signifies the end of all hostilities, and the addition of such a qualifying epithet as "perpetual" renders it pleonastic and suspicious.

The sincerity of the advocates of peace can easily be tested by submitting to them the disarmament idea as one of the fundamental conditions of a treaty of peace, if they are in earnest they will be ready to incorporate it into the treaty, but they insist on the "preparedness' idea, they have something up their sleeves, which means that they will upset the peace plans when a favorable opportunity for a successful war presents itself. Such ideas and schemes as these are illegitimate and belongs to the Jesuitical casuistry of politics, and has no place in a permanent treaty of peace.

If we consider the subject of reservation in itself, it should be beneath the dignity of the rulers of nations who participate in the peace conferences, and the complacent participation in such deductions, is improper in their agents. But if true glory of a nation is placed in the continual increase of its power by any means, whether foul or fair, then the view we have expressed will appear pedantic and impractical.

If the Rooseveltian idea of securing a permanent peace among nations, by preparedness for war and the "Big Stick" principle, is the right one from a practical point of view, then it is manifest that the world is not ready for a permanent peace among nations. Unless nations can have sufficient confidence in each other it will be needless to form a compact.

The Root of Our Evil.

Martin Luther combatted and overcame the exalted system of his day—a Church more imperial than the Empire. He unfettered manacled thought, and restored an earth to liberty. No man accomplished a more stupendous task, and none have been persecuted more severely. And

even today it often is most harshly criticized for one man to openly condemn a blind and pervading infatuation. Truth, though, must rise, and silence has too long given its implied consent to a system inconsistent with both self-respect and our ideal—a great college. Before we run amuck on the shoals of discord it would be far better to return again to the old standard of fairness and "the square deal."

If there are any in this college who, decrying "politics," under that cover of righteousness carry on dealings entirely unworthy of their mighty slogan. If the so called word "must be layed out upon them" let their name be Hypocrit. As for us, give us the man with the brass face, unperuble by even a charge of dynamite. But what this college politician with impunity defies "the most holy of holies." So let us cry out, "Crucify him! Crucify him!"

Many say the politician is a necessary appendage. Surely not the brand that has been in this neighborhood in the years gone by. The word politician is just as sacred as the name of Statesman. He that lurks in the dark, to beset the innocent wayfarer, will any claim for him any sacerdotal character? It is high time for the conscience of the student body to arouse itself from its lethargy, to consider the offices at its disposal, not in the light of baubles, but as sacred trusts to be faithfully discharged; the hour has come when we should take every man for what he is worth, "stand every tub on its own bottom," condemn closet politics, consider it as an insult to manhood, the pledging of votes, and lastly, to force these creatures, the so-called politicians, to step out from behind the misty veil of their countenances into the light of burning day.

The College Climber. The college grind and the college good fellow are ancient types in the academic world; the college "climber" is of a more modern regime. He is a queer fellow and not at all easy to spot when apart from his chosen profession. Even we, who

have become accustomed to this type, sometimes make mistakes in our diagnosis and blunder. It is the method the type adopts for its work that gives us the cue. This is the fair youth who begins his apprenticeship by diligently looking after the polish of some favored one's boots. If he prove faithful over a few things he is made ruler over many; round by round he climbs to the high places and like the strenuous Alpine youth, has ever a motto upon his lips.

"Count that day lost who's low descending sun,
Finds never a bit of bootlicking done."

It's a noble motto; how much more rhythmical than the plebian "Excelsior." But hold, we lead you to wrong impressions. This fellow is not a "climber." We thought you would make that Freshman mistake. This brilliant light has nothing to do with climbing. He is a youth of attainment; the honored progenitor of custom; the college sacrifice; the loyal college spirit man. He would do anything for old Alma Mater. Yea, even go so far as to take a managership of a baseball team, he will lead the Glee Club, or edit your papers for you if dear old Wofford demands it of him. Why, he will even forget his personal ambitions so far as to cross our names from the reception lists if we give him a chance. In fact, there is nothing within the limits of reason that he will not be willing to venture if we demand it of him. You must not look upon this royal comrade with ill will, gentle reader. This boy is a living sacrifice; honor him, he deserves it.

The real college climber, according to approved authority, is of different stuff. He is a blundered from the word go. He has some crazy idea in his head that the high places may be reached without the customary crawling and wriggling. It denotes lack of brains, and how can a man hope to be a climber with such a handicap? After he has rammed his hollow head into a series of stone walls for a time, he will have knowledge a plenty. He will learn that he has begun wrong. Why he is already known about college as

a "climber." But there is still hope. The high God is merciful. Look ye unto the snake, ye sluggard. And the youth straightway looks and lo, he crawls.

The Higher Selfishness.

About two-thirds of the men at Wofford are here with a purpose. The rest are not. To the two-thirds this editorial is addressed. You are here fitting yourselves for the struggle in which you hope to win the goal you have set your heart upon. You are here with a definite purpose. Yet if someone were to ask you what your purpose was in working here you would in all probability give him the evasive answer—to get an education . You have been fed from your cradle on the farcical doctrine of self-belittlement. Not only are you afraid to declare your ambitions for fear of being criticized as egotistical, but your very soul trembles with awe in viewing the visions of your dreams.

The time has come to cease preaching the funereal strain of this kind of unselfishness to young men. Would it not be many times better to enthuse them with ambition? The creed of the resurrection or evolution of the commonplace into the higher life. Not a selfish grafting, currish ambition, but the ambition to be a master and a leader to guide the masses to a nobler future.

We call this the Doctrine of the Higher Selfishness. It's Tennyson's teaching in the immortal strain.

Self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control,—
These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

"Know thyself," said the ancient philosopher. This demand as a requisite to the achievement of greatness has been taught from the beginning of time.

Philosopher after philosopher has eulogized self-control. But as the meter so the truth of these is incomplete without self-reverence. It is this that through trials and crises has supported the world's great men in their struggle for eternal fame.

Julius Caesar said, "I came, I saw, I conquered."

Jesus Christ said, "I am the way, the truth, the life."

"My Lord," said William Pitt, in 1757, to the Duke of Devonshire, "I am sure that I can save this country and that nobody else can."

Gladstone said, "I do not admit failure; I admit success to be incomplete."

"Why, sir," said John C. Calhoun in Yale College, when a fellow student ridiculed his intense application to study. "I am forced to make the most of my time that I may acquit myself creditably when in Congress."

So the lives of the world's great men may be studied and in all will be found this Higher Selfishness, if not expressed in words yet underlying and sustaining their high achievements as the steel frame does the modern skyscraper. The time has come to cease the dirge of the old hymn, "Oh, to be nothing, nothing." Exchange it for a battle hymn. The world expects more of us than it does of other men. If we do not expect more of ourselves we are doomed to mediocrity. You may be sure those who never build castles in the air will never build them on the ground.

Journal Medals. To encourage writing among the student body and to increase the contributions to the editor's table, the Journal again offers several medals—one for the best essay, one for the best poem, two for the best short stories, one coming from the Freshman and Sophomore classes, the other from the Junior and Senior classes.

The same rule will be observed as of last year, except that no short story or essay must exceed 5,000 words in length. The contest will be open until May the first and the medals being presented during commencement.

As the May-June issue of The Journal is not published until during commencement, those wishing the material they submitted for that issue to compete for the medals

must hand in a typewritten copy of the article not later than the first of May.

It is quite an honor to win any of these medals, as there are men of ability in every class who will compete for them. However, this fact should not deter you from writing, for the greater the odds encountered the greater the glory won.

These medals are offered for your benefit and we hope that you will take advantage of this opportunity to improve yourselves in English and composition and at the same time receive a reward for your labor.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

L. K. Jennings, Editor.
J. C. Hardin, Assistant Editor.

This month we again begin in earnest our pleasant and profitable duty of reading and criticising the numerous exchanges which have come to our table. The majority of these have been rather slow in coming in, however, in several noticeable instances. Certain ones show a decided improvement over the October numbers. We only hope that this improvement will be still more noticeable as the months pass by.

Taking the exchanges for November all together, we may easily divide them into three distinct classes: the very good ones, the passable readable ones, and those which are scarcely worth reading at all. In our humble estimation the majority of our exchanges rank in the second class and show much room for improvement, both in literary material and in the various departments.

In looking over our exchanges, the first one we take up is The Carolinian. It is with a feeling of genuine pleasure that we welcome this magazine, for it comes to us in a full and interesting issue, clearly gotten up, and neatly bound in its usual attractive cover. The departments attract our especial attention for they are interesting and well balanced. However, there is one fault to find with the editorials: they are entirely too local. In other respects the editorial department is alive with sensible and timely comments on affairs essential to college life. The editor's article on "Football and Fraternities," is exceptionally good, and applies well to the existing conditions in many of our colleges at present. The exchange editor gives us a "breezy" little article which is good in many respects. He has evidently considered well the task that lies before him. Let us now turn to the literary department. The opening poem,

"October," is an expressive one, but is entirely too short. "The Widow of Usher's Well," though lacking somewhat in originality of thought, is presented in a style and manner at once pleasing to the reader. The poems, "Nocturne," and "Passion ?Flowers" are good, but both could have been expressed more concisely and clearly. "The University Immediately After th Civil War" is an article which should be intensely interesting, as well as instructve, to all South Carolinians and especially to the University students. The article is a statement of facts taken from a letter written by an old soldier, and gives us a good idea of "Primeval Man and I" is a poem written with literary touch and genius, but its expressions are too extravagent and too highly imaginative to be appreciated. "The House Boat on the Euplerates" is a story both ridiculous and absurd, but has certain redeemable qualities which should not be overlooked. It is handled in a way which shows considerable skill on the part of the author, who must have spent much time and care in composing it. The presentation of such a story in such a manner is admirable, and would delight any college man with its "rich" humor.

The Davidson College Magazine for November is a very creditable edition, well gotten up, and neatly bound in an attractive cover. It speaks well for the editors and the institution which they represent. The first few pages are given exclusively to articles on football, which are especially entertaining and instructive, and show how enthusiastically the students have imbibed the spirit of athletics. The magazine is full of very readable matter, but one thing which detracts much from its value is the absence of one or two well written essays. The fiction, as a rule, is good throughout, but concerning the merit of the verse we maintain a respectful silence. The departments are skillfully gotten up and artistically arranged, but we would suggest that they be made much fuller and more interesting. Especially are the criticisms too general to benefit the magazine

criticised. "Athletics in Education" is a strong article, clearly emphaszing and pointing out the value of athletics in training the mind and the good of recreation and physical exercise to students in general. The "Pen and Ink Sketch" is a splendid and well written description, telling a story in itself. It shows careful preparation and, in our estimation, its unique and refreshing style makes it a most noteworthy piece of writing. "The Round-up of Bill La Monde" is a noticeable example of an interesting story built upon a weak plot. "The Black Boys," which gives us a bit of unwritten history of North Carolina just before and leading us to the Revolutionary War is very interesting and is written in a simple, concise, and forceful style. The author of this story shows his ability clearly and should be encouraged to continue in the same field in his writing. "Reminiscences of the Sixties" is a remarkable story and is written in an unusually attractive and interesting style, but, as usual, is based upon a poor plot which is well developed.

The Chronicle, from Clemson College, in its modest brown cover contains some very readable and interesting material. Indeed, its lively fiction and well written verse are much more attractive than its sober outward appearance would suggest. The story, entitled "The Cigarette," is told in a unique way, and is scarcely surpassed by the Sherlock Holmes stories in its intensity of interest. However, the treatment of the plot is rather awkward and inconsistent. "The Development of Electrical Power in the Piedmont" is a splendid article and deserves especial mention. It is of great local interest because it treats of the development of the great water powers near us, and at the same time, prophesies the growth and wealth which the future still holds in store for our beautiful piedmont. The author's views are broad and sensible, and in keeping with the rapid development and progress which are going on around him. "The New South" is another good article, well written, and

showing the care and attention of its author to details. Its style is excellent, but the paragraphing could be improved. The author emphasizes the fact that the New South is simply the Old South under new conditions. "Fast Life" and "A Freak of Nature" are worthy of mention, thought the latter describes an incident which is incredulous and utterly beyond our comprehension. "Cupid Conquers," which is concluded in this number, is an interesting story, and undoubtedly one of the best in the magazine. It has not only an ingenious plot, but is worked out with real literary touch and taste. The literary department, as a whole, is above the ordinary in this isssue and we sincerely hope our esteemed contemporary will keep up the high standard set forth this month. Nor should we overlook the other departments; the editorials are sound and practical, and, at the same time, show great range and variety. The comments of the exchange editor should be fuller and not so general, while he should give more space to criticisms and less to clippings.

We read with interest the November issue of the Trinity Archive. Although decidedly lacking in fiction, the solid matter is of the highest class and the poetry good. We commend the staff especially for the interest manifested in each department. The editorials present clear and forcible arguments in favor of writing by the students for college publications, and are directed to every student personally. The article on "Mark Twain at Oxford" is a live and appropriate subject and its treatment exhibits familiarity. However, more than half the essay of five pages is a quotation from the noted humorist himself, which shortens the original work done. "Dex Femina Facti" is the only article of fiction contained in this issue, which has a miserably poor plot, but is exceptionally well treated outside of the lack of sustaining interest. Ability is indicated to form a much better plot for a story if the author will give it more study. "A Gentleman of the Old Dominion" deserves special mention.

The author has no doubt made some pleasant and profitable researches into history. A short biography of John Charles McNeill deserves mention especially for its literary merit. It is interesting and instructive throughout. One poem, "The Time of Thanksgiving" is very suggestive and thoughtful, the rhythm being good.

The Palmetto for November is up to the standard with the exception of poetry. The poem "The Violet" is vague, and the only thanks given to its appearance in the drear Fall is that,

"Your raise your fragrant head."

The article, "Who Wrote Richard III?" is well written and shows that the writer is familiar with the subject. "The College Girl" is also worthy of special mention, and the author must be somewhat of a philosopher in speaking of one's knowledge of college girls as—

"You never can tell."

We fully agree with the editor in stating that part of an editorial was "merely to sound well." The editorials evidence no real purpose other than to "sound well," and are sadly wanting in depth of thought.

CLIPPINGS

Alas!

Last night, Louise, I held your hand
  And slyly kissed you, too;
And then I drew you to my heart—
  What else was there to do?

But strange to say, as often as it is
  "When things aren't what they seem,"
You had no thought of what I did—
  'Twas nothing but a dream!

—Exchange.

Flo was fond of Ebenezer—
"Eb," for short, she called her beau—
Talk of "tides of love," Great Caesar!
You should see 'em, Eb and Flo.

—Exchange.

Love is a funny thing—
Just like a lizard—
Curls its tail over its back,
And creeps into your gizzard.

—Exchange.

We saw a thing
Of greenish hue
And thought it was
A lawn of grass
But when to it
We closer drew,
We found it was
The Freshman Class.

—Exchange.

I hold, if you please,
Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these:
"Flunked again."

"I gif to you a violet
In token I'm glad we met;
I hope we may alreatty yet
Once more again togedder get."

—Ex.

Junior Law Student—What is the unwritten law?

Senior Law Student—What the professor found on my exam. paper.

The Test and the Occasion

In the good old days one of the great preachers of the city had a lovely daughter, as I suppose many of them have now. She was so sweet that a young man in her town was fast wearing the hinges off the gate. Having a desire to keep the property in good repair, and to keep his daughter in the paternal home, the old gentleman discoursed one morning from the highly suggestive and more or less appropriate text: "My daughter is grievously vexed with a devil."—Ex.

Teacher—Have you ever taken algebra?

Pupil—I have been exposed several times, but have never caught it.

Girl (to her brother)—She puts a great deal of feeling into her songs, doesn't she?

Brother—Yes, but it would be awful to feel that way.

She (turning from piano)—How do you like that refrain?

He—Oh! It was fine. I only wish you would refrain all the time.—Ex.

"I am always carried away by that song," as she arose from the piano.

"So you told me once before," she rejoined, "that's why I sang it."

"There's naught can come between us love,"
She said in a voice so tender;
"Well if they did," the youth replied,
"They'd have to be powerful slender."

—Ex.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

R. Arlington Brown, Editor.

It is with extreme pleasure that I anticipate the publication of our December number of the Journal. For in its columns, or better said, in this immediate department, appears a most interesting and instructive article on the founding of our Journal. I need not say that the students and alumni of Wofford College are proud to have an alumnus tell, even in this busy and intellectual time, something of college life and work in the days of long ago. Since then we have grown in many respects, but not so much, but that we all can look with reverence and awe upon the work of our predecessors.

We are convinced of the fact that societies and journalism are two of the most important factors in a college life, excepting the Y. M. C. A., of course. And that our honorable, Mr. Nash, who was a loyal Wofford student and is today proud of his alma mater and loves to talk of anything about her, has diverted his attention from ther routine of business life to entertain the Journal readers, is our good fortune and high appreciation of him. May all the reminiscences of earlier college experiences be as dear to him as these well expressed incidents are to us.

The Beginning of Journalism at Wofford College

Prof. A. Coke Smith, subsequently doctor and then bishop, I think it was, who in the fall of 1888 suggested that the students publish a Journal. The majority of us knew as little about what this suggestion meant as we could know about anything, and that is saying a good deal. The boys had a great deal of faith in "Coke," however. He was a very approachable man, and a man of great human sympathy. The students of his day would have followed him almost anywhere. He came to the service of the college

in the fall of 1886, and left it at Commencement of 1890.

During three of those years his brother, E. D. Smith, who now sustains such an enviable reputation as an orator and leader of men, was in college as a student. He was a senior in the fall of '88, and took hold of the suggestion made by his brother with great enthusiasm. His class was a remarkable one in many respects. Any class, containing such men as J. T. Wrightson, who was never known to make a mistake in Latin, W. H. Hodges, familiarly known as "Father Hodges," B. F. Keller, W. A. Massabeau, E. D. Mouzon, A. M. Muckenfuss, E. D. Smith, W. P. Few, and others whose names I do not now recall, was obliged to be a strong class.

The college was then just beginning to recover itself from probably the period of lowest depression since the war. I think that year there were less than seventy-five men enrolled in the college classes proper. It began to climb the next fall and has been climbing ever since. It was just then that the Ftting School was organized and A. G. Rembert put in charge of it. This was another creation of A. Coke Smith.

The students were called together about the last of November or first of December, 1888, the plan for a college journal outlined, and the first issue was gotten out by a committee of which, I think, E. D. Smith was chairman. That was published some time in January, 1889. I have been unable to lay my hands on a copy of that issue. Before another issue was published a regular editorial staff and business manager were elected by the whole student body, consisting of E. D. Smith, editor-in-chief, and E. D. Mouzon, and A. M. Muckenfuss, of the Calhoun Society, and W. P. Few, and J. M. Workman, of the Preston Society, and J. W. Nash, business manager. The matter was then fully launched, and a great many alumni subscribed to the Journal. The alumni department was stressed, and the first item of Alumni Notes is the fact that H. B. Carlisle was the popular Trial Justice of Spartanburg. I won-

der if the present handsome senator will blush when he remembers that. These notes also tell us that Hon. C. G. Dantzler was a member of the legislature from Orangeburg county; that J. Fleming Brown was the principal of the Johnston High School; that J. C. Klugh was Master of Abbeville; that W. L. Gray was even then the leading merchant of Laurens. The following merchants of Spartanburg paid liberally for advertisements in the February number: T. H. Cannon, M. Greenewald, Lethco & Montgomery, J. A. Lee & Son, J. A. Henneman, Carlisle & Cannon, and S. Becker. The Journal had no trouble during those first years in paying expenses.

The students and alumni took great interest in it. Several warm debates were conducted through its columns. One of the first things warmly debated was the question of fraternities. E. D. Mouzon, who has since become one of the leading clergymen of the great State of Texas, attacked the fraternities very vigorously. A rejoinder was made by B. F. Keller on behalf of the fraternities. Both these articles will bear reading today.

The following June the editor-in-chief and two associate editors were elected by the Preston Society, and the business manager and two associates by the Calhoun Society. This election resulted as follows: J. W. Nash, editor-in-chief; T. G. Herbert, and C. W. Stoll, of the Preston Society; and J. G. Baker and D. M. McLeod, from the Calhoun Society; and A. J. Cauthen, Jr., business manager.

On the 19th day of October, 1899, the first anniversary of Benjamin Wofford's birthday was held. T.G. Herbert was orator from the Preston Society and D. M. McLeod from the Calhoun. Both these men are now leading members of the South Carolina Conference. Herbert argued the advantages of a debating society, while McLeod argued strenuously that the virtue of woman be preserved. I think that was the first day on which class trees were ever planted on the campus. Each class planted a tree in the space on the east side in front of the college steps. I no-

ticed a few years ago that all those trees are living, though I could not identify any tree as belonging to any particular class except that of my own.

During this college year all the senior class evidenced considerable interest in the Journal, and all contributed to its columns. They had some warm debates among themselves, and it was during this year that the question of using Monday as a holiday instead of Saturday was first mooted and debated, both in the college societies and through the columns of the Journal.

Four out of seven of the college instructors left at the same time we did: Dr. Jno. C. Kilgo took the place of A. Coke Smith; Prof. H. N. Snyder came to teach English in the place of Prof. Long; E. B. Craighead took the chair of "Granny" Goodlow, who had taught Greek; and I think Prof. D. B. Easter took the place of John Marshall, who had taught French and German. This left only Dr. Carlisle, Prof. DuPre and Prof. Gamewell of the old faculty.

Of the class of 1890, J. G. Baker taught school for several years in Marion county, and is now a prosperous farmer; C. H. Clyde was for a number of years a member of the South Carolina Conference, but I have lost sight of him for some time; Jones Fuller taught school, was a professor in Wofford Fitting School, was a banker for a number of years, and has recently been admitted by the Supreme Court to practice law. He has located at Pickens. T. G. Herbert and D. M. McLeod have been useful members of the South Carolina Conference, and are now looked upon as leading men in that body. M. M. Lander taught school a while, but I understand he is now an express messenger between Charlotte and Jacksonville, Florida. W. C. Pickens also taught school and is also a prosperous farmer somewhere in Anderson or Pickens county. C. W. Stoll practices law at Kingstree, while R. E. Ware is a practicing at Shelby, North Carolina. R. L. Shuler is a prosperous merchant and lumber man at Brooklyn. I think all the class

has married except Charley Stoll, and he ought to be ashamed of himself. I think, however, this is the only thing in his connection that he need be ashamed of.

J. W. Nash.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

B. N. Alsbrook, Editor.

On the night of Saturday, October 26, which was the regular time for elections, regular business was dispensed with and elections entered into, which resulted as follows:

Preston Society—President, E. R. Mason; vice-president, J. A. Willis; first critic, F. B. Morgan; second critic, R. A. Brown; first censor, E. H. Harley; second censor, Geo. Beach; recording secretary, J. C. Hardin; corresponding secretary, T. A. Crane.

Calhoun Society—President, C. E. Klugh; vice-president, W. A. McKelvey; first critic, P. L. Martin; second critic, C. P. Calvert; third critic, A. L. Rogers ;first censor, L. K. Jennings; second censor, F. M. Griffin; recording secretary, Tom Hill; marshals, L. K. Breeden, Tom Huey, W. S. Ellerbe.

Carlisle Society—President, J. L. Dukes; vice-president, A. S. Nettles; first critic, C. S. Bethea; second critic, G. R. McKewn, Jr.; third critic, B. H. France; first censor, B. N. Allsbrook; second censor, D. A. Betts.

An annual for Wofford College is now a certainty. The work is well under way, and indications are that it will be a great success. The annual staff is as follows:

Preston Society—Business manager, E. R. Mason; literary editor, W. C. Curry; athletic editor, B. R. Mullins; art editors, D. E. Knight and Tom Hill.

Calhoun Society—Editor-in-chief, J. L. Hydrick; athletic editor, H. B. Atkins; assistant literary editor, C. A. Easterling; art editors, P. L. Martin and A. Copeland.

Carlisle Society—Literary Editor, A. S. Nettles; assistant business manager, B. R. Hicks; art editors, B. H. France, B. N. Allsbrook; assistant literary editor, J. C. Brogden.

On Thanksgiving morning the Senior-Fresh. and Junior Soph. football teams met on the gridiron in an interesting game which resulted in a victory for the Senior-Fresh. by the score of 5 to 0.

The following was the line up of the two teams: Senior Fresh.—Davidson, center; Manning, right tackle; Cely, left guard; Roberts, right tackle; Dantzler, left tackle; Breeden, right end; Herring, left end; Mullins, captain, quarter back; Keaton right half back; McLaurin, full back. Subs. MacDonald and Craig.

Junior-Soph.—Haynes, center; Pettigrew, right guard; Morris, left guard; Layton, left tackle; Johnson, right tackle; Smith, right end; Johnson, A., left end; Tolleson, captain, quarter back; Crum, left half back; Copeland, right half back; Rhea, full back. Sub, Prince. Referee, L. A. Phifer. Timekeepers, J. W. Boyd and Prof. Bennett.. Umpire, Sam Nicholls.

The main features of the game was the fine work done by Tolleson, who got the ball from the Junior-Soph. and carried it in about ten yards of the goal. McLaurin also did some fine work for the Junior-Soph. Keaton, Smith, and Johnston, J., deserve mention for some of their fine playing.

There seems to be no reason why Wofford should not put out one of the best football teams in the State. That is, if the trustees would only allow it.

During the past month the students had the opportunity of hearing a series of Shakespearean lectures by Dr. Edward Howard Griggs. Dr. Griggs is an accomplished speaker and his illuminating interpretations of Shakespeare are still the talk of the city. The program was as follows:

1. The Humanity of Shakespeare.
2. The Ethical Awakening; The Merchant of Venice.
3. The Individual and the State; Julius Caesar.
4. Facing the Mystery; Hamlet.

5. The tragedy of the Ambition; Macbeth.

6. The Final Attitude; the Tempest.

On Saturday evening, November 16th, Dr. Griggs delivered a lecture before the Lyceum on "The New Social Ideal." He pointed out the danger of wealth of any country. "Man," he said, "should use their wealth and not let their possession use them. Social Redemption is the great question of the age and the efforts of men should be to redeem society."

This attraction was one of the most notable of the many fine lectures provided for us by Prof. Gamewell in recent years.

AROUND THE CAMPUS

Harlan Creech, of the Junior class, has been elected superintendent of the chapel Sunday school. Mr. Creech is a worthy young man, and we feel sure he will fill the position creditably. E. P. Stabler, who has been the superintendent for the past several years, resigned in order that he may give more time to his work.

Messrs. F. C. Huff and E. Myers left last week for Washington, D. C., where they will represent Wofford College in the Y. M. C. A. convention which is being held at that place.

W. A. McKelvey, of the Senior class, spent Thanksgiving in Pacolet.

W. Clyde Curry, of the Junior class, ate turkey Thanksgiving with a friend in Moore's.

Dr. H. N. Snyder and Prof. J. G. Clinkscales attended the Conference at Gaffney.

B. B. Patterson and J. L. Nettles went to Woodruff

Wednesday, the 26th, where they took a big hunt Thursday.

Mr. T. H. Pettigrew, of Anderson, was on the campus a few days ago, visiting his brother, Mr. George Pettigrew, of the Freshman class.

Mr. Marvin M. Wilkes, of the Sophomore class, spent Thanksgiving at Gaffney with his father.

Mr. A. N. Means, of the Sophomore class, enjoyed his Thanksgiving holiday at his home near the city.

Mr. N. A. Bussey, of the Freshman class, left Tuesday for his home in Chester, where he will enjoy Thanksgiving Day.

Mr. G. C. Peterson, of the Senior class, left yesterday for Laurens, where he will spend Thanksgiving with his parents.

Mr. J. Archie Willis, of the Senior class, enjoyed Thanksgiving at his home in Gray Court.

Messrs. J. H. and V. D. Ramseur, J. C. Hardin and Jim Glenn were in Atlanta Thanksgiving, where they witnessed the football game between Tech. and Clemson.

Messrs. Arthur E. Tinsley and Paul M. Murph, of the Junior class, were in Gaffney Thanksgiving.

Mr. A. B. Anderson spent Thanksgiving at his home at Moore.

Messrs. J. F. Simmons and T. E. Bearden enjoyed Thanksgiving hunting with Mr. Paul Finch, who lives near the city.

Messrs. Charlie and Frank Klugh spent Thanksgiving at their homes at Coronaca.

Mr. J. W. Parks was at his home in Greenwood for Thanksgiving.

COMIQUES ON THE CAMPUS

Senior Garrett—Morris, won't you come in and have some supper?

Senior Morris—Thanks, but I've already *eaten* tea.

Junior Mullins—I have a good joke to put in The Journal on you.

Fresh. Woodham—I don't care; I'll tear it out.

Junior Carson—Do you know whether *Sally's Berry* is to be in this new baseball league they are organizing?

Dr. Waller—Mr. Wiles, in electrolysis, what is the liquid broken up into?

Soph. Wiles—Onions (ions).

Senior Nettles, J.—Carter, you ought to have been out at Glendale today. One man hit 124 clay pigeons out of 125 shots.

Senior Carter—Gee! what did they do with all the pigeons?

Dr. Waller—Mr. DuBose, how is hydrogen generated?

Junior DuBose—First, you get a *rheumatic* trough—.

Prof. Rembert—Young gentlemen, when "Greek meets Greek," as the old saying is, what usually occurs?

H——.—They ask each other, "How is the peanut biz?"

Wannamaker, D.—Who teaches geography here?
Smoak—I don't know. Why?
Wannmakar, D.—I see maps hung up in several rooms.

Senior Atkins—This meat looks pretty loud.
Senior Bethea, H.—Well, you see it used to bark.

Wanted

To know whether Mahaffey *ushered* at Converse during the Griggs lectures.

To know *how* "Dick" Huey was elected president of the Sophomore class.

To know *"who* is the surname of the hero" of The Clansman.—J. L. Nettles.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

Wm. B. Garrett, Jr., Editor.

Is it Worth While?

Near the close of our Saviour's life He bade His disciples go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. We, who are His disciples today, should work for Him, because He commanded us to do so. When the great day of judgment comes, do we wish to go before the All-wise Judge empty handed, without having spoken to a single soul during our entire life of his own salvation? What a grand privilege we college men have of working for the Master. We see evil influnces all about us, and there is great need of a kind word of warning. Even if we should help one person we should not stop, for it is just the beginning of a good, useful career. We are then only on the threshhold of a happy, joyful, Christian life. What a glorious reward will be waiting for those who join in the army of the Prince of Peace. It is left to us individually to decide whether or not we will be a soldier in this army, and if we belong to this throng the only way for us to be successful is to go daily to our Saviour in prayer, to make ourselves familiar with the Word of God and to live exactly what we profess. We must not assume to be a Soldier of the Cross when we really know that we are not. Then, when we have united ourselves with this mighty army and march forward as true Christian soldiers, gladly working for the Master, can anyone say that it is not worth while?

Our life here on earth is indeed short, as compared with eternity. Can we afford to live a low, sinful life for these few years just for the mere supposed pleasures to be found therein, and then be lost through all eternity? Let us face this problem as true, honest men and decide for ourselves the course we prefer to take. Let us firmly believe that it

is worth while to work for Jesus and go about it as brave, loyal, Christian soldiers, being confident that in the mighty fray we will be victorious.

Not many years ago two young men went out rowing. They had gone far enough out from the shore to be in the current, and their boat was being moved along so peacefully and smoothly by the gentle current, which was so very easy to yield to, that they did not think of how exceedingly difficult it would be to row back. They came in sight of the boisterous, troubled rapids over which it was impossible to go in safety. They began to row back and exerted all the energy that was in them, to save their lives. After several hours of hard rowing, when their strength was very nearly exhausted, they managed to get out of the current and return to the shore in safety. So even the young college men of today thoughtlessly drift before the currents of moral influences on the great ocean of time. They forget the last words of advice given by father and mother urging them to live pure, clean lives, and go onward until they come in sight of destruction and ruin. Then, a few only are able to get out of this strong, swift current and once more begin a better life. We all drift in certain currents to some extent, but let us begin our retreat ere it be toc late. Let us follow the example left by Christ to follow in His steps, for the Master's command is, "Follow thou me."

"Oh, guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour, and my friend."

We have been fortunate this fall in getting some of the very best speakers obtainable for our Sunday afternoon srvices. Dr. Snyder, Dr. Wallace, Dr. Cooke, Profs. Rembert, Spencer and Watson, of the faculty, have honored us

with their talks. This makes us feel that the members of the faculty are in sympathy with the Y. M. C. A., and are willing to do all that is in their power for its success. A large number of students, with the faculty in their favor, are bound to win. If we will only go forward with more vim and determination, there will yet be a greater change.

The National Y. M. C. A. Convention has recently been in session at Washington, D. C. Messrs. D. C. Huff and E. Myers were the representatives from Wofford, and we feel sure that our Y. M. C. A. will be greatly benefited by having sent these two members into the midst of such uplifting influences for the better life.

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JANUARY 1908

PUBLISHED BY
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January, 1908

CONTENTS

Literary Department—
What is life? 161
A Transaction in Dirt 161
By the Sea 165
Won by Strategy 165
To Converse 170
The New Year 170
The Study of the Classics 171
A Southern Sky 173
A Strange Vision 173
Constitution of the S. C. I. O. A. 177
Editorial Department 185
Exchange Department 191
Clippings 197
Alumni Department 202
Local Department 206
Y. M. C. A. Department 209
College Directory 210

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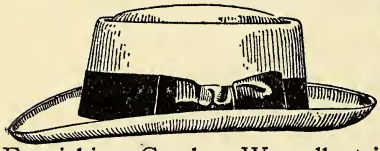

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Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

John Lee Hydrick, Editor.
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What is Life?

Oh, what is life, this heart-beat faint,
  I feel within my breast;
And whither speeds that vital spark
  When I am laid to rest?

Is life a dream, a thought, a fear,
  A memory of the past,
When once I lived, and loved, and hoped,
  And died to life at last?

Or is it but a fleeting dream,
  And when the day shall dawn
Then shall I wake to joys unknown
  On the celestial morn.

—B. Nettles Alsbrook.

"A Transaction in Dirt"

On the old-time porch in front of his house sat Hiram C. Mitchell, looking out across his vast fields of corn and cotton, watching the negroes at their labor, and listening absently to their laughter and songs, while out at the barn to his left two of his sons were gayly chatting over their work as they stored away the hay. Down the road came the other son from the postoffice.

The time for the mail was always eagerly looked forward

"Mr. Temple has offered me twenty per cent."

"I will give you twenty-five."

"Ha! not so, Mr. Jones; I now see the worth of this land, and I will not take less than thirty-five per cent."

Then they had a short discussion and a little figuring, after which Mr. Jones said: "See here, I will give you the amount asked for if you will stand to the trade, and, too, if I can get my machinery here before the other company meets you at Granada. And we will close the trade, provided you will give me a thousand dollars as security until I return."

Mr. Mitchell was a man of a large bank account, and when this proposition was made, he did not think of the amount risked, or whether it was a risk, but, instead, he was only looking forward to the thirty-five per cent which he was certain would be a great amount from a brick plant using such peculiar clay as was to be had on this spot of his. He gave the one thousand to Mr. Jones, who promised to meet him at Farmville the next Saturday.

Mr. Mitchell now felt his very important position above his near neighbor farmers, since he had made the trade with the clever gentleman from the North. And as he rode to town on the following Saturday he made every attempt to appear as if he were a London real estate agent.

* * * * * * * *

All day long Mr. Mitchell could be seen going back and forth from a little office on Main street and looking longingly upon and down the street. Poor man! if he had been on a certain west-bound passenger train only two days before, he would have seen Messrs. Temple and Jones quietly talking over their easily won thousand dollars by "the transaction in clay," which they were now planning to work on some other poor fellow.

T. E. C., '10.

By the Sea

And I knew her for awhile,
And I grew to love her smile
Long ago.

We were happy, I and she,
In our cottage by the sea,
Far away.

But the happy days are gone,
And now I am left alone
By the sea.

O. D., '10.

Won by Strategy

Robert Holmes was the only son of a wealthy banker in the little town Marathon. He was a tall, handsome young fellow and was exceedingly popular with all who knew him.

He had now reached his twenty-fourth year, and up till this time had never bothered himself much about the girls. His sisters teased him and told him he would die a bachelor, but he always laughed and said he didn't care.

But when Herbert M. Goldman, the senior member of Goldman, Craddock & Brown, wholesale grain dealers, came to the little town to live, bringing with him his beautiful daughter Edith, Robert Holmes soon realized that he was in love, and that the object of his love was Edith Goldman.

The first time he saw her she was driving her little runabout down the street on which he lived. He could not see her face because of the thick, brown veil which enveloped her face, but he watched her until she was out of sight, noting with approval with what skill she handled the machine. He was a great lover of motoring himself, and just a month or two before had bought a big new six-cylinder touring car.

The next time Robert saw Edith was when he was intro-

duced to her at the home of one of his friends. Her wavy, chestnut-brown hair, her soft brown eyes, and her sweet, musical voice intoxicated him. He vowed to himself that he would win her if it took him always, and before leaving he had obtained her permission to call.

After his first call, Robert was a regular visitor at Edith's home, and many were the pleasant rides they enjoyed in his big touring car, he steering one time and she another. Thus they became more and more intimate, and Robert flattered himself that she was beginning to return his love.

But a few months later they quarreled. Helen Graham, a girl of about Robert's age, was the cause of the quarrel.

Helen and Robert had been children together and were brought up almost as brother and sister. Consequently they were seen together a great deal. This made Edith very jealous of Helen, and when she questioned him about it, Robert tried to explain to her that there was no love affair between them, and that they looked on one another only as brother and sister, but she would not listen to him.

"You will have to choose between her and me," she told him.

"I cannot refuse to be a friend of Helen's," he replied.

"Then I shall never speak to you again."

And with these words ringing in his ears, Robert had left her.

In the days that followed he could not forget them. At night he could not sleep for thinking of them, and when he felt he could stand it no longer, he determined to tell Helen all about it and to ask her advice. He had always confided his secrets to her. She was always so sympathetic, so ready to help him in his troubles.

"You poor fellow!" said Helen, when he had explained all. "I am so sorry that I am the cause of your trouble. I am sure that Edith will find out she is mistaken and will be sorry for it. I don't see how she could quarrel with you anyway."

One afternoon, about a month after the quarrel, Edith determined to take a ride into the country in her runabout. She went alone and took for her route to town a road which was little used, but which afforded easy traveling, owing to its excellent condition.

As she went spinning along mile after mile, she began to think of Robert. Since the quarrel she had found that she was in the wrong. She had come to realize that Helen was only Robert's friend, and she blamed herself severely. Still she had told him she would not speak to him again, and she must keep her promise. As she was thinking thus to herself, she paid no attention to the road she was passing over, until, looking up, she was startled to see just ahead of her a mile-post, indicating that she was eleven miles from town.

"Goodness," she exclaimed, "is it possible that I have come so far? I must be going home before it gets dark."

She wheeled the car about, and opening the lever wide, started home at top speed. She had not gone more than a mile, however, when the speed of the car became visibly less, although it was going down a slight grade.

"I wonder what is the matter," said she half to herself. "I hope there's nothing wrong."

However, the car moved slower and slower, and finally, with a creak, stopped. She promptly jumped from her seat and took up the board which served as a floor and a door to the engine.

"Oh, I see," she said, "the gasoline is out."

She walked around to the rear of the machine where the extra gasoline can was kept, and lifted it out. It was empty.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed. "How could I have forgotten to fill that can before starting?"

Then she sat down by the side of the road to think over her situation.

"What in the world am I to do?" she thought. "Perhaps if I wait awhile a buggy or a wagon will pass by."

She hummed a tune and tried to be cheerful. The sun

was slowly sinking behind the edge of trees away to the west; still no sign of life appeared. She looked at her watch and then at the useless machine, and burst into tears.

"It is only an hour till dark," she sobbed, "and there isn't a house within six miles. O, what am I to do?"

But just as she was about to give up hope, she saw away up the road a cloud of dust moving toward her, and she knew from the speed at which the cloud was moving that it was made by an automobile.

"O joy!" she cried, catching up her handkerchief and running to the middle of the road. "Now I can get home and can have my car towed home too."

The cloud of dust was now near enough for her to see the automobile in the middle of it, and two persons, a man and a woman, in the machine. She waved her handkerchief as a signal for them to stop. The car slowed down and stopped in front of her.

The occupants were Robert Holmes and Helen Graham.

This was something Edith had not counted on. She was at a loss to know what to do or say, but summoning all her self-possession, she spoke to Helen, and then falteringly said to Robert:

"Mr. Holmes, if it is possible, will you please lend me some of your gasoline? Mine is entirely out and I can't go a step further without it."

"I thought you said you would not speak to me again," began Robert.

"I'd rather not speak of that," she returned. "Let me have the gasoline if you will."

"I am very sorry," lied Robert easily, "I have only what is in the engine. I shall be very glad, however, to let you ride home in my machine."

"Can't you take my machine in tow and let me ride home in it?" she asked.

"I can take your car in tow only on condition that you ride home with me and let my *friend* Helen, steer your car

home," he replied. "I'm sure Helen will agree to do this. Won't you, Helen," he asked.

"Certainly," she replied.

"That's not fair," protested Edith.

"It is as fair as the proposition you made to me about a month ago," he answered.

"O, very well; have it your own way," she said, "I can do nothing else."

Robert quickly got out, searched among his tools till he found a piece of rope and pretended to tie the two machines together, leaving one of the knots so that it would pull out. Then, while Edith was looking another way, he slipped a can of gasoline into the back of her machine, and called Helen, telling her he wanted to show her how to steer the smaller car.

As soon as she was very near to him, he whispered, "I've put some gasolene in the back of the machine. I'm going to leave you; wait ten or fifteen minutes, then fill the engine and come on. I'll wait for you a mile or two down the road, and, mark me, I'll get Edith back before you catch up with us. I'll tell you about it afterwards."

"All right," said Helen, "but I don't see how you're going to do it."

Robert then walked back to where Edith was standing, helped her into the front seat of his machine and climbed in. He slowly started the machine and gradually increased the speed. Edith leaned on her arm and said nothing.

"He has made me ride with him but I won't say anything more to him," she thought.

After they had ridden about a mile in silence, Edith turned her head to look back at Helen. Helen and her own car were nowhere in sight. She saw it all in an instant. The rope must have broken and left Helen far behind. She must do something.

"Why, Mr. Holmes," she exclaimed, "the other car has broken loose. Turn back and let's go after Helen at once."

"O, no," Robert replied, "it has not broken loose; I tied the knot loose on purpose. You see, Edith, I've decided to give up my friendship for Helen rather than to give you up. So I thought I would commence by making her angry with me by leaving her. Of course I intend going back after her after I take you home."

"O, Bob," the unhappy girl replied, catching hold of his arm, "I'm so sorry this has happened. I don't want you to lose her friendship. I've been wrong about you and Helen, but I've found out better. We must go back for her at once. And oh, Bob!" she continued, "I'm so sorry about that quarrel we had. I was to blame for it."

* * * * * * * * * * *

Ten minutes later Helen came speeding up in the small machine. Edith looked at first one and then the other with a puzzled expression.

"That was all a fib about about not having any gasolene and a joke about leaving Helen," explained Bod. "You see, dear, I couldn't win you any other way."

"I'm so glad," Edith replied.

To Converse

Yield not to flirtation,
For yielding is sin;
Each sister will help you
Some brother to win.
Look not at the boys, girls,
Dark eyes will subdue;
Look not at the boys, girls,
Let them look at you.

P. F. G., '10.

The New Year

Jes' look at dat air turkey
Er settin' by his se'f;

An' look at all dem good things
Up dere on dat she'f.

Dey sets mah mouf ter watuhin',
Er settin' dere dat way;
An' I's gwine te eat 'em all,
Kaze dis is New Year's day.

R. H. Whitlock, '10.

The Study of the Classics

In the mad rush and hurry of these latter years the study of the classics has been depreciated by many who contend that the time spent in the study of Latin and Greek could be much more profitably employed. But the study of these languages has always been regarded as an essential part of the education of a truly learned man. It is only men of narrow minds and faint hearts, who stumble at the "Pons Asinorum" and shudder at the mention of psychology, who have striven to make the study of these languages unpopular.

Seldom, indeed, is it the man who has, through arduous toil, become their master—has drunk in their incomparable beauty, spent pleasant hours with jovial Horace on his Sabine farm, journeyed with Ulysses on his exciting adventures, heard Cicero swaying the multitude, attended the trial and condemnation of Socrates with Plato, visited the topless towers of Troy with Homer, and heard the measured tread of martial men with Thucydides—who is seen trying to persuade the youth of the land to neglect the study of the classics on account of their uselessness and difficulty.

In the study of Latin and Greek we come into possession of rich and elevating truths which are not revealed to him who has not mastered these branches. But, though some of the treasures of thought are contained in these literatures,—and these have to be known in the original to be appreciated,—if that were the only reward to one who had

pursued their study it might well be contended that the benefit derived was not equal to the time and money spent in mastering them.

But the great usefulness of the studies lies in the culture and development of the mind which they compel. Rules, definitions, forms, conjugations and declensions must be accurately memorized from the first lesson, or progress is almost impossible. And his constant exercise of the memory gives a person a power of mental retention which he had before thought almost impossible.

Another of the great benefits derived from these studies is the training of the attention. This is necessary to memory, so the cultivation of this power is of vast importance. Close and undivided attention enables one to master a study with facility. It stamps the truth upon the memory so that it will not be easily forgotten. When this power of strict and undivided attention is cultivated, it prepares one to reap the greatest benefit from what he reads or hears in lectures.

But these languages not only enable one to concentrate his mind, and strengthen his memory. They go still further and cultivate the understanding, judgment, and imagination. For in their study we must reason, compare, and reach a conclusion.

For instance, we have a Greek sentence. In it is a thought locked up by a writer who has long been dead. How shall we determine what this writer meant to convey to the world? First, we find the different meanings of every word in the sentence. Then, if any one is used in a different place by the same writer, we try to discover its meaning there. Then, after comparison, we judge what its meaning is in the sentence, and thence form our conclusion as to the meaning of the sentence.

In the study of the classics, therefore, deep thought and keen reasoning is an absolute necessity. The mind is given healthful exercise as each day new difficulties are met and

successfully combated. The student becomes fully conscious of the powers of his mind, and no ordinary difficulties seem insurmountable.

Persevere in your study of Latin and Greek, strive ever onward, and your other studies will be pursued with greater pleasure and profit. Be not discouraged by difficulties, for

"Non per silvas, sed per castra
Iter nobis est ad astra."

And be not deterred by those who depreciate their value, for never did anyone who mastered these languages, understanding all their intricacies and idioms, insinuate or whisper a word of defamation against them.

"Plato."

A Southern Sky.

The myriad stars are brightly shining,
The moonbeams glitter through the trees;
The sweetest perfume of magnolias
Is borne by every passing breeze.

A mocking-bird is sweetly singing
Beneath a cloudless Southern sky;
His mate across the crystal waters
Echoes her fond and sweet reply.

B. Nettles Alsbrook.

A Strange Vision

About nine o'clock at night on the fifth of July, I set out from the house of a friend with whom I had been spending a week to ride to my own home about ten miles distant. I was traveling at night to avoid the extreme heat of a July day. As my horse knew the road and could guide himself better at night than I could see to do, I let the reins hang loose on his neck. I had been up late for the past few nights and soon began to get sleepy. I half dozed on several times, but managed, though the effort was greater each time, to rouse myself.

The moon was shining bright and a deep silence had fallen on the fields and woods. I had just entered a thick, lonesome-looking wood, and had picked up the reins to hurry my horse through it, when the call of a whippoorwill answered by the hoot of an owl ringing out in the distance, seemed to make the place more weird and helped to deepen the peculiar feeling that was coming over me.

I had gone about a hundred yards farther when my horse suddenly stopped. He threw up his head, snorted, and would have wheeled and run had I not held him. After I got control of him I looked to see what had frightened him. Directly in front of us stood a little old man, leaning on a stick, and looking at me with eyes that flashed and sparkled even in the moonlight. He wore no shoes or hat. He had on a black coat and black trousers, which were torn almost to shreds. The trousers were torn off between the knee and foot. His long gray hair was bushy and unkept and hung down over his forehead to his eyebrows. He had a shaggy gray beard which reached nearly to his waist. His body was so bent and dried up that he scarcely resembled a man leaning there on his crooked staff. All this I noticed as we gazed at one another for at least a minute, thought it seemed longer to me.

Without shifting his eyes from my face, on which they had been fixed all the time, or making a sound, he motioned me to dismount. Instinct bade me flee, but his eye seemed to have a strange influence over me, and I dismounted. He motioned me to fasten my horse to a tree. I did so, wondering what he would want me to do next, and wishing myself well out of the wood.

He had moved a few steps nearer to me while I was tieing my horse, and when I turned, his face was scarcely a yard away. It was wrinkled and scarred, but as impassive as a stone. Motioning me to follow, he hobbled off through the undergrowth; and I followed trembling and wondering.

We had been walking several minutes when my guide stopped and I heard the call of a whippoorwill. It seemed to come from where my guide stood. Presently it was answered by the hoot on an owl. I heard a rustling noise at my side and turning saw a second little man just like the first. He fell in behind me and we started on through the woods.

The trees grew so thick along here that scarcely a single moon-beam found its way through their leaves and branches to light our path. Soon, however, I noticed a bright spot ahead; where through a rift in the overhanging branches the moon shone on a cleared spot. And on nearing the place, I saw a newly made grave in the center of it.

When we were only a few feet from the mound my guide motioned me to stop and he and his companion went forward and knelt, one at the head and one at the foot of the grave.

They clasped their hands in front of their faces and with bended heads mumbled a few incoherent words. A deep groan came from the depths of the grave and the earth apparently opened and the body of a dead man rose from the grave and turned and stood facing me.

The bright moonlight fell on his face and instantly I recognized that the face was that of my chum, Henry Williams, whom I had left in town alive and well.

"Tom," said Henry, in a strained, forced voice, as I sank on my knees overcome by terror, "Tom, I was not accidentally shot yesterday as every one thinks, but was murdered; murdered by Charles Drummond! He has spent one night and one day with his secret, but before another day has passed he shall confess his crime!"

As he uttered the last words, and before I could say or do anything, he sank back into the grave and the earth closed over him with a dull thud. Trembling, I got up and turning to my guide, begged him to call Henry again and tell me what it all meant, but he only shook his head at me.

He and his companion muttered a few more words, a prayer seemingly, then rising and beckoning to me, he started off in the direction we had come.

After we had gone a few yards, not hearing the footsteps of the other little man, I looked back for him, but he was not in sight. In a few minutes we reached the road where my horse was tied. My guide, leaning on his staff, watched me unfasten him. In mounting I turned my back, for a second on the little man, and when I looked again, he too, had disappeared. I struck my horse with the reins and he started off in a gallop just as the call of a whippoorwill and the hoot of an owl sounded from far down in the wood.

* * * * * * * * * * *

My horse stopped so suddenly that he almost unsaddled me. I looked up to see what was the matter, then rubbed my eyes and looked again. The lonely moonlit wood had suddenly given place to the brightly lighted streets of a town. My horse stood with his head over the barnyard gate waiting for me to open it. I had been asleep.

I dismounted, unsaddled my horse, put him in his stable, and went to the house. I was met at the door by my mother, who asked me if I had heard. "Heard what?" I asked. Then she told me that Henry Williams had been accidentally shot the day before at a shooting match. No one seemed to know how it happened or who had fired the shot. Williams had been standing off from the crowd and was dead before any one reached him. I was so startled at this news that I could scarcely stand. I sank into a chair and buried my face in my hands.

The rest of the family left me alone, thinking that grief at the loss of my friend and companion was what so agitated me.

As soon as I regained control of myself I went to my room.

I went to bed, but not to sleep. All night I lay trying to collect my scattered thoughts but with little success.

Early in the morning I got up and went down town. The first thing that I heard on the streets was that Charles Drummond had confessed that he had murdered Henry Williams and had given himself up to justice!

H. C. R., '10.

Constitution of the South Carolina Intercollegiate Oratorical Association

ARTICLE I.—TITLE.

The name of this organization shall be the South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association.

ARTICLE II.—OBJECTS.

The objects of this Association shall be to develop closer and more friendly relations between the colleges of the State; to foster and promote the cultivation of oratory in the several colleges, and to hold annual contests, at such times and places as shall be decided upon by the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE III.—MEMBERSHIP.

The Association is composed of the following college membership: Furman University, Wofford College, Clemson Agricultural College, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, Erskine College, Newberry College, S. C. Military Academy, and such other institutions as shall be admitted by a unanimous vote of all the members of the Association present at any annual convention.

ARTICLE IV.—OFFICERS.

Section 1. The officers of this Association shall be a President, Vice-President, Recording Secretary, Treasurer, Corresponding Secretary, and Secretary of the Sealed Marks, one from each of the six colleges now represented in the Association, and alternating annually in the order of colleges as named.

Sec. 2. All officers of the Association and the Executive Committee shall be elected by the Convention after being nominated by a committee consisting of one member from each college, appointed by the President, and the nominee receiving the most votes shall be declared elected.

Sec. 3. The President of the Association, on his retirement from office, and ex-prizemen shall have their names enrolled on the honor roll of the Association.

Sec. 4. The new officers shall take their seats for one calendar year.

Sec. 5. If any office in the Association shall become vacant, the student body of the college represented by the vacating officer shall have power to elect his successor.

ARTICLE V.—DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

Section 1. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings. He shall be master of ceremonies at the annual contest; shall cast the deciding vote in all cases of a tie in the convention; shall attach his signature to certificates of membership, and shall have the power to call special meetings at his discretion.

Sec. 2. The Vice-President shall be active Chairman of the Executive Committee, and shall cast the deciding vote in case of tie. In case of absence of the President, the Vice-President shall become the active President of the Association. It shall be the duty of the Vice-President to call a meeting of the Executive Committee at least thirty days previous to the annual contest.

Sec. 3. It shall be the duty of the Recording Secretary to keep an accurate copy of all amendments of the Constitution and By-Laws which are made by the Association. He shall also keep in suitable record the membership of the Association, both active and alumni, according to colleges represented, and shall keep and file the proceedings of the annual convention, and copies of all orations delivered in the annual contest, with the name and grade of the orator.

He shall also notify each college of the Association as to the officers immediately after their election.

Sec. 4. It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to sign and issue certificates of personal membership upon the order of the President. He shall also send a typewritten copy of each oration to each member of Committee on Decision, Section A, and shall attend to such correspondence as may devolve upon him, and any other duties the Association may authorize.

Sec. 5. The Treasurer shall keep all accounts of the Association and pay all bills approved by the Executive Committee. He shall keep on deposit all moneys belonging to the Association; shall notify all the colleges, at least forty days before the contest, of all fees due, receive and receipt for the same.

Sec. 6. The Secretary of Sealed Marks shall receive and keep the grades from committee, Section A; shall not open them except in the presence of committee, Section B, on night of contest; and shall then and there assist Section B in combining and tabulating the grades of the two committees.

ARTICLE VI.—EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Section 1. The Executive Committee, consisting of one representative from each college, shall be elected by the Convention, as provided in Art. IV, Sec. 2, and shall assemble in meeting at call of the Vice-President.

Sec. 2. It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to audit all accounts before they are presented to the Association. The committee shall decide all contests in regard to personal membership.

Sec. 3. The annual oratorical contests shall be under the control of the Executive Committee.

Sec. 4. The Executive Committee shall appoint each year at its meeting a committee to select the medals, and this committee must take into consideration as to the design of the first medal, the palmetto tree.

ARTICLE VII.—COMMITTEE ON DECISION.

Section 1. Six persons shall constitute the Committee on Decision. The members of Section A of the Committee on Decision shall not at any time have been connected in any capacity, directly or indirectly, with any contesting institution. No member of committee, Section A, shall be selected from South Carolina. No member of the Committee on Decision, Section B, shall have had during three years previous to the contest any connection, either directly or indirectly, with any contesting institution.

Sec. 2. The Committee on Decision shall be divided into two equal sections, A and B. Section A shall be selected by the President at least sixty days previous to the contest, and each college of the Association shall be notified as soon as practicable of the committee's selection and acceptance. This committee, Section A, shall compare all orations submitted to them and shall grade them on the following points: *Originality, Thought* and *Rhetoric,* giving one final grade for each oration. This grade shall be on the scale of one hundred—the best oration, if considered perfect, being graded one hundred, and the remaining orations in proportion to their merit as compared to the first.

Sec. 3. Section B shall be selected by the Executive Committee at least sixty days previous to the contest. This committee section shall grade on *delivery.* All points shall rank equally; shall be graded without consultation, each member of the section giving one grade to each oration. This grade shall be on the scale of one hundred, as in Section A.

Sec. 4. Any college of the Association shall have the right to object to any member of the Committee on Decision, but not more than two objections shall be allowed each college, and such objections shall be submitted in writing, and shall be in the hands of the President at least twenty-

five days for Section A, and ten days for Section B, previous to the contest.

Sec. 5. The Corresponding Secretary of the Association, at least twenty-five days before the contest, shall forward a typewritten copy of each oration to each member of the committee, Section A, who shall grade them and send sealed copies of their grades to the Secretary of the Sealed Marks. These grades shall reach their destination at least four days previous to the contest. Neither the names of the authors or the orations nor the institution represented shall be known by any member of Committee, Section A. It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to furnish each member of Committee, Section A, with the name and address of the Secretary of Sealed Marks.

Sec. 6. At the close of the contest the Secretary of Sealed Marks and the Committee, Section B, shall retire and make a final average. At no other place and time, and under no other circumstances whatsoever, shall any of the sealed grades be opened.

Sec. 7. The orator whose grade from all members of the entire Committee on Decision is found to be the greatest shall be awarded the first honor medal. The orator whose grade is next highest shall be awarded the second honor medal. In case of a tie for first or second honor, or both, Committee, Section B, shall retire, and without consultation shall cast one sealed ballot for the orator, or orators, judged by them to be most entitled to the prize or prizes. The Chairman of Committee, Section B, shall then announce to the audience the result. The markings of the entire Committee on Decision shall be published in at least one daily newspaper.

ARTICLE VIII.—ORATIONS.

In the contests of this Association no oration shall contain more than two thousand words, and it shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to construe this ar-

ticle strictly to the letter, and to return any oration exceeding the above limit. Any analysis, outline or explanation attached to the oration shall be considered a part thereof, counted and graded accordingly. All orations shall be composed and written by the contestants themselves, without assistance, and as regards delivery, they shall receive no assistance except from the faculty and students of the college they represent, on penalty of exclusion from the contest.

ARTICLE IX.—REPRESENTATIVES.

The mode of selection of the contestants from each college shall be decided by each institution forming this Association. Each college shall be entitled to only one representative, and he shall be a member of one of the literary societies; shall be an undergraduate at the time of his selection and at time of contest. Each representative shall have made and forwarded to the Secretary three typewritten copies of his oration at least thirty days previous to the contest.

ARTICLE X.—FEES.

Section 1. Each college of the Association shall pay an annual fee of fifteen dollars. This fee shall be paid at least thirty days previous to the contest.

Sec. 2. Each contestant shall pay a fee of one dollar. Upon the payment of this fee the Treasurer shall issue his receipt, which shall be forwarded to the Corresponding Secretary, who shall then issue a certificate of membership in the Association and shall forward it to the President for his signature. Any representative who shall fail to pay this fee within thirty days previous to the contest shall not be allowed to enter the contest for prizes.

ARTICLE XI.—PRIZES.

As testimonials of success in the contests of this Association there shall be awarded two prizes; as first honor, a gold medal of the value of twenty dollars; as second honor, a gold medal of the value of ten dollars.

ARTICLE XII.—CONVENTIONS.

Section 1. The annual convention shall consist of the Executive Committee, the contestants from each college, and the officers of the Association.

Sec. 2. The annual convention of the Association shall meet at such time preceding the contest as the President may direct. Each college representative shall be entitled to one vote. All representatives who take part in the contest, and all officers of the Association present shall attend the convention. Failure to do so, without a valid excuse, shall subject offender to expulsion. All alumni members present shall have a right to take part in the deliberations of the convention, but shall not be allowed to vote upon any question except a motion to adjourn.

ARTICLE XIII.—EXCLUSION FROM MEMBERSHIP.

Any college of the Association failing to send its quota of representatives to any annual contest without furnishing to the Executive Committee a satisfactory reason, or failing to pay its annual dues within the time limit, shall be excluded from the Association.

ARTICLE XIV.—CONTESTANTS.

Section 1. The order of speakers shall be drawn for at the meeting of the Executive Committee, at least thirty days before the contest. Each contestant's place, name, and subject of oration alone shall appear on the program.

Sec. 2. A contestant shall not appear in uniform, or wear college colors, medals, or pins, and no college banner shall be placed in any position whatsoever during the time of the contest, so as to designate the representative of any college.

Sec. 3. The successful contestant shall represent the Association in the Southern Inter-State Oratorical Association, and his necessary traveling expenses shall be paid by the Association.

ARTICLE XV.—PUBLICATIONS.

The Association shall have no official organ, but each year the different colleges shall publish in the January issue of their magazines the constitution of the Association, together with a list of its officers.

ARTICLE XVI.—AUTHORITY RECOGNIZED.

All questions of parliamentary forms and usages not provided for by this constitution shall be referred to "Robert's Rules of Order."

ARTICLE XVII.—AMENDMENTS.

This constitution may be amended at any annual convention of the Association by a two-thirds vote of the college representatives present.

OFFICERS.

President—D. W. Neville, Presbyterian College of S. C.

Vice-President—W. E. Simson, Erskine College.

Recording Secretary—J. Irby Koon, Newberry College.

Treasurer—S. B. Marshall, Furman University.

Corresponding Secretary—Julian F. Nohrden, S. C. Military Academy.

Sealed Marks—L. W. Perrin, University of South Carolina.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

J. B. Frazier, Jr., Presbyterian College of S. C.

E. R. Spence, Erskine College.

H. G. Goggans, Newberry College.

J. W. Hicks, Furman University.

Harry Wilkins—S. C. Military Academy.

J. B. Davis, University of South Carolina.

E. H. Harley, Wofford College.

J. B. Brown, Charleston College.

C. A. McLinden, Clemson College.

Wofford College Journal

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

J. L. Dukes, Editor.

The New Year.

The great reform is on again. Men and women all over the land have turned new pages in the books of their lives, and all have resolved to keep the new pages immaculate during the year that has begun to unfold itself to our view. Whether these resolutions, made in all sincerity, will end disastrously or not time must show. Surely it behooves each one to realize this and to again determine to make a new start. What rich privileges and opportunities to make time count for most present themselves. We have learned a great deal since September, now that we are in a position to look back and see our mistakes and of course, having seen them and learned what they are, they will not be repeated.

Business men who each year expect to attain phenomenal industrial expansion, and who are each year disappointed, have paused a sufficient length of time in their pipe dreams of the future to decide that cigars are discarded. A few weeks later, we will see our friends reverse their former decision, and decide that after all, cigars don't hurt a man.

Many of our indulgent mothers of last year have decided that the lines of paternal authority must be drawn tighter over the young Americans, in order that they might achieve the glory of their immortal ancestors. Consequently, during the cold winter months to come, many young Americans will be led into the holy sanctuary of the inner chamber, and there the great national reform medicine will be applied so assiduously that the intensity of friction will approach "spontaneous combustion."

Women who for years have enjoyed the trials and tribulations of blissful wedlock, have decided that the year of 1908 will mark the beginning of a thoroughly systematized household. Number Two shall have the gray hairs in his cranium reduced to a minimum and his endangered church membership alleviated by having dinner smoking hot upon the table at the appointed hour. But the warm sunshine of early spring will give Bridget that disease which is the "common fate of all," and the wheel of evolution will slip into the rut of the past. Once more Number Two will hurl the sweet refrain of brimstone and fire into the holy atmosphere of his home, all because dinner is thirty minutes late.

The Exodus of Christmas.

The last cannon cracker has ceased its deafening noise; the sky-rocket blazed its last golden trail; the stars are recuperating from the fearful bombardment of Roman candles, and things have assumed their normal aspect. Toy steamboats, railway trains, express wagons and stuffed animals are all total wrecks by this time. The whiskers of

Santa Claus have been consigned to the attic, and the once resplendent Christmas tree is lying in the alley, but after all the joy yet remains.

This sacred holiday of the Christian world is beyond description, and it had its origin on that eventful night so long ago, when some rhepherds from the peaceful pasture lands of Judea sought the little village of Bethlehem to pay homage to the new born babe that was destined in later years to lead the world from the chaotic darkness of sin into the glorious light of redemption. No wonder the day is emblematic of joy. No wonder the father lays aside the cares of secular life, and romps with his boys. No wonder men lay aside malice and animosity and meet as friends on this day, for it is in memory of the birth of the great peacemaker.

The Honor System.

The honor system is a cherished tradition in our Southern colleges. That it should be attacked by any is, to a greater or less degree, a manifestation of ignorance of things Southern. It is not to be wondered at that Northern presidents and professors who have enjoyed class-room rowdyism, cheating on examinations, and vandalism in general, should throw up their hands in horror at the statement of prevailing conditions in the South, since from the kindergarten through the university they have known nothing but the rod and blue book.

This subject has elicited some interesting discussions of late. It has been a Southern versus a Northern point of view. The system is opposed on the ground that students do not, as a rule, realize their responsibilities; that character is biased toward evil, and therefore, barriers must be erected to enforce the right.

The honor system prevails at Wofford College. It has stood a satisfactory test and has therefore become a permanent institution in the college—a fitting testimonial to the

kind of men Wofford has as its students. It is the exception here for a student to cheat, for to do so signifies disgrace in the estimation of his classmates and expulsion upon conviction. College students, who are men in the true sense, prefer to fail any time than to pass dishonorably.

In the North ths system is weak precisely where it is strong in the South; that is, with us a potent student sentimen is behind it. With us the fact that order keeps itself is the foundation of college life; for here every student is a gentleman and every professor a gentleman. Under these conditions the honor system, therefore, is the logical consequence and its own excuse for being.

Student honor is not to be measured simply by conduct in the examination room. It marks the bearing of the student on the athletic field and towards the professors and his fellow-students. Student honor is an asset of incalculable moral and social worth. Above all else it needs neither praise nor blame, but recognition.

In the North when they have assayed the honor system it has been necessary to emphasize the formal side—by tribunals for detection and punishment. This constitutional program has fallen short. Practically in every place it is abandoned from lack of reported cases. It ought to fail. Such a measure defeats the very essence of personal honor. That obligation which attaches to a man for tattling belittles him publicly almost as much as cheating degrades. Besides, this is a matter for student initiative and care, not the faculty's. So far the best result among most of the colleges has been a healthy agitation for the good of individuals; but at a few of the Northern colleges, mainly at Cornell and Princeton the honor system "has wrought a great moral uplift in student life."

Now a word in the second person. Students of Wofford, if we are to eliminate what little dishonesty that is in our midst we must trust one another. We have inaugurated no "blue laws," no detective bureau. We must take each

other by the hand and say that henceforth we proceed on the faith that every man is a gentleman, but if one wilfully violates his word and our confidence we will not tolerate him. Therefore, go into your examination room depending on your own gray matter. Remember that for a few hours those ten questions will obscure the whole of your mental horizon—yet only a little while and they will sink into a proper relation of the ordinary experiences of life. How many exams. have you been through already? So by all that you hold sacred and true don't let a few paltry questions come between yourself, your ambitions and your God. The truth is that you have got to live with this man, who is on the verge of becoming a thief for the rest of your life. You will never get away from him. Besides your semester's work is ended. Your brain-pan is so big,—no more, no less, whether the professor knows it or not.

Write your paper and leave. The honor system made no detective of you. Your eyes belong on your paper, not on some neighbor. But the honor of Wofford, the honor of your own class, calls on you to resent the slightest evidence of unfairness. Let your outraged sense of personal honor and your common sense guide you in the course you are to pursue. To attract another's attention may be impossible or suspicious, then speak quietly to the professor, mentioning no names. If he is not in the room call the class's attention, simply stating that if the evil is persisted in the offender shall be exposed. This would perhaps be the best curative plan to be followed. Let the resentment be instantaneous, while the spirit is hot—but done is a way of which no one need repent afterwards.

We must correct the erroneous idea that most men cheat anyway. Put a little moral calcium phosphate in his back bone, telling him you are going to stand by him if he will let you. God never made a man who could withstand much of that kind of warming up. This honor business has got to

get into the brother side of our natures to live and foster an ideal moral atmosphere.

We feel sure the severest test of one's honor will come when a fellow student is plainly all tied up, nervous and rattled. Perhaps he is your best friend. You know he has had several exams straight. Been sitting up late every night. Perhaps hurried so fast that he never went to dinner, and worst of all, just received an unfortunate letter from home which has given him the blues and completely discouraged him. Now here he is within a word's reach of a good grade. You are tearing along with an inspiration born of a fresh brain and a light heart. Inadvertently you note that for twenty minutes he has been scratching his head and chewing his pencil. You know it is the question that he and you read up on the night before but he was so dead for sleep that it went into his mind a confused jumble. A mere hint from you would give him a sufficient lead. Right here is the hardest place for one's principles. While you would readily believe the friend dishonorable should he ask for help, yet you can't help feeling that for friendship's sake you would be willing to cast scruples to the wind and go down with him.

Well, all we can say is, it's now time to strike a lick at the devil. You had better stick a little Puritan prayer under your tongue also—for we confess it a hard proposition. But if you put a seal on your lips, if he keeps you from telling, regardless of his success, then when the terrible strain is over, just go out and play some tennis or take a walk to dispel that abnormal nervous state which obliques every moral impulse and he will thank you with all the true manhood in his nature. You have helped one another. Your ideals are not sullied. Your ambitions are unstultified. You have the best example of the honor system that even angels could devise.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

L. K. Jennings, Editor.
J. C. Hardin, Assistant Editor.

The Christmas holidays, looked forward to with so much pleasure, have at last come and gone, and now a new year is before us. Let us hope that it may bring us all new joys, new purposes, and high resolves, and at the same time inspirations, courage, and determinations to carry out these good resolutions. We have learned much by experience since September, and now that we can look back and see our mistakes, let us profit by them and see that they never be repeated. Already have we started out on "the home stretch," though few of us have fully realized it. Five months lie just ahead of us, and the outlook is bright. Surely we will make the best of them by honest efforts and careful attention, both of which will, in the end, bring only prosperity and success. It is our earnest desire that all exchange editors may put forth an extra effort during this new year, and thus add more interest and popularity to the department of the exchanges. Comparatively few, besides those aspiring to be critics, read and appreciate the efforts of exchange editors. But there must be a good reason for this neglect of readers to notice and take an interest in the contents of this department in college magazines, and no doubt the fault is with the editors. More interest and zeal on their part must, and will inspire a deeper interest in our readers.

In looking over the exchanges for December we find in each something to remind us of the happy Christmas which has just left us so quietly, and in nearly every instance the spirit of the season was entered into and treated with great enthusiasm and success. The gay and attractive covers of most of these issues are well in keepnig with the season and

the contents of the majority of them are far above the average.

The College of Charleston Magazine comes to us with some interesting matter and on the whole, presents a good appearance. However, certain faults to find with it are the lack of good poems, the lack of "heavy material," and the brevity of the editorials. The magazine is good as far as it goes, but would be greatly improved by increasing the amount of reading matter. Only one poem, "The Mistletoe," appears in this issue. The sentiment and spirit of the poem are indeed beautiful, but it could have been easily improved by a careful revision. "The Recent Decay of the American Song as a Product of Literature" is a splendid article and shows much interest and study on the part of its author. He shows, also, great originality in choice of such a subject and evidently drew largely from his own store of knowledge in developing it. The decay of American songs is attributed, and correctly we think, to lack of purity and strength of sentiment, as well as to their faulty meter, numerous alliterations, and little regard for euphony. The article is strengthened considerably by the striking contrasts between the old and modern songs, which are clearly brought out by numerous and good examples and illustrations. The story entitled "Idone" is admirable for its manner of presentation and well defined plot. The author, by leaving out incidents and details which would interrupt and confuse the progress of such a story, has made it a decided success. This magazine would be greatly improved by the addition of one or two new departments, and especially by enlarging the literary department. One poem, one essay, and two very short stories, all of which are good, constitute the contents of the literary department; this is not sufficient material for a magazine of such reputation and value.

The Limestone Star, in appearance and general neatness, compare favorably with all our contemporaries; however, in this month's issue it is sadly lacking in good literary material. The editorials are the most attractive part of the magazine, and the other departments deserve some credit for their careful preparation and arrangement. The opening poem, "Swing Slow, Ye Season of Red-Gold," is written in a clear, concise style, but shows little thought and poor descriptive power on the part of the author. We would like to recall the fact that rhythm, as well as rhyme, is essential to a good poem. Continued repetition of certain words is very noticeable and detracts much from the value of the poem. The true spirit of poetry is not faithfully represented in this instance. "Albert Gallatin" is a good biographical sketch of the great statesman, but many important points in his character could have been more strikingly presented. "Beowulf" deserves mention. The remaining articles, all of which lack originality in thought, are too concise, and, in short, are hardly worthy of even college journalism. The redeeming feature of the magazine is the art department, in which is found an excellent discourse on "The Theory of Beauty." The editors should make an effort to have more poems contributed, there being only one in this issue.

In the Isaqueena for December is found material which easily distinguishes it from previous editions. The poem, "Christmas," is remarkable for its unique treatment of such a subject, as well as for its clear and comprehensive style and expression. The metre is excellent. "How They Were Brought Together," a story by the same author, will enjoy a wonderful popularity among critics. It distinctly and boldly challenges all criticism, and we compliment the author, by saying that, in our estimation, she has written a story which needs no revision. When the characterization and well defined plot are taken into consideration, we feel

justified in making the above statement. The treatment of such a story is unusual and worthy for its originality. "True Christmas Joy" is good, because the author combines two great elements—the glorification of love and the divine result of kindness. However, the thought is far above the manner of expression, which, in our humble estimation, could be greatly improved. "A Study of the Passion Movement in Julius Caesar," is of no special literary value, and contributes little to the development of the chosen subject. Too little originality is shown, the author evidently owing most of her facts entirely to another writer. "A Christmas Story" is (to use the words of the Isaqueena's exchange editor) "childish—exactly the sort of story one might read to a small brother or sister, say about ten years of age." The story requires no further criticism. "Reminiscences," a poem, is devoid of any special literary value, but deserves mention for the good advice which it gives in its closing stanza,—enjoy your school days, and get a chum, whose friendship will be everlasting. "Christmas-Tide in Mexico" is a very interesting article, but would have been better if it had been treated in detail. The author states clearly, and in concise form, the manner in which Christmas is celebrated in Mexico, and by her direct statement of facts, distinguishes it from what was formerly a mere tradition or belief. The editorials of this issue, though very brief, are highly valuable. The other departments are commendable, especially the art department. Here the editor gives biographical sketches of several famous composers and artists, which are of interest. The exchange department is well conducted.

It is always with peculiar pleasure that we read the publications of our sister colleges of this State. We are more closely related and naturally become in a certain measure more interested in their contents and so it was with such interest that we began the perusal of the Erskinian, and

with one exception were not in the least disappointed. We were indeed sorry to note this criticism for we found it full of good, solid matter but sorely lacking in poetry, which adds so much to our college magazines. "Cupid Conquers," a love story as the name would imply is indeed well written. "Some Fine Points, etc." shows splendid power of imagination on behalf of its author. "The Traveler's Path Lay Across the Mountain" is a good piece of description and is full of good, sound thought so clearly and vividly pictured that the reader is at once very forcibly impressed. "The Big Five" is a picture taken from an actual scene and the characters are all real and true to life. Whether such things really happened is left for the reader to decide, but we cannot help but imagine that the characters as are here pictured are done so in accordance with the various characteristics of these men. The departments in this number are all full and take in every phase of college life. The editorials are good and with such contributions a magazine can not help but tend towards higher and better things in college journalism.

One of the best among the many good exchanges to come to our table this month was the Criterion. It was a full issue with plenty of good, solid matter, not even lacking in any one particular. Excellent poems, plenty of fiction, and some good strong essays composed the literary department. Especially would we commend two productions, "The Influence of Literary Societies" and "The Value of a Journal Edited by the siterary Societies to a College." Both of these essays were excellent and would that all the young men and women of our colleges would grasp such a spirit. When such sentiment is aroused among our students, the day will not be far distant when our societies and magazines will have reached the highest point of excellence. Oh! that we might strive for such a standard. "Christmas in Westminster Abbey" is indeed a fine description of the

music on Christmas day in Westminster Abbey and makes the reader to feel as if he were present on such an occasion. This issue contains two pieces of fiction. "In the Shadows" and "Pansies for Thoughts," and are up to the standard. Both are short and not drawn out with the usual long descriptions of romantic scenes. It seems that the local editor contains an endless variety of jokes and we are thinking from month to month that some day such a supply will fall short but to our surprise they seem to be more numerous. Anyway we enjoy them but are led to believe that Columbia College must undoubtedly have an awful "green" set of freshmen but at the same time console ourselves when we look around us, and think how few of the many pranks played on our under classmen and the unlimited supply of jokes they get on themselves, ever find their way to the Journal.

The Winthrop College Journal fell far below its usual standard and we couldn't help but feel disappointed. The debate, "Resolved, That the Execution of Charles I was Justifiable," was discussed pron and con, both sides showing a clear understanding and careful study of the subject. "The Christmas Lily" is decidedly the best thing in the Journal. The editorials are strong and would that we all had more of such college spirit as they have made such an earnest plea for. We sincerely hope for a better Journal in their next issue.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges for December: The Red and White, The Roanoke Collogeian, Vanderbilt Observer, The Limestone Star, The St. Mary's Muse, The Newberry Stylus, Southwestern University Magazine, The Florida Pennant, The Clemson Chronicle, Isaqueena, The High School Student, The Mercurian, The Trinity Archive, Ouachita Ripples, The Georgian, The University of Tennessee Magazine, The

M. W. C. Criterion, The N. C. University Magazine, The Carolinian, The College of Charleston Magazine, and The Furman Echo.

CLIPPINGS

The world is old, yet likes to laugh—
New jokes are hard to find;
A whole new editorial staff
Couldn't tickle every mind.
So if you meet some ancient joke
Decked out in new disguise,
Don't frown and call the thing a fake,
Just laugh—don't be so dad-burn wise.

—Ex.

"Darkibus nightibus,
No lightorum;
Climbibus gatepost.
Breechibus torum."—Ex.

A pair on a sofa,
Enjoying great bliss.
Her small brother saw them,
Theylookedjustlikethis.
A pair in a hammock
Attempted to kiss,
The consequence was
They looked like this.

She said that I couldn't,
'Twas challenging, too,
For she meant that I shouldn't
When she said that I couldn't.

So tell me who wouldn't
To show what he could do
When she said that he couldn't?
I would, wouldn't you?—Ex.

Caesar sic dicat undi cur egressi lictum.

Freshman translation—Caesar sicked the cat on the cur. I guess he licked him.—Ex.

Why is a kiss like a rumor? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

What makes grass widows? Wild oats, of course.

"Ah!" exclaimed the irate father, "how is it I catch you kissing my daughter, sir? Answer me, sir, how is it?"

"Fine, sir! Fine, indeed!" replied the young man.

He—You have an Italian watch, haven't you?

She—No, why do you think so?

He—Because every time you look at it you see the "dago."—Ex.

U can spel eny old wa in the fewcher,
Ask our owned prezident.—Ex.

Realistic

An art school student recently painted a picture of a dog under a tree so life-like that it was impossible to distinguish the bark of the tree from that of the dog.—Ex.

Only a Trifle

"Professor," said a dignified senior, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know."

"Pray, don't mention such a trifle," was the reply.—Ex.

Miss Amelia May Hortense
Tried to scale a barbed-wire fence;
When she had finished with the climb,
She had had a ripping time.

Irate Teacher—Have you any ideas in your head?
Little Boy—No, sir. Mamma washed it yesterday.

Little Brother—"Do you know what I think?"
Sister—"No; what is it?"
"I think if I were not in the room Mr. Jones would kiss you."
"You impudent boy! Leave the room instantly!"

Smart Young Man—Aunty, can you tell me how to make a Maltese cross?
Old Lady—No.
Young Man—Why, pull it's tail!
Old Lady (sniffingly)—Well, I must say I see no connection between a Maltese cross and a pullet's tail!

His face was pale, his visage sad,
His look was hard and stony,
"Is grim death near?" said I to him.
"No, no; I've lost my 'pony.' "—Ex.

Old Maid (purchasing music)—Have you "Kissed Me In the Moonlight'?"
Clerk—No. It was the other clerk, I guess.—Ex.

"What is college spirit?"
She blushingly drew near—
"I know that students like it,
Now it is wine or beer?"

Exam. Yell

Skidoo, Skidoo!
Skidoo, Skidunk;
We're the bunch
That's going to flunk.

When you court a girl to wed her,
Never let the question stop;
First you have to pop the question,
Then you have to question pop.

"Oh! Tom," she said on greeting me,
In tones of great alarm,—
"They said that in the game today,
You'd broken your right arm.

I calmed her tender, groundless fears,
With vehemence and haste,
And just to prove the arm was sound,
Slipped it around her waist.

So, nestling close beside me, she
Smiled sweetly in my face;
"That's great," said she, "not broken,
Nor even out of place."—Ex.

"Evolution," quoth the monkey,
"Maketh all mankind one kin;
There's no chance at all about it,
Tails we lose and heads they win."

Proof of Ancient Origin of Base Ball

In Genesis we hear much of the beginning.
Eve stole first, Adam stole second.
Cain made a base hit.
Abraham made a sacrifice.

Noah put the dove out on a fly.
The prodigal son made a home run.
David struck out Goliath.
We hear much of the foul flies in Pharaoh's time.
We know Rebecca was in company with a pitcher.
Judas was a base man.
John's team was highly praised.
Even today, we hear of the Egyptians' short stop near the Red Sea.
Ruth and Naomi did good work in the field.
A slave fanned Pharaoh.

Little boy,
Box of paints;
Sucked the brush,
And joined the saints.—Ex.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

R. Arlington Brown, Editor.

Were it not for the required stock in a business that must be carried from season to season there would be some pleasure and gain derived from commercial transactions, but the pleasure hours are spent in formulating a winning dun and the would-be gain is stored away in commodities carried over. Were there less freaks and more good marketable men the possessions would be quite worthy of an honest pursuit and vocation, but the men who would do and are trying to do are crowded from their place by a hoard of fumblers who should be exiled. All along through life and human affairs we find a phase that contributes nothing to the producing organism or machine. Even so in a college, for there is the alumni that contributes apparently nothing. At first they blow their horn, turn on steam, and for a while they come up and assist in the turning of the wheel and out they go forever. It has become a question of some consideration whether it would not be an elegant idea to away with the alumni and give no degree. Theoretically the non-college advocators have a strong hold hard to overcome. They refer you to the immediate reward to be had from a college course and censure the faculty for allowing one man to bum and gain the same end that another honest hale and wholesome man gains from sincere work. In the harvest are two reapers, the one leans upon his cradle and the other cradles on; when the pay master "looks over" the work he credits the bummer man with some of the work of the busy fellow who was too hasty to see whether his coworker borrowed some of his oats (notes) and consequently they both are paid in the same rating. We surley would call the pay master a poor recompenser since he did not reward deservingly but according to the time spent. But let's

pass on to the practical and view the scenery there. It would not matter to a well meaning man whether he received pay and a certificate too for work done. So with a college man, the benefit from his work is his pay and why give him a certificate (diploma) to prove that he has received pay. If he be a man he will show the thing itself by investing it, and thus the colleges would be free from the odious bane of an equal reward to worthy and unworthy.

In the heart of every doer is the desire for compensation and it matters not whether he receives due return for his efforts and money just as he thinks he does. What is there in a meager sheepskin besmeared with choice Tullian phrases, and backed with a five D— bill to equal the time and money of a four years course; but he who thinks so will take it so, and the college boy toils on and endures the pain with perfect ease provided he is made to believe that at commencement he shall get a sheep—and have his name written in full upon the alumni registry.

The alumni with all of its impediments and the many good and bad comments is a noble institution. It signifies some effort and endeavor upon the part of its members. And when doubt and despondency lowers around about the way of one groping as though blind, it gleams in the distance and for the time being the weary and wayworn seeker sees another hope. Then too to know that another has traversed the same road and gained the summit encourages the young pursuer. All glory and honor to our alumni. For when she was small and young she never lost sight of the right and that she is now well grown and still true to her first ideal, that of loyalty, is all the more glorious. The forces in her are marching forward and upward. The standard floats higher and breathes freer than ever before, and the followers are whooping louder and prouder as the years glide by.

In earlier days the college and alumni were noted for the contribution they made to Methodism more than of late.

Not that the men who go from Wofford into the ministry now are poor ones or deficient, but speaking numerically there is a great shortage just here. Nevertheless the alumni has sustained no loss, for in the varied and many spheres of life she has planted her power and pronounced her aim, and even the ire of a distant savage foe now yields to the soft and gentle words of her mouthpiece. The atmosphere is laden with the peace and good will of the scattered graduates as they look back towards their alma mater. Hark! there comes a constant echo from the alumni band; listen fellows! it's calling us there, it sounds amid our daily tasks, has sounded through ages long past, and will forever sound, while the great world spins down the ringing grooves of change.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

B. N. Alsbrook, Editor.

At the regular society election, the following were elected:

Calhoun Society—W. A. McKelvey, Jr., President; H. B. Atkins, v.-president; J. W. Crum, first critic; Jim Layton, second critic; J. W. Scott, third critic; C. A. Easterling, treasurer; Tom Hamer, first censor; Dick Huey, second censor; Orin Herring, recording secretary; R. B. Stackhouse, corresponding secretary.

Carlisle Society—President, A. S. Nettles; v.-president, J. L. Nettles; first critic, G. R. McKewn, Jr.; second critic, B. N. Alsbrook; third critic, B. H. France; treasurer, H. M. Cox; first censor, J. L. Dukes; second censor, E. L. Horger; recording secretary, A. E. Tinsley; corresponding secretary, P. F. Griffith.

Preston Society—President, F. Bert Morgan; v.-president, R. A. Brown; first critic, W. B. Garrett; second critic, H. C. Sheridan; treasurer, F. W. Felkel; first censor, C. D. Smith; second censor, Marion Zemp; recording secretary, W. C. Curry, Jr.; corresponding secretary, D. R. Craig.

The Lyceum attractions for January will be:

Grand Concert Company, Wednesday, January 8.

Whitney Brothers Quartet, Friday, January 17.

Both come highly recommended, and are the best of their kind. Season tickets will admit to these attractions.

An attraction of unusual merit which Prof. Gamewell has secured through his untiring efforts is the Vanderbilt University Glee Club. This body of students have an international reputation, having last year made a tour of England. This year it will visit Memphis for two perform-

ances, and make a tour of Georgia and South Carolina during the spring holiday.

"The programme this year, while presenting the usual amount of college songs and refrains of the light, frivolous and rag-time order, is nevertheless stronger in numbers of musical worth than the conventional glee club programme. A musical critic hearing the club sing, on a recent tour, declared that the balance of voices and the perfection of ensemble in their chorus singing was that of a well-trained mannerchor of the German societies. This critic declared that he could not hear a discordant voice, but only the perfect balance of the whole. Such singing is unusual with college men, but Mr. Washburn is confident that this season he has a club the superior of any that has ever appeared here.

"The famous ode, now a classic with the students and alumni of the university, is always a number on the Glee Club programmes, and introduces Mr. Washburn as soloist in the part originally written for him."

The following was picked up on the campus the other day:

"Dear Pa: I'm coming home. I busted on Math., English, Greek and Latin, and I believe that is all I'm taking. I'm glad I am not taking more. Am awfully homesick. Please send me a check to buy a ticket. Your devoted son,

Joe.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing," especially about examination time.

Wanted

To know how many flunked on Christmas examinations.

To know if immigrants have to get neutralization papers.

Soph. Craig.

To know whether there is a prescription on Morgan monument. Soph. Hawkins.

A copy of Horace's Odes and Episodes. Soph. Smoak.

To know whether riding beats walking along the Classical Road.

Senior Dukes was heard to exclaim, "Gee! Mineralogy is a "rocky" study.

Latin may come and English may go, but Greek remains forever.

Examinations are over with their trials, tribulations, joys, and pleasures. Regular work has begun again—the same old routine.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

Wm. B. Garrett, Jr., Editor.

New Year Greetings

The year 1907 is only history today. We can only look back upon our work with regret. We have all made mistakes and as we reflect on what we have done for our fellow man we see where we could have improved. Where we could have done more than we had ever dreamed of doing. But that is of the past. We can only bid farewell to the old year and welcome the new year with a stronger determination than ever to be conquerors in the great battle of life. Our Y. M. C. A. has not prospered as we would like for it to have done during the past year, but now we have practically the entire year of 1908 before us in which to make what progress we desire. Another opportunity to do good is given us. How gloriously bright and fair has the year begun. We have all doubtless made several resolutions to do better and to apply ourselves to our surroundings with more zeal and earnestness in order to bring our lives us to the standard that we would have them. It is indeed an easy matter to make resolutions, but when we try to carry them out we often have some difficulty. Can we permit it to be said of us that we are not able to do what we have said we would do? That would not be manly. We can if we will. Every day that we live brings us nearer to the time when we will have to go out into the world and fight our own battles alone, with no advice from father nor any warnings from mother. The character we make while on Wofford campus will without doubt determine what our future character will be. The question now faces you. What do we wish our character to be? If we have the confidence and esteem of our fellow students. We will always be remembered by them as being gentlemen in the real sense of the word. What are our traits of character as we see ourselves today? Are there any changes that we would have made? We could not find a better time to be-

gin. We have just returned from home where the family ties were remembered. The farewell kiss of our faithful and watchful mother is still fresh. The thoughtful and valuable word of advice from our fathers are still new to us. The new year has just begun and we are strong men. So there is no reason why we should not make several profitable changes in our way of living. As we look into the future everything seems dim, but "a hand is stretched to us from out the dark, which grasping without question, we are lead where there is work that we must do for God." This world is too large for us to stand by silently watching others. 'Tis true we have many trials and tribulations, but "The trial still is the strength's complement." We must not become disheartened and neglect our duty. Let us strive ever upwards, keeping duty as our watchword. If we do our duty as we really see it, the time is bound to come when we will realize that it has been well for us to have lived, that our lives have not been lived in vain. In all phases of life we should communicate with the Great Ruler who gives every good and perfect gift, for "If the chosen soul could never be alone in deep mid silence, open-doored to God, no greatness had never been dreamed or done; among dull hearts a prophet never grew; the nurse of full-grown souls is solitude."

Now at the beginning of the year let us all unite in one great body, making it a special privilege to raise the moral standard on Wofford campus. Many students have as yet neglected to unite themselves with the Y. M. C. To you, then, we extend a hearty welcome. If there are some in association who are not living as you think they should, it is exactly your help that we need to show them where they are in error. We need every man on this campus to make our association an ideal assembly of Christian college men. Each one of you will help us more than you think. Come and join with us. Let us live so that when we have been weighed in the balance we will not be found wanting.

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SOPHOMORE NUMBER

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CONTENTS.

Literary Department—

If I Must 211

Work 211

National Forest Preservation 212

A Riddle 213

A Woman's Choice 214

The Death of the Violet 218

A Night Scene 219

The Sunset 219

Winter 219

South Carolina's Greatest Need 220

Dreams 223

The Night and the Morning 223

"Such Stuff as Dreams are Made Of" 224

The Road to Fame 224

An Old, Old Song 226

The Necessity of Preserving Our Game 227

Editorial Department 229

Exchange Department 235

Clippings 237

Alumni Department 240

Local Department 244

Y. M. C. A. Department 250

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PAGE

Anderson, C. W. & Co. . . . xii
Argyle, The viii

Bernhardt, Photographer . . ix
Biber, A. W., Jeweler . . . iii
Bishop, A. J & Co. iv
Bagwell, J. E., Grocer . . . viii
Band & White, Printers . . xvi
Bomar & Crigler . . . . . cover

Cudd, R. E. & Co. x
Chapman, The Grocer . . . x
Cannon & Fetzer Co. i
Central National Bank v
Correll, D. C., Jeweler . . . v
Crimm, Dr. I. E. xiii

DuPre Book Store i

Fairyland xi
Fashion, The ii
Fleming, C. E. iii
First National Bank xiv
Fidelity Loan & Trust Co. . xiv

Gas and Electric Co. iv
Greenewald, The Clothier . cover
Harris Furniture Co. x

Hygeia Ice Co. xi
Hopkins Shop xii
Heinitsh's Drug Store . . . xiii

Irwin's Drug Store xv

Johnson, H. J. ix

Keene, Alf. xiii

PAGE

Lester, L. T. x
Littlejohn, Worth iii
Ligon's Drug Store vi
Liles, Floyd L. viii
Lemmond, A. W. xiii

Miller, Bob xi
Maddux, W. E. v

Piedmont Laundry Co. . . . ix
Price's Clothing Store vi
Peterson, The Photographer . vii

Queen, J. R. x

Rowe & Rowe vii
Rigby's Drug Store x
Riebling Drug Co. v
Russum, J. M. xiii

Star Cafe ii
St. John, Dr. F. C. iii
Spartan Hardware Co. . . . vii
Spartanburg Bus. College...viii

Thompson & Dillard xiii
True's Department Store . . iii
The Battery Clothing Co. . . xv

University of Virginia . . . ix

Walker, John A. xi
Watauga Cafe vii
Wright-Scruggs Shoe Co. . xv
Wofford College . . . . . cover
Wofford Fitting School .. cover

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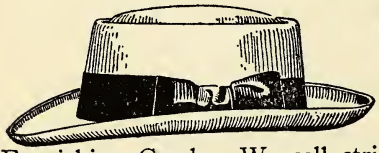

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT

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If I Must

Mr. Spencer has told me to write him a poem,—
  Though I am not not much of a poet;
Or else, if I am (which I do not believe),
  From my hair you never would know it.

But anyway I'll not quit till I try;
  And I'm going to write it or "bust;"
For I can if I will, and I will if I can,
  And I reckon I can if must.

W. H. D., '10.

Work

Work, work, work,
  The whole world seems to say,
Work, work, work,
  No time for rest or play.

I wonder very often
  If this is the right way,
But something always whispers,
  I'll tell you another day.

C. R. E., '10.

National Forest Preservation

Often during the rise and growth of a great nation there are developed conditions which affect the entire future industrial prosperity of that nation. Indeed, there are crises which, if safely passed, will insure its future prosperity; but if, unfortunately, not overcome will sink it into utter ruin. Such question affect not only the industrial life of a nation, but its social and political welfare as well.

A question of great industrial importance,—in truth a crisis,—now confronts the people of the United States; and perhaps many of us have already realized that the future prosperity and growth of our country depends to a great extent, upon how we meet this crisis. This problem is the all important one of forest preservation.

Already our industrial leaders, our great statesmen who have the welfare of the nation at heart, and our capitalists who look forward to the future prosperity of their business enterprises have realized how important it is to preserve our great national forests, and have taken steps to impress upon us the importance of this undertaking. As all of us ought to know, it is directly upon the forests that our great industry of lumbering, which ranks fourth among the industries of the United States, depends. Timber is necessary for carrying on the occupations of mining, manufacturing, commerce, cattle raising and numerous other industries. But the United States is exhausting its supply of lumber many times faster than it is produced; and if the present rate of cutting is continued, in a few years the supply will be completely exhausted. And when such a gift of nature is destroyed, it will be impossible for man to renew it.

But, to come nearer home, the relations of the forests to our waterpower and agriculture in the South is of vital importance. A steady stream of water,—that is, one always maintaining the same volume,—is essential to the development of our water power. And the only way to secure such a stream is to preserve the forests in the mountains

and in the hill districts. The trees break the force of falling water, cause it to sink gradually into the ground, and seep through the mountain side into a united stream which will flow as steadily in a drouth as in wet weather. Too, the trees on the mountain sides prevent great floods, such as were experienced in South Carolina a few years ago.

We must preserve at all costs these bottoms along the river banks, which are the garden spots of the Piedmont section. And if the forests are cut away, great floods of this kind will become a common occurrence in the spring time and every year will wash away the growing crops.

Such floods not only do damage to property and to the growing crops, but they injure our rivers and harbors as well. They deposit their loads of sand and gravel and rocks in the channels of the rivers, thus filling them and making navigation impossible. It is for this reason that the National Government is every year compelled to spend millions of dollars for the dredging of rivers and harbors. And it is time now for the National Government to take a hand in this important matter of forest preservation, and spend a few dollars for this purpose.

May the day not be far distant, when in the Southern Appalachian system a great forest preserve will be established, which will insure the prosperity of our Southland for all the years to come. Albert Dial, '10.

A Riddle

I have a little riddle
  I hope you'll try to guess;
You musn't get discouraged,
  But try your very best.

There are some little objects
  You sometimes get in class,
Which, if you get too many,
  You will be thought an ass.

They're given you as presents,
  Though not received as such;
And though you may deserve them,
  You fuss about them much.

In shape these things are oval;
  In value they are nought;
By you they are not wanted;
  By you they are not sought.

These things are given freely;
  They're plentiful as sand;
And the more you get of them,
  The more you'll have on hand.

I know you'll guess this riddle,
  If you'll but halfway try;
For you have plenty of these things—
  Though hardly more than I.

W. G. H., '10.

A Woman's Choice

I was sound asleep in a shabby hotel at a small country town when I was suddenly awakened by the cry of fire.

In an instant I was sitting up in bed listening. It came again: "Fire! Fire! Fire!"

If you have never heard that cry break through the still hours of the night in a small country town where there is no fire protection, you cannot realize how it startles the hearer.

Almost before I knew what I was doing I was out of bed and half dressed; and grabbing my coat and hat and fastening my shirt as I went, I rushed down stairs to the street.

As I reached the sidewalk several men ran by me going in the direction of a great glare over on the opposite side of town, though no flames could be seen at all from where I was.

I joined the crowd, of course, and after running down

several side streets, through a man's backyard, and climbing a board fence, came to the fire, which was in an old-fashioned three-storied country house.

There had been no rain for over a week, and the old house seemed as dry as a tinder box; and, to make matters worse, a strong wind was blowing from the north.

The fire had caught in the first story or basement, which was partly underground, and was now bursting out from nearly every window on that floor, and from several on the second. It took but a glance to see that the house was doomed.

A large crowd of men and women were gathered on one side and in front of the house. The men were running at random calling for water, though they seemed to be unconscious of the fact. And the women were huddled together over by the garden fence, wringing their hands and crying.

For some reason everybody seemed to be watching one of the upper windows on the north side, and at first I could not see what they were looking at. But as I drew nearer a sudden burst of flame lit up that whole side, and a picture I shall never forget flashed for an instant before my eyes.

There in the third story window stood a young girl! Her arms were stretched out in what seemed to be a vain appeal to the crowd below, and her long black hair, falling loosely over her neck and shoulders, made a striking contrast to her white face and gown.

With a shudder of horror I turned away, but could not keep my eyes away from that window. I seemed fascinated by the peculiar yet awful picture she made there in the flaming light of the fire.

In the crowd near me one young man seemed more agitated, if possible, than all the rest,—running about closer to the burning building than any of the others, and crying, "Jennie, my heart-strings! O, my darling heart-strings!" What he meant by "heart-strings," I did not know, nor have I since been able to determine.

It was just at this time that I noticed the front door of the house was open. A long flight of steps led up to this door, which opened into the main hall on the first floor. Just inside the door I could see a pair of stairs leading up to the second floor. This hallway seemed a furnace: long tongues of flame were leaping out from the open doors and windows and licking at the fast blackening facings.

Everybody was calling on some one else to do something to save the girl, but there seemed nothing possible to be done. It looked like certain and instant death to go up those steps, through that door, and on up the stairs to the second floor. And there were no back stairs. Even had there been a pair, they would have been useless, as the rear of the house was hotter than the front.

I saw man after man start up the steps for the door, only to come stumbling down again overcome by the intense heat. One man even reached the top, but fainted and rolled back.

Suddenly a man on the outer edge of the crowd yelled that Tom Jackson was coming. Who Tom Jackson was I did not know, but I turned in time to see a young man running towards us. Even at that exciting moment I could not help noticing his well-built body, and as he drew nearer, his manly, honest face.

Everybody tried to tell him about the girl at once, all pointing to her. He looked, saw her and stopped, his face turning ashen. I thought he would fall and started toward him, but in an instant he straightened up, grabbed a shawl from a woman standing near, and ran up in front of the window. The young man I had before noticed in front of the window, now ran to Jackson, and throwing his arms around his neck, began to whimper something about his darling "heart-strings."

Jackson threw him off impatiently, raised his hand for silence, and shouted to the girl in the window to hush crying and listen to him. The girl on seeing Jackon had re-

newed her cries for help, but now at his command hushed.

"Jennie," he called, in a quiet, commanding tone, "Jennie, go to your bed, and get a blanket, and wrap up in it, and wait for me. I'm coming for you now."

He waited a moment to see that the girl understood, and as she turned away, he threw the shawl around his head and darted around the corner towards the steps.

Up to this time the crowd had watched and listened in silence, but now several older men started forward as if they would hinder him from rushing into what seemed instant death.

He was too quick for them, however. He leaped past those in his way and dashed up the steps, through the door, and into the smoke and flames.

The crowd stood open mouthed and gazed at the flames into which he had disappeared. They seemed afraid to move, and I could hear prayers mumbled on all sides for that man and girl.

It could not have been over ten seconds, though to us waiting there it seemed an eternity, when we heard a terrible crash and almost immediately saw sparks and flames shoot from the windows on the two lower floors.

My first thought was voiced by a man in the crowd who exclaimed, "My God, the roof has fallen in!"

But in a second we could see it had not. We heard a shout above us, and, looking up, saw Jackson standing at the window. He put his hands to his mouth and shouted that the stairs and part of the hall floor had fallen in; and was answered by a groan of despair from the crowd.

"But," he continued, "I am going to let Jennie down by the bed clothes! Catch her!"

As he said this, he threw a blanket down. Instantly eight men grabbed it and held it open under the window. The heat was almost unbearable where they were, but they seemed to forget about it.

Jackson left the window, only to reappear in a moment

with the girl in his arms and a blanket wrapped about her. He steadied her against the window and we could see him tying a sheet around her. She seemed perfectly lifeless. Then after tying several pieces of bed clothes to the sheet he shouted to the men to get ready; and lifting her out of the window, began lowering her.

Suddenly there was another crash and Jackson fell almost out of sight, but seemed to catch hold of the window sill and raise himself up again. He still had hold of the clothes that held Jennie!

We could barely hear him shout, "The floor has fallen in; catch Jennie!"

Holding to the sill with one hand, he let the girl down as far as he could reach with the other; then swinging her out from the wall, let her drop.

A great shout of joy went up from the crowd as the girl fell safely into the blanket. But in a moment it was changed into a moan of sorrow. As Jackson let the girl drop, his hold on the window sill gave way and he fell backwards into that awful furnace; and a moment later the roof came crashing down on top of him!

* * * * * * * * * * *

The next morning I learned that Jackson and the "heart-strings" fellow had long been rivals for Jennie's hand. Every one had thought Jackson had the better chance until about a week before, when Jennie's engagement to the other man had been announced. H. C. R., '10.

The Death of the Violet

Faded were all the flowers of spring,
  And all the buds of summer gone;
Yet still there lived a bright blue thing,
  A violet in bloom—alone.

Its face was turned up to the sky,
  And seemingly it prayed a prayer;

Yet from its death it did not shrink or sigh,
But gave its fragrance to the air.

W. B. B., '10.

A Night Scene

Soft o'er the far dim mountains
I watch the summer moon appear—
Where the waters from the fountains
Fall sparkling through the air.

The lake, too, glimmers in the valley;
And a cottage dots its shore,
Where the fishing smacks yet dally,
As they did in days of yore.

W. B. B., '10.

The Sunset

The lurid rays of the evening sun
Proclaimed, as it went to sleep,
"One more summer's day has run
Into the infinite shadows of the deep."

S. B. Connor, '10.

Winter

Nature is clothed no longer
In her garments green and new;
Her brilliant golden flowers
Are hidden from our view.

There are no leaves to whisper,
Nor joyful birds to sing;
But children by our fireside
Make all the household ring.

E. B. R., '10.

South Carolina's Greatest Need

For the next forty days the legislature of South Carolina will be in session at Columbia enacting new laws and statutes which our legislators deem expedient for the progress and advancement of our people as a State, and repealing others which have proved inadequate for the evils they were intended to remedy. One of the most important of these bills will be the one on compulsory education.

During the past decade the public schools of this State have made rapid advancement—one might almost say wonderful progress—in the way of improving and erecting creditable school buildings, of establishing high schools and libraries, of increased efficiency on the part of the teachers, and of the marvelous growth in attendance. But after all, it is exceedingly regrettable that South Carolina is so far behind many of the other States of the union in education and in the general intelligent of her people. Why this lamentable condition? Why are so many of our people so ignorant and illiterate? Are we so intensely interested in commercial and industrial affairs that we put the almighty dollar as the standard of our attainment and care to strive for no greater success and accomplishment in this life? South Carolina for her size and population ranks high in cotton manufacture, in mercantile establishments, and in banking institutions; and if she has achieved such great things in the commercial and industrial world, why should not her citizens be as well educated as those of other States? The reason for this almost ignorance and illiteracy among our people is because they lack the proper common-school training.

In this day a man must have a fairly good education if he wishes to attain successs and not be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. So with South Carolina: if she wishes to be respected as much in the future as she has won glory for herself in the past, she must have her citizens educated on an equal with those of any other State in the Union. And

the best possible way for South Carolina to attain this degree of intelligence is for the legislature during its present session to pass the compulsory education bill, which will in all probability be introduced, whereby children between the ages of seven and twelve years shall be required to attend school for at least ten weeks in each session.

Many will ask what will be done with the negro, and will object that this law will apply to him as well as to the white child. To avoid this difficulty our method of proportioning taxes should be changed. On the tax register there should be two lists of taxpayers, one for the white man and the other for the negro. Then a law should be passed that the taxes which the whites pay shall go to the benefit of their schools, while the taxes which the negroes pay shall go to the benefit of the negro schools. Then let the negro schools run just as long as their tax, when it is proportioned out, will enable them to run.

Another objection which many will make to this bill is that South Carolina is already in debt, and if we have compulsory education, it will plunge her even more heavily into debt. It is true that the State is in debt, but this debt can never be paid by practicing economy in education, nor in any other way; it must be paid by a special tax levy, which is the only way that it will ever be paid. It is true that compulsory education will cost the State more money than it now spends; but what are a few thousand dollars compared with the manhood and womanhood that these few dollars would help inestimably to make if we only had compulsory education?

Something ought to be done, too, for the thousands of children in our factories who can neither read nor write. It is true in some cases, though rare, that their parents are not able to send them to school. But there are thousands of these children working from sun till sun while the father is walking about spending in sumptuous and riotous living what the little ones have earned by hard toil. And if we

had compulsory education, these conditions in a large measure would be very much changed for the better.

Again: in a republic like that of the United States and a commonwealth like that of South Carolina, a civilization can never be any higher than the representative intelligence of its citizens. In a monarchy the government is largely in the hands of the royal family, assisted by the nobles, dukes, and lords, who are highly educated and intelligent and capable of directing the affairs of that nation. In a monarchy nothing controlling its government or its destiny, except in rare instances, is carried on by a direct vote of the people. The people of such a government need not be so highly educated or intelligent; for the affairs of that State will go on just the same, it matters not how uneducated or unlearned the people may be.

But this is not the case in a republican form of government. The officials who administer the affairs of a republic are elected by a direct vote of the people; and if so many of the people are ignorant and illiterate, they are incapable of casting their votes for the best fitted and most competent men. Therefore, if these sort of people are permitted to vote, there is serious danger of the controlling faction of the government falling into the hands of incapable and fraudulent officials.

This question of compulsory education has been neglected long enough in our State. It is now time for our lawmakers to take some step toward improving and reforming our educational conditions. May the time soon come—and we hope after this legislature that South Carolina will have compulsory education—when there will not be a person in this State who can neither read nor write, nor one who is incapable of casting his vote for the best qualified and most able man. That South Carolina should have a compulsory education law whereby her citizens can be educated to an intelligent citizenship is her greatest present need.

J. K. Davis, '10.

Dreams

When the silver-white moonbeams
  Make of night brightest day,
And the trees seem all standing
  In their silent array;

When the breezes are whisp'ring
  Across perfumed vales,
And the waters are telling
  Their mysterious tales;

Then I leave all my studies,—
  My love-star then gleams,—
And I worship the idol
  Of all my fond dreams.

Hawkins, '10.

The Night and the Morning

Outside the snow was falling
  Silently upon the earth;
Inside the coals lay glowing
  Dim and red upon the hearth.

Outside a waif was standing
  Hungry and homeless and cold;
Inside a miser sat haggard,
  Selfishly counting his gold.

Outside the waif stole sobbing
  Into the rich man's shed;
Inside the miser crept slowly
  Into his big warm bed.

L'Envoi.

Next morning the miser lay grinning,—
  The doctor said he was dead;—
And the rich young waif ran whistling,
  Though homeless, cold, and unfed.

H. C. R., '10.

"Such Stuff as Dreams are Made of"

I was dreaming, of course; but all of us indulge in dreams. Some of us, however, take pleasanter places to dream over than others. I took the lower regions for mine.

I thought I was out riding. The country around me was leaden and dull, except that in what seemed the near distance a monster fire loomed up lurid against the thick overhanging clouds. And as it had always been a rule of mine never to miss a fire, I persuaded my nag through the gentle ministrations of a raw-hide whip to increase her pace to a slow trot and hurried on.

For some reason, which I did not take the trouble to discover, it took me two days to get to the fire. Fires are always seven-and-a-half times as far off as one imagines. And when I came very close to the Hadean element, I noticed a large crowd at it, and that a strong iron fence was planted around it.

Then as I reached the fire, a man, whose countenance I was not especially impressed with, came toward me and invited me in. He said he had just sent for another load of coal, and that my fire would soon be ready.

That kind of talk did not make me feel very comfortable, and as I noticed there was already a large enough crowd at the place and that my services would not be specially needed, I decided to leave. But lo and behold, when I got to the gate, I found it locked! I could not get over the fence either; and it was then that I first asked myself is this were hell. And I decided it was.

I did notseem to feel very much annoyance, however, and soon began looking about; and almost immediately recognized some old people from my part of the country, who had been dead for several years, walking around in the enclosures. Then I knew that I had reached at last the tropical climate which I had been told about in my better days in the other world.

I sat down now and tried to think, but could not think

about anything but what a fool I had been. At last I thought, however, that I ought not to complain; for the heat was very comfortable on such a cold night.

Then I decided to walk around and speak to some of my old friends; for I knew some of them must be there. And sure enough, I found many of them, just as I had expected, but—to my surprise—I saw the faces of several well known preachers as well.

After I had spoken to many of my old acquaintances and had been left a little off to myself, I began to notice the people more closely. And immediately my attention was attracted by a man sitting at a pile of coals, holding a piece of iron and raking through the coals as if he were looking for something. I decided I would go and help him find whatever he had lost. But when I got where the man was, I found it was John D. Rockefeller picking up the gold fillings, which had come out of the teeth of the people who had been burnt, and putting them into an oil can. He asked me if I had seen Teddy Roosevelt anywhere around there. But I had to tell him no. Then he said that Ben Tillman was looking for him.

Then I walked on around the fire, and met Booker T., who also asked me if I had seen Teddy there. But I had to answer no again.

Soon I saw a man with a pitchfork whom I immediately recognized as Ben Tillman, and when I got close enough to where he was, he asked me what I was doing there. I told him I had come down to see if he were going to be as successful in politics there as he had been in the United States. Then he, too, asked me if I had seen anything of Teddy, but after answering him no, too, I left and soon came to a place where Vice-President Fairbanks was sitting near a small fire on which a pot sat. He seemed even colder natured than he had been in the other world, and very often he would rouse himself from his half-stupor and push up the fire.

My curiosity was aroused to know what was in that pot; and when I saw the former vice-president crawling back into his blanket, I moved the lid, and saw a man in there. But just at this time Fairbanks jumped up, and yelled, "Don't you bother that lid: Teddy Roosevelt's in there; and if you let him out, he and Ben Tillman will tear up all hell in less than three minutes."

Just this time I awoke and heard the college bell ringing; but my feelings were not much changed. I wonder if there is any possible danger of our future punishment taking the form of an eternal college life? R. E. S., '10.

The Road to Fame

The mountain, boys, is rugged,
Which leads to heights of fame;
But climb on upward—won't you?—
And chisel out your name.

The way is long, I grant you,
With many a foe to face;
Each victory bears you onward,
But the goal is worth the race.

—George Means Heinitsch, '10.

An Old, Old Song

Listen to the old song I sing
About a day I spent last spring.
(You know what sort of day I mean—
When fresh and balmy is the breeze,
The leaves all budding on the trees,
And all the grass in brightest green.)

That day I was immensely glad;
For in my hand a hand I had,
And not a soul to intervene.
I held her close, that little miss—
And yet we did not know it was such bliss;
For, oh! we two were also green—Rednal, '10.

The Necessity of Preserving our Game

When the Carolinas were first colonized by the white settlers there was an enormous quantity of small game everywhere. At that time, and for a long time afterwards, a hunter could supply a whole village with game in abundance. The creeks, too, were full of fish; for the forests were still standing and were feeding the creeks with a continuous flow of water, thus preventing the droughts which are so destructive to all kinds of fish.

These forests have not only been great preservers of fish, but have furnished places of refuge for the small game when pursued. Here they can throw the pursuer off the trail and here they can live and hatch and rear their young in comparative safety. In this way they are not only able to escape the sportsman, but can multiply faster, since the eggs and the young are surer to be kept from their enemies.

Even at the beginning of the Civil War our forests were not badly mutilated. And up to that time there was a great quantity of game,—and for some years afterwards. For during the four years of war, the game had been hunted very little, and instead of decreasing, had even increased to almost double its former proportions. And even for several years after this the game was on the increase, since very few men had guns and powder, or money to buy them. But since the few years immediately following the war our small game has been rapidly decreasing; for the huntsman has been allowed to kill at any season of the year, although in disobedience to the few protective laws since made.

Within the past few years, however, laws have been made that will in part prevent the total annihilation of the game which has been fast becoming extinct in some sections of the country. Societies have been formed whose purpose of organization is to see that these laws are obeyed. The State now appoints game wardens whose business is to see that there is no illegal hunting, and that certain kinds of small game are not shipped from the State. It is this ship-

ping of game from the State that has been a great drain on the game in many counties where there is to be found now scarcely any game at all.

The ony way by which we can get the game to multiply, or even not to decrease in our State, is to have some place where the eggs can hatch and the young breed in safety. If all our forests are cut away and they are now being rapidly cut, the game will have no chance to multiply and will necessarily decrease very rapidly until it will finally become extinct.

If, on the other hand, we do not destroy all our forests, but make strict laws and see that they are enforced we can still have game in all the counties of the State. If we do not do this, it will not be many years before all the game will be within the bounds of privately owned preserves, as it is today in England. Even now whole townships, almost whole counties, are owned by men who have converted these lands into game preserves. This will keep the game to a certain extent, but it will not preserve it except for a few persons.

Undoubtedly our small game is doomed to almost utter extinction unless very rigid laws are made for its protection. And it is to be hoped that our legislators at the coming session will conceive of some means to preserve it for coming generations, and make laws accordingly.

G. K. C., '10.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

J. L. Dukes, Editor.

College Loyalty.

One of the greatest virtues on the part of anyone is loyalty to the cause which he represents. The true soldier is the admiration of every one. The figures in history which are the most contemptible are those who have deserted their causes in times of danger.

College loyalty is founded upon the same principle. The student who is doing the best work at college is usually the one who would be truest should any occasion to test his loyalty arise. The most loyal man is the one who during the school year gives himself to every worthy enterprise, and who uses all his powers to maintain harmony in every line—who has an ideal, and uses all his time an energy in its attainment.

Even during the summer vacation, the college man should remember that he is representing his institution, and his speech and conduct should not in any way cast reflection upon the training which he has received there.

After college days are over the graduate can still remain loyal to his alma mater. The most effectual way is by always standing for the right, and thus reflecting credit on his institution. A more material way to show this love is by contributing to the improvement of the college. As a lasting memorial of the regard which Wofford's alumni have for her is the beautiful Science Hall. Other alumni are making other handsome gifts.

Forming Ideals.

Despite the critics and wiseacres of the world, Kipling writes some very natural and even famous verse. When he says

"Little did she care for idols as I kissed her where she stood,"

he expressed perhaps unknowingly one of the greatest truths of human nature.

We all form ideals and worship them as we would an idol but how often do we see them crumble when the right kind of temptation kisses us. The foundation of ideals can be but ennobling when the ideals live and grow with the passing years. But what is the result when they crumble? Another lie is added to the tainted record and character has received another shock to check its advancement. Ideals are excellent, if they always withstand the tests of time. We should all form them but after we do, we should be doubly careful that they shall not become the victims of visionary dreams or impossible hopes. Form them within reason, keep them in reason and they will stand always. Such ideals will help the state of man and make his character stronger and better. Such ideals are the greatest helpers and the surest guarantees of success.

The cry comes from England that ideals over there are on the decline. "Refinement and ideals are out of fashion these days." So prates one of their writers who is referring especially to the dress of the "smart" set. But on this side of the water the cry has been taken up and applied to matters of religions, politics, State, etc.

In some ways we have changed, no doubt. We read less Latin and Greek than we used to. But we have found other things just as good, for the times has passed when a boy has to repeat "Demosthenese Concerning the Crown" before he is called educated. Our ideals, however, are still high.

There are thousand things which prove that we are still "ideal," if not more so. The president who sits at Washington is more of an idealist than any of his predecessors, and yet we love him. And it's all because of his idealism.

The cry of pure politics which is sweeping the country is but the voice of the ideals which we hold so sacred. It is our love for the ideal thing that gave Chauncey Depew such a long face.

It is the cry for the ideal which is rending the Czar's dominion in the east. Until that ideal of liberty, the highest for which man has ever striven, is attained, there will continue to be wars and rumors of wars in the land of the Czar.

If "refinement and ideals are out of fashion these days" it is only among the "smart" set of England and the "upper" classes of this country. The sooner the "smart" set and the "upper" classes are themselves "out of fashion," the sooner will the good old American ideal be realized.

King Edward's Achievements.

The most successful jollier in the world today is Edward VII, king of Great Britain and emperor of India. He is the champion peacemaker of our times. But for him there might even now be in progress a war involving the

great powers of Europe. Since his coronation he has gone around visiting the heads of the principal nations of Europe, and in three or four instances, at least, his visits have come at times when international affairs were in a strained condition and talk of possible war was heard. The personal influence of King Edward has had much to do with establishing more friendly relations with Spain, Italy, France, Austria, Germany and Russia for England. It was a very praiseworthy achievement on the part of the king to help to remove the friction between Germany and France at a time when war was threatened; to change the coolness of France toward England to cordiality, and the quarrelsome attitude of Germany, to at least the outward form of personal and diplomatic good will. England is a great deal farther from war with Germany than it would have been without the influence of King Edward, especially on account of the kaiser's very evident desire to get into a row with somebody, and his lack of respect for his Uncle Edward.

Edward became king following the reign of the beloved and wise Queen Victoria, whose life was a model for the womanhood of her vast domains. The succession was a very unwelcome one to many who thought of the new king only as the wild and dissipated prince of Wales. He was a sport of the dizziest and most daring sort. His delight in women, wine and race tracks was notorious throughout the world. It was hard to believe that he was capable of the dignity, sobriety and statesmanship to be desired in a great king.

He has contrived to enjoy himself since he ascended the throne, but without serious discredit to himself or his subjects, and his breadth, sagacity and rare diplomatic tact have been the marvel of all students of international affairs. He is fond of pomp and pageantry, but is, nevertheless, a man of the people, possessed of never-failing good humor, which has successfully broken down most of the prejudice against him resulting from his high-roller days, extending

beyond middle life. Even the English-hating Irishmen throw up their hats and cheer wildly for the king and queen whenever they appear upon the Emerald Isle.

The king's eldest son, the prince of Wales, appears to be built of softer stuff than his distinguished father, and even in his amusements shows far less energy and resourcefulness. He may make a great king when his time comes, but we doubt it. The prince will take the title of King George V when he succeeds to the throne.

Beauties of Country Life.

City people are wont to think country life is void of pleasures. The restful quietness, the pure air, the beautiful scenery of valleys and mountains bring a sense of love and watchful care of our heavenly Father over us that it is hard to describe. Everchanging colors and shadows on hills and valleys, never twice alike, give more beautiful pictures than man can imagine. Wonderful effects during and after storms are magnificent. The never-failing sunshine follows storms, encouraging countless varieties of plants to give sweet perfumes from beautiful flowers of many colors. The setting sun gives glorious scenes of extravagant colorings impossible for mortal man to paint, and which thrills the heart with indescribable emotions. Night rapidly darkens the earth, but at the same time lightens it will stars that seem to shine brighter than they do over cities, in majestic clearness, or giving constantly changing fantastic shadow pictures on clouds and earth. With all these things daily provided free, who shall say country life is dull.

Sad End at Jamestown.

The Jamestown exposition ended its sad career the last day of November. It leaves an estate overwhelmed with debts, which will cause embarassment for several months to come. The exposition company has been placed in the

hands of receivers. Of the government's $10,000,000 loan only $100,000 was paid. The exposition included many features of interest. A noteworthy naval demonstration was held in which many foreign countries participated. The exhibition included much of interest pertaining to colonial times, and illustrated the progress of the country down to the present time. As a world's fair it was not successful. Although the show opened the last of April the buildings were not finished until September. The world's fair business has been greatly overdone, and it will be a number of years before the people of the United States will lend enthusiastic support to another in this country.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

L. K. Jennings, Editor.
J. C. Hardin, Assistant Editor.

In reviewing the numerous exchanges for January, we unexpectedly came upon one which, heretofore, has been a stranger to our table. We heartily welcome this new visitor and read it with much interest and pleasure. The anticipations which its splendid, though modest, appearance aroused in us were more than realized after a careful perusal of its contents. This new exchange, The Andrew College Journal, contains some excellent reading matter and its well balanced departments and general neatness impressed us very faborably. Its opening poem, "Bare Branches," although only a selection, is very suggestive, and appropriately chosen. While reading the article entitled, "A Young Woman's Relation to Society," we at once became conscious of the ability and skill of its author. She had evidently given her subject much thought and had weighed it carefully before attempting its composition. The style is both clear and attractive, and the purpose and meaning of the author are at once comprehensible to the reader. Truly does the author say, in beginning, that "the most beautiful work of our Creator is the symmetrical character of a true young woman." The subject is handled in a masterly manner and such an article will not only call forth the praise of critics, but will reflect much credit upon its author and her institution. The poem, "To Robert E. Lee," is a loving tribute to the memory of our greatest general, and is written in a style and spirit of sincerity which well becomes the character of such a hero. The story, "The Big Four," relates the outcome of a college girl's frolic and the events which led up to such a disastrous result. The plot is unique and is interestingly worked out, but the style of

expression is devoid of any special literary value. The "Love Letter of a College Girl—No. II," is written in a very natural and interesting manner, and shows great familiarity, and perhaps practical experience on the part of the author, with this special kind of literature. The author is most assuredly an accomplished letter-writer. "Bobby's Strategem" is a worthy piece of fiction with an ingenious and well defined plot which is accompanied by a pleasing and attractive style. The editorials are strong, and the other departments are well arranged. Taken as a whole, the magazine is good.

The Hampden-Sidney Magazine, in appearance and general neatness, compares very favorably with any of our exchanges, but in the January issue it is sadly lacking in contents. The exchange department is well conducted and, in this edition, is by far the best part of the magazine. The opening poem, "The Soldier Boy's Farewell," shows thought, is beautiful in conception, and is well expressed with an excellent rhythm. The poem is not only a beautiful and touching farewell full of patriotic sentiment, but is also a tribute to the tenderness of a mother's love, as well as an expression and glorification of faith in a just and all-powerful God. An excellent address is inserted in the columns of the literary department, but its place should have been taken by an interesting essay from a student's pen, something which is lacking in the magazine this motnh. Several articles of local interest, concerning the founding of the college and the renown and success of the founders take up considerable space. "Mary's Hands," the only story in the issue, is remarkable for its simplicity. The author attempts to state clearly and in concise form the heroism of a young girl and the result of her noble efforts to help others. The editorials are worthy of mention.

The Erskinnian has some very interesting and readable matter, and on the whole presents a good appearance. "Our

Heritage as Southerners" is an excellent article and shows careful study and preparation on behalf of the author. The oration, "Peace versus Imperialism," deserves mention. The chief fault to find with the magazine is that it is too unbalanced. It needs more stories and poetry, and would be improved materially by a better arrangement of the various departments. The exchange department is well attended.

CLIPPINGS

He Found It

A well known Indiana man,
  One dark night last week,
Went to the cellar with a match
  In search of a gas leak.
    (He found it.)

John Welch by curiosity
  (Dispatches state) was goaded;
He squinted in his old shotgun
  To see if it was loaded.
    (It was.)

A man in Macon stopped to watch
  A patent cigar clipper;
He wondered if his finger was
  Not quicker than the nipper.
    (It wasn't.)

A Maine man read that human eyes
  Of hypnotism were full;
He went to see if it would work
  Upon an angry bull.
    (It wouldn't.)

—Selected.

A Large Edition

"May I print a kiss on your lips?" I asked;
She nodded her sweet permission;
So we went to press, and I rather guess
We printed a large edition.

—Selected.

A little boy watched a bee crawling on his hand till it stopped and stung him, when he said: "I did not mind it walking about, but when it sat down, it hurt awful, so it did."—Ex.

A Toast

Here's to the girl in the Gainsborough hat!
White shirt waist and black cravat,
Openwork stockings and a big parasol,
And here's to the elf who pays for it all!

—Ex.

An Episode

A man, a miss,
A stolen kiss,
A faint, half-hearted shriek;
A blush, a sigh,
And then—oh, my,
A dozen on each cheek.

—Ex.

Sure to Have Them

Miffkins—It is said that aggressive, impulsive people usually have black eyes.

Biffkins—That's right. If they haven't got them at first they get them later.—Chicago News.

Enthusiasm

Instructor in Public Speaking—What's the matter with

you, Mr. Brown? Can't you speak any louder? Be more enthusiastic. Open your mouth and throw yourself into it!—Selected.

A Delicate Hint

Two very cadaverous-looking tramps looked in at the window of a railway station where a telegraph operator sat at his key. "Say, pardner," one of them said in a very husky voice, "report a couple o' empties goin' east."—Selected.

Though they had never met b-4,
What cause had she 2-care?
She loved him 10-derly, because
He was a 1,000,000-aire.

—Ex.

He—You are the breath of my life.
She—Why don't you hold your breath awhile?—Ex.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

R. Arlington Brown, Editor.

It was late in the fall of the year 1854 that the donation of Rev. Benjamin Wofford was made a reality. For amid the stillness and tranquility of the little hamlet then here the college bell pealed forth a new message to the inhabitants, and quite a different world began to open up among the clay hills of the Spartanburg Court House District. But it was not until commencement one year later that the existence of the founded institution made a firm and sure impression upon the students, professors, and South Carolinians in general. Then it was that Mr. Samuel Dibble, a resident of Charleston, S. C., made the year 1856 memorable by receiving the first diploma. The occasion was crowned with solemnity and seriousness as Mr. Dibble stood alone, knowing that he must leave a lasting contribution to his college and his mates. Today he can look back upon his alma mater with pride and the assurance that his unsullied record while here has lasted through fifty years of change and progress. Mr. Dibble is now a resident of Orangeburg and a very prosperous business man. He owns an immense amount of land, a railroad, and other property in the county. He is father-in-law of Mr. B. Hart Moss, who is a member of the board of trustees of Wofford College. Orangeburg county has always contributed largely to Wofford and is today well represented.

In the year 1857 there were graduated six men, all of whom have gone before to answer their last command, with the exception of Capt. Charles Petty. He has lived in Spartanburg all of his life, and is now editor of The Carolina Spartan. Capt. Petty has led a very quiet life, made a fine record in college, and won first honor in his class.

From year to year the alumni grew, and in 1860 sixteen men were presented with diplomas. The condition of the

times began to show itself upon the college. Long before this time the storm cloud of war had been seen gathering, and in 1862 there was not a man to graduate out of thirty-three who matriculated. 1863 was as bad. Down came the Northern forces, but two out of eighteen succeeded in winning a diploma in 1864. In 1865 came the blast, and by commencement time a single man had not matriculated. The next year things began to clear up; eighteen matriculated, but there did not any finish until the following year (1867), when two were given diplomas. There were five years of hard times at college, during which time only two men graduated, and they both in 1865—Messrs. E. G. Gage and C. Thomas—who were members of the Conference and died before 1883. By 1876 the college had gotten in fairly good condition again, and twenty-one men, such as Messrs. W. E. Burnett, W. L. Glaze, Geo. E. Prince, and Prof. J. G. Clinkscales, took their diploma and went forth to do honor for themselves and their college.

The College Journal was founded in February, 1889. Among the alumni editors were:

A. M. Muckenfus, class '89, who was first editor.

Rev. D. M. McLeod, class '90, who is a member of the South Carolina Conference, and is on Chester station.

Rev. A. J. Cauthen, Jr., class '91.

N. D. Lesesne, class '92, was elected principal of the high school in Kingstree, and is now in business in Manning.

H. W. Ackerman, class '93, and was made principal of Latta Graded School only a few years ago.

Rev. E. S. Jones, class '94.

Andrew M. Law, class '96, whose father is a graduate of Wofford. Mr. Law is in the real estate business here and is doing well.

Among the other editors were N. M. Salley, of Greenwood; E. C. Dye, who is in the mercantile business in Charleston, and E. F. McWhirter, who is also in the mercantile business at Jonesville, S. C.

Dr. W. D. Hutto, class '80, completed his course in medicine, married early, and settled at Williamston, where he practiced for two years. Was mayor; but in addition became a drummer, which pursuit he has followed for twenty-eight years. He moved to Spartanburg in 1906, where his children could have good schooling. He has only eight children—six robust boys and two handsome daughters.

The Journal is intended largely as a means of communication between the students and the alumni. The Alumni Department of The Journal is dependent on the alumni for its interest. This small portion of The Journal is possibly of more general interest than any other part. Now, in order to make this part of The Journal interesting and instructive, I insist that the alumni and undergraduates send in some notes of those in their community. If one man only sends notice of two men and their pursuits, but the time a hundred contribute, the information gained in this way would be sufficient to pay your Journal subscription. The Alumni Department is always open to an alumnus and any undergraduate desiring to communicate through this department, don't fail to send some notes, for the students and faculty are always glad to get any news of an old "Wofford boy."

The first alumnus of Wofford to come to Spartanburg as pastor was Rev. W. R. Richardson, class '77, time '91. The last Wofford man to come back as pastor is Rev. R. S. Truesdale, who is here now, class '97. The students and faculty are glad to welcome him among us, and hope that he will feel as free here now as when he was here before.

H. E. Ravenel, in writing for the alumni of The Journal in 1889, says: "The college is young still. Scarcely more than a human generation has passed since her foundation stone was laid. Most of her men are young; they have but begun life; they have not time as yet to show what they

will be and will do." Sure this is true, for the first alumnus still lives, but already the power of Wofford men has been felt, not only at home but abroad, for some of them have been long since connected with foreign affairs and institutions.

Rev. W. A. Rogers, class '72, was as great an admirer of Wofford as ever darkened her doors, and in an article on "The Men Who Are in Demand" he says: "Wofford College, however, furnishes for you the opportunity of a high order of mental training. More; that training points to God."

Rev. S. A. Nettles, class '82, was editor of the Manning Times. He joined the Conference in 1893, and went for his first work to Newberry Mission. He was principal of the Manning Academy for several years prior to his joining the Conference. He served two terms as county chairman of Clarendon county, and also represented that county in the Legislature. Rev. Mr. Nettles has been an active man, and is at present editor of the Southern Christian Advocate.

To think of the class of 1907 is to think of Rev. Mr. Powell, who is on Campobello Circuit. He was the first one of his large and handsome class to lead fair love to the altar. It was upon the ragged peaks of Western North Carolina that the romantic scene was beheld. For just as the sun was sinking low and casting its soft evening rays upon the topmost peak, when Cupid might feast most and woo strongest, was it that the cords of two hearts were made one and South Carolina won another Tar Heel for Wofford's band.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

B. N. Alsbrook, Editor.

A joint meeting of the three societies was held in the college chapel on the night of January 25th for the purpose of selecting two speakers to represent Wofford in the Wofford-Emory debate, which comes off some time this spring. The query was, "Resolved, That President Roosevelt should be nominated for a third term." The speakers on the affirmative were Messrs. Alsbrook, Mason, and McKelvey; on the negative were Messrs. Eastering, Hicks, and Glenn. The subject was a live one, and both the strong and weak points of Mr. Roosevelt's character were very clearly and forcibly shown by the debaters. A. S. Nettles, president of the Carlisle Society, was the presiding officer. Profs. Wallace, Cooke, and Rembert, the judges, decided in favor of B. N. Alsbrook and C. A. Easterling to represent Wofford in the debate.—Spartanburg Journal.

The next lyceum attraction will be a recital of Stephen Phillips' romantic drama, "Ulysses," on Monday, the 24th of February, by Prof. Clark, of the University of Chicago. Lyceum tickets admit to this number.

"The reading of Stephen Phillips' dramatic arrangement of 'Ulysees' by Professor Clark, of the University of Chicago, was generally agreed to be one of the distinct literary treats of the convention. For fully an hour and a half the large audience sat silent, gazing absorbedly on Professor Clark and listening to his resonant voice as he declaimed the passages describing the familiar adventures of the Greek hero. He showed himself possessed of marvelous dramatic power, and doubtless succeeded in impressing on his hearers phases of the old story which they never before thought of. The dramatization opens in Ulysses' palace, where Telemachus, his son, is quarreling with the drunken guests who

take advantage of his father's continued absence to live easy on his possessions. Professor Clark then turned to the scene of Ulysses on the island of Ogygia and pictured masterfully the emotion of the hero on experiencing a longing for his home and wife after being under the influence of the nymph Calypso for many years. His farewell to the nymphs, his later descent to Hades and outbursts of emotion as he underwent the trials prescribed by the gods, his return to his home, disguised, revealing himself at the proper moment, were scenes pictured vividly and with fine artistic perception of the various characters presented."

The Lyceum Grand Concert company gave a musical entertainment in the Wofford College auditorium on January 8th under the auspices of the Wofford College Lyceum before an audience of about five hundred music-lovers of the city and a large number of students. This company came highly recommended and sustained its reputation. The rendering of a number of difficult selections by Madame Alice Myron was distinctly the feature of the program. She is gifted with an excellent contralto voice which delighted the audience, as was shown by the repeated encores she received after each selection. The other members of the company came in for their share of the applause.

The following program was rendered:

PART I.

1. There Let Me Rest . . . . . Greene
   Lyceum Grand Concert Co.
2. Erl King . . . . . Schubert
   Madame Alice Myron.
3. Variations Symphoniques . . . . . Boellman
   Mr. Karl Smith.
4. The Sword of Ferrara . . . . . Bullard
   Mr. Arthur Braunberger.
5. A la bien-amee . . . . . Schutt
   Miss Ada Wallace.

PART II.

6. a. Thou . . . . . Wood
   b. Unto Thy Heart . . . . . Allitsen
   Madame Alice Myron.
7. a. Rondo . . . . . Boccherini
   b. Le Cygne . . . . . Saint Saens
   c. Spaniche Tanze . . . . . Popper
   Mr. Karl Smith.
8. a. Since We Parted . . . . . Allitsen
   b. Rolling Down to Rio . . . . . German
   c. Song of Thanksgiving . . . . . Allitsen
   Mr. Arthur Braunberger.
9. Repeat Once More . . . . . Badia
   Lyceum Grand Concert Co.

Edward Baxter Perry, the blind pianist and lecturer, will give an entertainment at Wofford College February 6 under the auspices of the Wofford College Glee Club. Mr. Perry is a lecturer and pianist of note, and wherever he has appeared he has attracted large and appreciative audiences. The proceeds from the lecture will be used in making a payment on a piano recently purchased by the glee club.

The following from the pen of Dr. Henry N. Snyder, of Wofford College, published in the Southern Christian Advocate relative to Wofford College in the educational affairs of the State will be read with interest by the friends of Wofford College in Spartanburg and throughout the State:

The latest report of Hon. O. B. Martin, State Superintendent of Education, is an interesting document, and an encouraging one as a record of general educational improvement throughout the State. In looking through it one is particularly struck with certain facts which show the place and influence of Wofford College in the educational affairs of South Carolina. For example, of the seven appointed members of the State Board of Education, three are graduates of Wofford: W. J. Montgomery, '75; A. G. Rembert, '84; and D. W. Daniel, '92. Wofford has one county superintendent, J. R. Williams, '01, and with reference to him, it is worth noting that his county, Marion, had

in 1907 more school libraries established and improved than any other county in the State. Of the forty-one county boards of education eleven have Wofford College representatives in them. Of the 112 town and city superintendents given in the report as many as 24 are graduates of Wofford, and this does not include a number of others not mentioned in the report. The School Improvement Association offered in 1907 a prize of $100 to the five county schools showing the most improvement during the year in the matter of material equipment, and $50 to the ten schools coming next. In the first five there is a school taught by a Wofford graduate, O. M. Chapman, '04, and in the second list another taught by O. M. Mitchell, '05.

It is thus seen that Wofford College is intimately connected with the public educational system of the State and that it is at least furnishing its share of leaders in shaping the new movement of progress now going on. But the State Superintendent's report not only shows what Wofford is doing in this respect but also reveals some interesting facts with reference to the attendance at Wofford as compared with that at other institutions of higher education. In 1907 there were 477 students on the Wofford campus—290 in college and 187 in the Fitting School; at Furman 197—139 in college and 67 in the Fitting School; at Newberry 191—127 in the college and 64 in the sub-collegiate department; at the South Carolina University 269, including special students and post-graduates; at Clemson 673—college 518, sub-collegiate 145, and specials 10.

These figures represent a striking situation with reference to comparative attendance. First, Clemson College, with all its scholarships, with the reduction in the cost to the individual student, with its strong appeal to the practical temper of the times, has less than 200 more students than Wofford. Secondly, the South Carolina University, with its various departments, its numerous scholarships, its virtually free tuition, fails to reach the enrollment in the college department at Wofford by 21, and if we include the Fitting School, it is more than 200 behind the Wofford enrollment. Finally, Furman University, with a Baptist constituency outnumbering the Wofford Methodist constituency by perhaps 20,000, has on its campus 270 less students than there are on the Wofford campus.

Now these figures are not given for the purpose of instituting any invidious comparisons between Wofford College and its sister institutions, but simply to call attention to its position and possible influence in the educational system of South Carolina. It is a matter of just pride to all who care for Wofford to realize from the report of the State Superintendent just how commanding a position it occupies and how necessarily far-reaching its influence must be.

The first half of the session of 1907-08 is at an end and it has been characterized generally by good work, good conduct, and good health. The enrollment to date is 469—294 in the college and 175 in the Ftting School. There are 47 men in the senior class—the largest class by 13 that has ever applied for graduation.

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82 per cent. of the student body of Wofford College are members of the Church, and the parents of 20 per cent. of the students belong to or affiliate with other Churches than the Methodist. 65 per cent. are sons of farmers. Other pursuits are represented as follows: 38 are sons of those engaged in some form of merchandizing; there are 23 sons of preachers, 9 of doctors, 6 of lawyers, 4 of drummers, manufacturers, insurance agents, liverymen, carpenters, teachers, and sheriffs are represented by 3 each; dentists, bookkeepers, mail-carriers by 2 each. Other vocations represented are—bank president, bank cashier, real estate agent, contractor, undertaker, cotton broker, lumber dealer, private secretary, postmaster, electrician and policeman. It will thus be seen that with the great farmer class as a basis Wofford draws its patronage from all the walks of life.

The programme of the commencement exercises for the present year is as follows:

Friday evening, June 12, at 8:30, gymnasium exhibition.

Saturday evening, June 13, at 8:30, in the college chapel, the annual junior debate.

Sunday morning, June 14, at eleven o'clock, in the college chapel, the annual commencement sermon by the Rev. E. B. Chappell, D. D.

Sunday evening, June 14, at 8:30, in Central Methodist Church, the baccalaureate address by the president of the college.

Monday morning, June 15, at 10:30, the annual address by Dr. Walter H. Page, of New York. Speeches by five members of the Senior class. and the delivery of diplomas.

Monday evening, June 15, at 8:30, in the college chapel, the delivery of the alumni oration by Dr. W. P. Few, '89, Dean of Trinity College.

At 10 o'clock in the same evening will be held the annual banquet of the Alumni Society.

It will be noted that one important change has been made and that is by having the graduating exercises on the same day with the commencement address. The exercises are thus reduced by one entire day.

The college authorities congratulate themselves on the attractive quality of the programme presented for this year. Dr. Chappell, who delivers the sermon, is the editor of the Sunday school literature of the church. has served many of the largest appointments in the Southern Methodism and is noted as a man of the broadest scholarship and a preacher of exceptional intellectual power.

Dr. Walter H. Page is a Southerner by ancestry and education, has edited such magazines as The Forum and The Atlantic Monthly, and at present is editor of The World's Work, of New York, the leading commercial journal of this country. Dr. Page is a writer and speaker to whom the whole nation listens when he expresses himself upon any industrial, literary, or educational subject. He is particularly instructed in the development of the South, and his coming to Wofford may be considered a significant event.

Dr. W. P. Few, of Trinity College, is among the first scholars that own Wofford as their alma mater. After graduation he spent four years at Harvard University taking the degree of Ph. D. As professor of English and Dean of the academic department of Trinity College he ranks high among the educational leaders of the South. His alma mater is proud of him, and is glad to welcome him back as the alumni orator.

The five speakers from the graduating class will be chosen by a competitive contest, open to all the class, before the entire faculty. By this method the best speakers will be selected.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

Wm. B. Garrett, Jr., Editor.

The Duty of a Christian

About four hundred years ago, when this beautiful land of ours was a howling wilderness, our forefathers planted their lives here where they could enjoy religious freedom. Theirs was a noble cause and one that meant much to them. They fought for it and at last were victorious. The population of our land has increased immensely and with it has spread Christianity. In all parts of the United States we have religious freedom, and today our country stands out as a guiding star to all heathen nations. With a noble purpose in view, our ancestors have succeeded in carrying Christianity to every part of our land and it is now reigning supreme.

We are doing more to Christianize the world, to spread the glad tidings of Jesus and His love, than any other nation in existence. But as a Christian nation are we exerting for the most honorable, most noble, of all causes? Our nation is composed of individuals and all power lies in the individual, not in the masses.

When anyone accepts Christ as his Saviour and determines in the depths of his heart to live for Jesus, then his work has only begun. The great field of opportunity has just been opened. A friend or a loved one is just waiting to be spoken to concerning his life, and it is our profound, yea, sacred duty to speak to that friend and help him on the right road. It is our duty to help everybody, strangers as well as acquaintances. Our land is looked upon as a Christian land, but look around us—we see evil on every side. Our young men hear the Word of God preached to them and ere the sun goes down they have wandered astray. Surely they don't take time to think—to think of the love our own Jesus bore for us and then for us to be so utterly unworthy and unappreciative. It is a shame and a disgrace

on us. Somebody's duty is not being performed. We have too many unchaste young men and too many frivolous young women. The younger generations are getting farther and farther away from the standard of Christianity.

Only a few decades back, our grandmothers prepared enough food on Saturday to last throught the entire Sabbath day and under no circumstances would they break that custom. Today our biggest feasts are on the Sabbath day. We have forgotten to "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Instead of paying our Saviour the unpayable debt, we owe Him by doing His will and spreading the gospel to every creature, we devote our time to some worthless frivolity. How easy, yet in a sense hard, it is to do some kind act or speak some kind word that will help our fellowman to live a better life. Even if it is hard to speak to a friend of his soul salvation, we owe it to Jesus to do it and if we do not, we fail to do our duty as Christians. Let us rally and work for the Master. We have no time to waste, for each day God requires the souls of many people and certainly all of them are not ready. Today is the accepted time, so let us not put off till tomorrow what we can do for Jesus today. We young men on Wofford campus have a great influence on those with whom we come in contact. Let us think seriously before we lead a fellow-student astray—then do what we think is our duty.

The morning of our lives has dawned; youth is fast passing. We cannot, we must not let the eventide of our lives come without having done something for Jesus. Our youth is the best part of our lives and the best part we owe to Him who gave His life to atone for our sins. To Jesus we owe the very best of our lives. May the day soon come when we will do our duty as we see it, when each nation will proclaim Jesus as the Saviour of men, when the people will know the sweetness and pleasures of living a Christian life, when Jesus will be the Saviour of the world. Then the Arch-angel can proclaim throughout the world, "Glory

to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."

Ere this issue of the Journal goes to press the revival services will begin on the campus. We expect to hold the services in Dr. Carlisle's recitation room. The object of these meetings is to increase the religious element on the campus and to bring the boys in closer contact with Jesus Christ. We feel sure that with the aid of Rev. R. S. Truesdale, pastor of Central Methodist Church, in this city, to aid us in this work that great good and lasting results will be obtained.

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CONTENTS

Literary Department—

Spring 253

Alone 254

To Wordsworth 257

Messenger Thirteen's Last Request 258

"Change and Sleep" 261

His Substitute 261

To ———— 294

The Reward of Rashness 295

Musing 298

Editorial Department 299

Exchange Department 305

Clippings 309

Alumni Department 312

Local Departmen 319

Comiques on the Campus 321

Y. M. C. A. Department 323

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PAGE

Anderson, C. W. & Co. . . . xii
Argyle, The viii

Bernhardt, Photographer . . ix
Biber, A. W., Jeweler . . . iii
Bishop, A. J & Co. iv
Bagwell, J. E., Grocer . . . viii
Band & White, Printers . . xvi
Bomar & Crigler . . . . . cover

Cudd, R. E. & Co. x
Chapman, The Grocer . . . x
Cannon & Fetzer Co. i
Central National Bank v
Correll, D. C., Jeweler . . . v
Crimm, Dr. I. E. xiii

DuPre Book Store i

Fairyland xi
Fashion, The ii
Fleming, C. E. iii
First National Bank xiv
Fidelity Loan & Trust Co. . xiv

Gas and Electric Co. iv
Greenewald, The Clothier . cover
Harris Furniture Co. x

Hygeia Ice Co. xi
Hopkins Shop xii
Heinitsh's Drug Store . . . xiii

Irwin's Drug Store xv

Johnson, H. J. ix

Keene, Alf. xiii

PAGE

Lester, L. T. x
Littlejohn, Worth iii
Ligon's Drug Store vi
Liles, Floyd L. viii
Lemmond, A. W. xiii

Miller, Bob xi
Maddux, W. E. v

Piedmont Laundry Co. . . . ix
Price's Clothing Store vi
Peterson, The Photographer . vii

Queen, J. R. x

Rowe & Rowe vii
Rigby's Drug Store x
Riebling Drug Co. v
Russum, J. M. xiii

Star Cafe ii
St. John, Dr. F. C. iii
Spartan Hardware Co. . . . vii
Spartanburg Bus. College...viii

Thompson & Dillard xiii
True's Department Store . . iii
The Battery Clothing Co. . . xv

University of Virginia . . . ix

Walker, John A. xi
Watauga Cafe vii
Wright-Scruggs Shoe Co. . xv
Wofford College . . . . . cover
Wofford Fitting School .. cover

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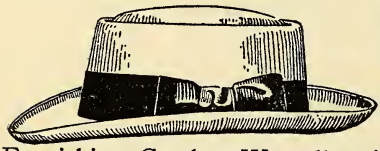

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT

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Spring

In the joyful, gladsome springtime, when the glittering flowers bloom,
And the eager, anxious plantlets reach for sunlight from their gloom;
When the brilliant rays of sunshine soothe the melancholy earth,
Bringing life and joy and pleasure, and to flowers giving birth;
When the jessamine is twining through the brush and budding tree,
And the mocking-bird is singing some sweet Southern melody;
When the pallid clouds are marching in a grand triumphal throng
Through the blue of vaulted heaven to the music of his song;
Then in pensive thought I wander to some lone, secluded spot,
Where I feel sweet silent music, and I dream, I know not what.

B. Nettles Alsbrook.

Alone

On the eve of the great concert the house was crowded. Beneath the glow of a thousand lights Louise and I sat. Her musical voice thrilled every nerve in my body, her deep blue eyes searching every inmost corner of my heart. We sat as if alone; not a word from the great crowd around us reached our ears; for we were wrapt one in the other. I loved her as I had never loved one before. I lived for her alone. By her were my greatest ambitions inspired. Inspired by her my ambitions rose to heights hitherto unknown to me.

A singer, before unknown, was to make her appearance on the stage before the music loving people of the city. From far and near people had come to be present at this great event. All waited impatiently for the concert to begin. Around us was a buzz of voices; but we took no notice of anything save of each other.

I loved music: I held it second only to her who sat by my side. The piano was my favorite instrument and I had been so taugh that I could render with ease the most difficult compositions of the great masters. Some of the happiest hours of my life had been spent alone in my study with my music sheets open before me.

The orchestra at last struck up a lively air. There seemed to be a discord in the music and I became morbid. Behind the music there seemed to lurk but feigned gaiety, demons seemed to lurk behind it and they seemed to smirk and grin at me. The music seemed dull and heavy. Several times I glanced at Louise to see if she, too, had that strange sensation. But the glance showed me that she felt nothing save the beauty of the music. Thus the minutes passed on.

Upon the stage came she who was to sing. She was a vision of loveliness. With ease and perfect grace of movement she came forward. The accompaniment was played softly and from her throat there came the sweetest notes that ever fell on human ear. On, on she sang thrilling that

vast assembly. Forgotten was Louise by my side; for unhindered my soul rose, forgetting that vast audience. I was alone with no thought save of the music and of her who sang. My heart went out to her.

Sometime after the concert was ended, amid the giddy whirl of the dance, I held the singer in my embrace. I held her closer than was necessary but her yielding form resisted not. Into her ear I poured praises of her singing and of her beauty. She seemed not displeased and ere long burning words of love escaped my lips. I was infatuated with her beauty. Those words were rash, but true. At the time I forgot everything save her, not once did I think even of Louise. Nor did I see her; for my thoughts and eyes were concentrated on her whom I held thus near me.

Tiring of the dance, we retired to a corner of the hall and there, screened from the view of others, I asked her to be mine. I begged, implored, I really threatened; but to no avail. She would give no answer. Yet I despaired not and on my knees I implored. She was inexorable and would only consent that I call on the morrow. With this consent she was gone and I saw her no more that night. However, she had said that she would give her answer the next day and I had to be satisfied.

On the way home Louise noticed that I was unusually silent but she seemed to attribute my silence to some slight indisposition. However, she said nothing concerning it. With her gentle manners and looks she tried to chase away the cloud on my brow but without success. Bidding her adieu, I hastened away to be alone with my thoughts.

On the morrow I went to see Silvia. With her brightest smile she met me and I felt assured that half my case was won. I caught her hands in mine, looked deep into her eyes, and read the message I longed for. She loved me and that was all in the world I cared for. I drew her gently to me. All seemed but a dream. From every dream one must awake. The time that she had to remain in the city

was limited and we had to part. We parted, vowing eternal love for each other.

Days and weeks and months passed on and I saw Louise not once; for I avoided her. I scarcely let myself think of her. Each day I wrote to Silvia letters that overflowed with love. Her letters were of the same sort. We lived but for each other.

A year had passed and it was again the time of the annual festival of music. Silvia was to sing again. With leaping heart I could scarcely abide the time. At last I held her in my arms. She seemed to be the height of perfection and I loved her more than ever; if such a thing, indeed, were possible.

The time for the concert was drawing near. I was with Silvia a few moments before she went on the stage, and I noticed that there was a certain coldness and restraint in her manner which I had never before seen. This I attributed to the fact that she was soon to face such a great audience. I let her go, and took my seat prepared to drink in every note of her song.

At length, she appeared and I thought that I had never seen her so beautiful before. There seemed to be a studied calmness in her manner. She looked upon her audienc as though it was composed of beings inferior to herself. As she began to sing there seemed to be something lacking in her song. At the end of each stanza she appeared to look within herself and congratulate herself that she sang so well. The great audience was visibly stirred and everyone cast looks of admiration upon her. On she sang and as she sang the song seemed harsh to my ear. The diamond sparkles, glitters, and dazzles; yet it has no heart. So with her that night. The song glittered, sparkled, and dazzled but there was no soul that inspired the singer. Silvia's heart was not in it; for she was singing to herself alone. I saw in an instant that she loved herself more than she loved the world. She was selfish to the core.

At the first opportunity I left the auditorium unseen.

The last time I saw her she was bowing in acknowledgement of the thunder of applause. Once more I saw that look that told me she cared nothing for anyone save herself. As with that marvelous voice she had won my love, with the same voice she had swept every vestige of it from my heart.

A year passed away and I had forgotten Silvia. She seemed to be only a figure in a dream. For all my love for Louise had returned with redoubled force. Louise did not live in that city but in a small town not far away. I went there hoping to see her. I saw her once, twice, thrice, but her heart and spirit were broken. Before many days had passed she was unable to leave her bed. I stayed near her until the last. I am calm now, but then my grief was as violent as my love.

"And since my own loved one from earth scenes hath gone,
'Mid life and its pleasures, I am ever alone."

Sheridan.

To Wordsworth

Oh, thou that fledst the haunts of men,
Where strife for wealth, ambition mean
Destroy the yearnings of the soul,
For joys remembered, glories seen:
Oh, thou, tho' man, yet spirit pure
That art but part of nature's own.
Great Priest, come teach me at thy shrine,
To worship that which thou hast known.

Come show me how midst sylvan wilds,
To feel that Spirit calm, sublime,
Which purifies and soothes the mind
That knows the sorrows, ills of time.
That motion which unseen, unheard
Glides, all unsought into the soul
With power to make it feel and see
The beauties nature doth unroll.

Oh, thou, who with deep love didst feel
Humanity's sad, throbbing heart,
Didst with it suffer, with it bleed.
In verse, thy spirit didst impart:
Teach me thy sympathy, thy love,
Thy boundless faith, thy trust so true
In that mysterious One whom thou
In exalted moments knew.

W. C. Curry, Jr.

Messenger Thirteen's Last Request

It was the morning after the Great Soiree de Paris, the annual Christmas eve dance. Count Gillette had quarreled the night before with his sweetheart, Madamoiselle Louise DuPre, and after a very restless night his valet, who was accustomed to awaken him at nine o'clock each morning, found him dressed and sitting at an elegant roll-top desk in the library of his magnificent mansion. The Count appeared to be very nervous; and, as was quite evident from the overturned paper-basket, had written a number of letters only to destroy them. William, his valet, approached him to receive his order for breakfast, but he seemed so preoccupied with his letter-writing that William was unnoticed until an "A-a-hem!" from that gentleman attracted his master's attention.

* * * * * * * * * * *

At eighty-thirty o'clock Christmas morning, Madam oiselle Louise DuPre, after a sleepless and feverish night, pressed an electric button that summoned her American maid, Christine. Christine was surprised to be called fully an hour earlier than usual, especially after her mistress had been out so late the night before. Nevertheless she hastened to the boudoir of her petite mistress and after assisting Madamoiselle in donning a kimona and dressing her hair she retired from the room with instructions to tell the butler to have a messenger in waiting within half an hour.

The space of half an hour elapsed and Madamoiselle had

written a cold, formal note, breaking her engagement, and inclosing in a neat package the beautiful solitaire diamond, which she had received just one year ago. She addressed the package to Count Gillettee, Rue LaRogue, No. 1922. She gave it to the messenger herself instructing him to deliver it to the Count personally, to note the effect it had on him and to hasten back with an answer.

The messenger walked briskly down the street musing to himself what made the lovely lady look so worried, and why she gave him such peculiar instructions concerning the package he was to deliver. He traversed the fine boulevard, crossed the park, whose every tree was denuded of the last trace of life, and turned into Rue LaRogue. Here he began to scan the house numbers for the one corresponding to the address on the package. Directly he stopped in front of the palatial home of the Count. "W-h-e-e-e-w!" he whistled, "The Count sure has got a swell house. I hate to deliver messages in these fine houses. I'd rather deliver to offices but I guess I'll go this time for the pretty lady's sake. She sure was worried about something."

"With these thoughts he rang the bell. William answered the door-bell and made known to his master the request of the messenger for a personal interview. The Count told his valet to usher him into the library immediately. The Count almost snatched the package, hastily broke the seal, that bore the DuPre coat of arms, and read the note, of his sweetheart, asking that their engagement be broken forever. He became deathly pale, and dropped the note and package, but clenching his teeth he resolved to "fight fire with fire." So he wrote a cold answer stating that, after thinking it over, "yes," he thought it best for them to be mere friends, and handed it to the messenger with a franc.

The boy left the house and hastened down the street, still musing as to the meaning of all these worried looks of the rich man and beautiful lady. As he turned out of Rue LaRogue into the park there came the warning, "Honk! Honk!" of an automobile, but he was so engrossed in his

own thoughts that he didn't see the big 50-horsepower Darracque touring car bearing down upon him, with lightning-like rapidity. The chaffeur applied the powerful brakes and the siren again shrieked its warning—but too late—the heavy car struck the little fellow, hurling him to the pavement, and two of the ponderous wheels passed over his body. A policeman was the first to reach him and found him bruised, bleeding, and unconscious, but still alive. The man in the car backed his machine to the scene of the accident, and with his assistance the unfortunate lad was placed in the tonneau and carried to the nearest hospital. Here with his back broken, and unconscious he lay suffering intense agony for several days.

On the evening of the fifth day after the tragedy, the physicians said there was no hope for his recovery and that he probably wouldn't live through the night. But contrary to predictions the patient's pulse-beats improved towards morning and by nine o'clock he regained consciousness, and begging for water he told the nurse he knew he was dying and wanted to see two friends before he passed into the Great Unknown. He gave the Count's and Madamoiselle's addresses, and asked that they be sent for with all haste. They arrived and were shown into the room where the messenger lay dying. Each was surprised to find the other there, but they had no time for words, as the nurse reminded them that they must not converse with the patient more than ten minutes.

The messenger asked them to draw nearer, then reaching under his pillow he drew forth a small package. He took out the solitaire diamond ring, handing it to the Count and still guiding his hand he made him place the ring upon Madamoiselle's finger with these words, "Monsieur, I didn't steal the ring for myself, but I felt sorry for Mam'selle and was going to take it to her. I figured it out that you all were sweethearts and had quarreled and I was going to try to make up for you. My last wish is that you make up and be happy and sometimes remember Messenger No. 13."

Then as their hearts throbbed with joy and sympathy, they saw the color change in the cheeks of their little friend, and the nurse hurriedly ushered them from the chamber of death.

B. R. M., Jr. 09.

"Change and Sleep"

Stars of the waning night
Shed forth their silvery light,
  While the moon sleeps.

The moon now hides the stars,
Behind clear, radiant bars,
  While the sun sleeps.

The moon gives way to day;
The sun sends forth his spray,
  While the stars sleep.

We live a life of toil:
Of trouble and turmoil,—
  Yet it's half sleep.

Earl L. Keaton.

His Substitute

The warm June sun had just begun to hide itself behind the tallest peaks of the Blue Ridge and the oppressive atmosphere was beginning to give place to the cool breezes that swept down from off the now dark line of mountains stretching away to the westward. It had been an unusually hot day and the crowds of people who had come from all parts of the State to attend the commencement exercises of Woodrow College had gone to their homes. The campus seemed wrapped in a mantel of quiet and even the massive oaks, which studded the grounds surrounding the stately old college building, seemed conscious of the fact that the walks they shaded were all but deserted.

Howard Trenton sat upon the old stone steps leading up to the main entrance of the chapel, his face bowed in his

hands, and seemed to be buried in his own thoughts, when a hand of the venerable old president of the little Southern college was laid upon his shoulder.

"Howard, my boy," and the old man's voice trembled, "you must be one of the happiest men alive. Just on the verge of young manhood, having only this morning received, as a reward for your work here, a diploma from our grand old Woodrow, with the talents which you have proven are yours, and with the future all before you, I myself can hardly help but envy you."

An expression of blank amazement seemed to have taken possession of the young man's face as he sat gazing up at the other.

"Do you know, I was only then wondering if there was a more miserable being in all the universe than I," and his face sank in his hands again. They sat in silence, Howard with his face in his hands, the other watching the twilight slowly disappear. "I have only this evening," continued the young man, "begun to realize what I am and to understand something of the relation which exists between the balance of mankind and myself. I had never before thought of the responsibility which rests upon me. To care for anything other than myself has been distinctly foreign to my nature. In fact, I have asked myself the question, What am I? And I have been forced to answer, Nothing."

"Oh, but my boy, Howard, you must not—"

"I know you do not, can not know or understand," interrupted the other, "but I know, I understand, and the realization of it all is driving me mad. Only this morning I stood upon the rostrum, the same upon which my father and grandfather before me had stood, and felt myself the conqueror of the world, tonight—what?"

They sat without speaking for a few minutes, when Howard, looking up into the face of the man who had meant so much to him, began pouring out to him the story of his life:

"This to me is the saddest night I have ever experienced.

My whole life seems to be rushing before my mind's eye with a vividness which I had not supposed was possible. Twenty-one years ago tonight I was born, was brought into the world at the cost of her whom I would have called mother and the happiness of him whom I have called father. My birth was a blessing only to myself and my life has been nothing more. I have drawn, unconsciously though it has been, a selfish wall about my life and have lived to myself. I have unintentionally kept from my father the love of which my birth robbed him, and which I might have given him in part, but did not. And now it is too late. I received a telegram an hour ago saying my father is dead at his home on the island of Martinique, and asking me to come home at once. And what has been the cause of it all?"

During all the years that he had been at Woodrow, Howard Trenton had been looked upon as the jolliest, the biggest-hearted, and certainly as one of the noblest, if not the noblest character in his class. No gathering of the student-body had been complete unless Howard Trenton were there. He was just the kind of fellow whom everyone loved, and his whole-souled handshakes had comforted and made to feel glad many a fellow student.

Tonight as they sat around the banquet board, the six members of the graduating class, who had met to spend their last few hours together, and as each of them realized that they were meeting for the last time under just such circumstances, that when, if ever, they met again, the responsibilities and duties of life would have wrought some change in each of them, a feeling of sadness seemed to come over the little group.

"Fellows," said Howard Trenton, "this is a sad hour in each of our lives—doubly sad in my own. For four long years we have been living in close touch and on the most intimate terms with each other. These four years have made us brothers. We have loved the same people, hated the same things, have been taught the same deeply imbued

principles of right and justice, and have breathed the same atmosphere, filled with the sweetest perfume God ever made —that of the sacred friendships of our college days. For four years we have each gone in and out these old college halls, and association has made them dear to us. In our desires we have been as one, and tonight when we gather together for the last time, when we look into the faces of each other and realize that when we meet again we will not be the same six who sit here tonight, but that time and the trials of life must have changed us some, it fills my heart to overflowing with a feeling of sadness which I cannot keep down. Heretofore our ways have been as one; in fact, we have had but one. Tonight that way must branch into six different ones and each of us must choose his own. But before we part, let's promise all that we'll all come back again, and here be once again the same six comrades, twenty years from tonight."

The promise was given and as the old clock in the nearby city hall struck the hour of midnight the six graduates of Woodrow went down the old stone steps and each took his separate way.

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For two months Howard Trenton had been lounging about the Mouillage, walking on the savane, wandering up and down the Rue Victor Hugo, at such times as he felt disposed, and, late in the afternoons, either rowing out from the sea-face of one of the principal drives running out from St. Pierre, or driving along the banks of the beautiful Roxelane river. The sudden death of his father had, it is true, been quite a shock to the young man, but a boy of Howard's temperament does not long mourn the loss of any one. Boating excursions, driving parties, moonlight, picnics, and evening theatre parties were the chief amusements of the young people of the wealthier and upper classes of St. Pierre. Howard had made some new acquaintances every day, and each one it seemed to him, had made the place just that much more attractive.

Late one afternoon he had been rowing alone and had pulled up to the rugged rock-bound shore, along which the broad drive-way coming down from Carbet ran along. It was a quiet, cool, picturesque road, great royal-palms standing on either side, and seemed an ideal place for a walk; so tying his boat, he climbed up the little embankment and stood looking back across the water. The sun was not more than a half hour high and the evening glow reflected in the water attracted his attention. Howard was still looking back over the water and admiring the grandeur of the scene, when he heard something coming down the road and, to his surprise, saw two horses drawing a carriage and coming toward him at a break-neck speed. The driver had lost control of his horses and had evidently flung his reins to the winds, for they were flying in the air and he sat motionless in his seat. Behind him in the carriage were two ladies, one of whom Howard recognized as a young lady who had been at most of the parties and picnics which he had attended, and the other as her austere old aunt.

What to do he did not know, but he knew that something must be done to stop the horses or the lives of those in the carriage would be imperiled at the next curve of the road. He knew they could never round the bend going at that rate of speed, but must plunge over an embankment to the rocks fifty or sixty feet below. They were not more than a hundred feet from him when he decided on his plan of action. He sprang to one side of the road, planted one foot firmly in the soil, and as the horses came opposite him, grasped the rein of the one nearest him with all the power at his command. The horse swerved to one side, staggered, and then Howard felt himself going through the air.

When he regained consciousness he found himself lying on the edge of the road and an old man was bathing his face in cold water. At first everything seemed dim and he wondered why he was in that condition; he saw his boat down below him tied to a tree on the shore, and looking out

across the water, saw the sun as it sank behind the rugged horizon; and then he remembered it all.

"Where are the ladies?" he asked.

"They have been carried home," replied the old man.

"Were they hurt?" he enquired.

"Only one of them," the old man replied. "A bow of the carriage was struck through the younger lady's chest when the horse fell, and she is thought to be dying, but the older one was unhurt."

Then everything grew dim again and when he regained consciousness he was lying in the bottom of his boat gazing up into the heavens. Howard felt the boat moving rapidly along and he knew the old man was taking him home. He wondered if he had done the right thing in stopping the horses and whether he was not in the wrong, but when he reasoned that anyone else would have done the same thing under similar circumstances, and that, in fact, it was the only thing to be done. He had not been hurt very badly by his fall. No bones were broken, but he was unable to be out for a day or two, on account of the bruises which he had received.

One afternoon, about a week after the accident, Howard had settled himself in a large arm-chair out on the wide old-fashioned veranda of the house which had long been his father's home, and was almost asleep, when he felt some one touch him on the arm. Looking up, he saw the man who had been driving the carriage on the afternoon of the accident standing before him. He handed Howard a letter and withdrew, saying that his carriage would be waiting for him when he was ready to go. Howard tore open the envelope and what he saw written on the paper before him seemed to surprise and mystify him.

"If you have recovered sufficiently, and can do so, please come with the man who delivers this."

Then the name of the young lady who had been injured and that was all. Why she wanted him to come to her home he could not imagine, but he could do nothing other than

go. He walked out to the gate where he found the man and the carriage waiting for him, and he was not long in reaching his destination, which was a large old-fashioned building, the style of which in America is known as Colonial, overlooking the Roxelane.

He was ushered into a large old-fashioned parlor, upon whose walls the paintings of a dozen generations hung, and had waited only a few minutes when a servant came to the door and announced that the young lady would see him in her room. He was shown into her room and the door was closed behind him. Two men whom Howard recognized as her physicians sat by the bedside where she lay. She was pale and her face showed signs of suffering, but beneath it all there was a sweetness of expression which his heart could not resist, and he pitied her.

After he had spoken to her and had told her of how he regretted that she had been hurt, and after she had thanked him, she turned to him and said:

"No doubt you will be surprised at the strange request which I have to make of you, but my physicians have told me I cannot live, and I have sent for you to ask you to—to marry me. I know that you are shocked at my request, but my reason for asking it is this: unless I am married, at my death the property which both my father and mother left me will go to my aunt and her son, and they will do with it, only God knows what. But if I am married, it goes to my husband. There will be enough to build, equip, and support a hospital here in St. Pierre, besides paying you for your trouble, and if I am to die, as my physicians say I must, I should like to have it go that way. I know that it is asking a great deal of you to do this and I shall not be surprised if you refuse, but after the heroic attempt which you made to save our lives, and at the risk of your own, I thought perhaps you would do it for me. You know it wil not be long that you will be bound to me by the step which I am asking you to take. Can you and will you do it?"

She paused and the sweet upturned face which Howard

saw resting on the pillow before him, together with the confidence which she had placed in him, broke down all barriers and he answered, "Yes."

"Then, doctor," she said, "Will you call Father Nepton? But be careful not to arouse my aunt's suspicions, for she must know nothing of this till it is over."

The doctor soon returned with the priest, who had been waiting in an adjoining room, and, with only the two physicians to witness it, the injured girl and Howard were married. For several days Howard's wife remained in the same condition, no improvement and yet no change for the worse. Everything that could be done to save her life was being done; additional nurses were secured, and one of the physicians remained in attendance practically all of the time. At the end of a week from the time they were married there was some hope that she might recover after all. Howard had remained in her room from the hour they were married, assisting the nurses and seeing that everything that could be done for her comfort was done, and at the end of two weeks he felt confident that she would recover. One afternoon, when they were alone, he told her of his hopes, but to his surprise, it seemed to sadden her, rather than bring about the change which he had expected.

"You cannot know," she said to him, "How I feel. You married me thinking that I would die, and I was sure I should not be living now; but I find that I am recovering instead. Your generous heart has not let the full meaning of what you have done for me dawn upon you. No, you have not yet had time to think over it all. But I promise you that I shall not be in your way. As soon as I have recovered I shall go to where you need never fear of finding me."

The pity and admiration which Howard had at first felt for his wife had broadened into what was nothing less than love for her, but, declare it as he might, she still held to her purpose of going into her self-imposed exile and leaving him free, as she put it.

"You married me because you pitied me and were willing to help me carry out the secret wish of my heart," she said to him one day. "And now you would give your life up to making me happy, at the expense of your own happiness and of the fulfillment of your ambitions and ideals, rather than cause me one hour of unhappiness. You cannot know how much I thank you for it, but I trust I am not so base and ungenerous as to accept it, knowing what it would mean to you."

With every hour the love and admiration which Howard Trenton felt for her increased. He was madly in love with his wife, and falling on his knees before her exclaimed, "My darling, you have a mistaken idea about what my feelings for you are, and you have misjudged me in that you do not believe I love you, when I have done all I could to show you that I do. I admit that because I pitied you I married you and did all that I could to save your life, but in these three weeks, and may the Holy Mother witness my vow, I have learned to love you as only man can love his wife. To leave me now would be but to crush my heart, so tell me that you love me and will remain my own."

She burst into tears, for she could not but see that what he said was true, and for the first time Howard took his wife in his arms. "Can this be true?" she cried. "Have I recovered to find such happiness mine? And are you sure it is love, not pity, that prompts you to offer me your great, loving heart? 'Twas your kindness and bravery that saved my life, so I'll trust you and am yours."

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Howard Trenton had been married a year. On the day of his marriage he had sat by his young wife's bedside and watched her throat pulse with what he thought were the last struggles of a young life. And had she died then he would have felt no pang, his heart strings would not have been torn from their place, as by the death of one whom he had learned to love. He would have felt that he had done what was right, and outside the pity which he had at

first felt for her, her death would have meant nothing to him. But today, on this the first anniversary of that singular marriage, as he sat by her bedside and watched her breath come faster, and when at last she had placed her arms about his neck and whispered, "Howard, will you call him Carlisle?" and he had taken her hands and crossed them over her breast, the clinging tendrils of his heart took root in the valley of sorrows.

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Another year had passed and he whom Howard Trenton had promised to call Carlisle was just beginning to play around his father's chair, as he sat through the warm afternoons of that tropical clime and looked out from the wide old veranda across the picturesque Roxelane.

Disappointed because he had not come into possession of the property which would have been his at her death, had she not been married, the cousin of that one whose memory Howard Trenton now cherished, the son of that austere old aunt who had been in the carriage on the afternoon of that eventful accident, had returned from France, and had insulted the memory of Howard Trenton's dead wife. Howard had answered the insult with a challenge.

It was late in the afternoon when Howard stepped out and faced the man who had dared to insult the memory of her who had meant more to him than all else, awaiting the signal to fire and be fired upon. Bradley Hart, the young marquis who had so contemptuously wounded the already broken heart of the man who now stood facing him, gloated with pride as he thought of how he would hit the heart of his opponent at the first fire. Twice before the field of honor (no honor to him) he had sped his shot straight to the mark and each time had killed his man.

Howard was cool and determined. He did not fear the man who stood facing him. That he had twice before been able to pluck the heart of those who dared to oppose him meant nothing to Howard Trenton, now that he was on the field of honor, defending honorably the memory of her

whom he had loved. And if he fell, no nobler cause could e'er have called him.

The men were stationed twelve paces apart, and it was understood that the duel should end with the fall of one or the other antagonist. The signal was given and simultaneously the reports rang out. Bradley Hart sank to the ground with a groan that rent the air, and with one "thank God" Howard Trenton sank to his knees and died.

Bradley Hart had not been killed—the shot had entered too high. And no sooner had Howard Trenton fallen, dead, than a dreadful storm set in, the rain coming down in torrents, as if to wipe out the stains of the bloody tragedy that had just been enacted. A few friends lifted the body of the dead duelist, placed it on a litter which had been constructed for the purpose, and bore it to side of the little mound where lay the body of her who had been his wife. And with the rain coming down in torrents, the body of Howard Trenton was consigned to its last resting place. No burial service was read over the dead hero, but the interment was that of a soldier killed on the field of battle. Two small palm trees were cut from a nearby grove and stuck at the head and foot of the newly made grave, to mark the place where he lay. Those palm trees took root and lived, and today instead of a monument of stone, two great royal-palms mark the resting place of Howard Trenton, and instead of an epitaph carved in stone, the broad leaves of those royal-palms, nature's monuments, seem always to whisper to the soft breezes the story of the death of him whose grave they shelter and protect.

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Time had passed and in its passing many changes had been wrought. He who for so long had been at the head of Woodrow College had given place to another and a newer man. The college, too, had changed, and the twin-towers of the one great building no longer looked out over a broad expanse of broken old fields, dotted here and there with pine thickets, but other buildings, from time to time,

had been erected, and where twenty years before the little Southern rabbit had found shelter, the rolling grounds, studded with stately oaks, whos eshadows, growing darker in the gathering twilight, gave a deeper tint to the Kentucky blue grass that everywhere covered the ground, growing up to the very foundations of the gray walls of the main building, showed that Woodrow, too, had seen the coming of the new age and had caught the spirit of the golden dawn—the twentieth century.

Commencement week had come to a close and once again the crowds of visitors had gone to their homes. Years ago in a little room in the east wing of the main building six of Woodrow's new graduates had pledged each other in the cup of true friendship to come back again twenty years from that night, and there be once again the same six comrades and brothers. Since that commencement twenty others had been held.

There is no more joyous reunion of kindred souls than that of college men; and tonight as the men who twenty years before had gone out from old Woodrow, each on his separate way, met again in the same little room in which they had held their farewell meeting, each of them was overcome with a feeling peculiarly all his own. Kindred soul had again met in close communion with kindred soul, and the handclasps of bygone days held once again the same sweet significance.

Twenty years before there had six gone out the door of that little room—tonight only five came back. And as they waited for the return of the other, each face wore a look of anxious expectation, for Howard Trenton was the missing man. Could it be possible that he had failed them, that he, of all others, had forgotten his promise to come? Not one of the assembled five had heard from him since the night they all went down the old stone steps together, but they had never doubted that he would come. The little company had lapsed into silence. He whom each of them had wanted to see most was not there.

A noise was heard in the hall outside; the door was swung suddenly open, and a man, rather a boy, stepped hurriedly into the room.

"Are you Howard Trenton?" they all exclaimed in the same breath. "Not him, but his substitute," replied the one who had just come in, and then they knew that Howard Trenton was dead, and that his son, the counterpart of him whom they had known and loved, had come to tell them of his father's death.

"And twenty years ago today," said Carlisle, "he received his diploma from our grand old Woodrow—today mine was awarded me."

One of the five who had listened to all that Carlisle Trenton had said, now burst into tears, as he repeated the lines:

"At the head and the foot of his untimely pall
Stand two royal-palms, both stately and tall,
And many a time has the story been told
Of how the trees grew in the good days of old,
And of how when they laid him away in the night,
(The ban of the church on the killed in the fight)
They placed two palms at the foot and the head,
And the palm trees grew in the tomb of the dead.
They were the monuments God gave
This noble, yet unhonored grave,
And sprang from the blood of the victim's heart,
Pierced by his enemy's quivering dart."

"And so it was he about whom young Helen McDonald wrote those lines?" said one of the others, an elderly looking man.

"Do you know her?" Carlisle Trenton asked, turning to him.

"She's my daughter," replied the man.

"And my friend," said Carlisle.

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It was late in the afternoon (April, 1902), just as the sun was going down behind the rugged summits of Mont

Pelee, that Helen McDonald, the young grand-daughter of an old American, walked down the steps of her grandfather's old mansion and strolled across the grounds. The twilight began to deepen and the shadows to grow darker, but she was uonconscious of the change. She was thinking of one whom she had known when she was small, one who had been her playmate, and with whom she had grown up from childhood to youth.

Four years before Carlisle Trenton had left St. Pierre and had gone to one of the colleges in far off America. Now that he was back again, Helen could not repress a feeling of pride, as she thought of what he had been before he went away; and glad anticipations were surging through her heart. Her friends told her he was handsome, manly, and that he was loved by all who knew him. He was spoken of in the highest terms by all her friends save one, Raymond Hart loved Helen, and he it was who had no praises for the young American.

Helen had just entered the house by a side door when the bell rang twice in quick succession and, answering the ring, she found Raymond Hart at the door.

"Why, Raymond, come in. I thought you were Carlisle, but I am glad to see you," she said, as she swung open the door and invited him in.

"So you were expecting him?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, "I thought he wuold have been here by this time."

"Then, Helen, I haven't long to stay. I did not know that he was coming, or I should have waited till another time."

He told her this and she believed him, but he knew before he came that Carlisle Trenton was coming, and that was why he had come so unexpectedly.

"I love you, Helen, and have come to ask you the one thing which you have never permitted me to ask."

She tried to stop him, but he was determined that she should know all before he had finished.

"I have come to ask you to be my wife," he continued.

"Raymond," she replied, "I am sorry it has come to this. I have feared it, oh, so long. I do like you, only as a friend, however, nothing more. Nor can I promise you that I ever shall. I have never seen the man whom I have known I loved."

"You do not love Carl Trenton?" he asked.

"Why, I have not seen Carl in four years, and have not the slightest idea of what he is like," she replied.

"Then you will promise me that if he should ask you to-night to be his own, you will refuse, or will, at any rate, put him off?"

"Raymond," she laughingly replied, "you are the most jealous hearted fellow I ever knew, but Carl will not ask, so I think I may safely say I will not promise him tonight."

Raymond Hart bade her goodnight and left, but instead of going home he walked across the grounds to the dark shadow of a tree and sat down. He had always believed she loved Carl Trenton, and now he believed it more than ever. But she would not promise him tonight, and who could tell what tomorrow might bring forth? Such were his thoughts as he sat in the shadow of the tree to which he had gone and saw Carlisle Trenton go up the walk and enter the house.

Helen was thoughtlessly playing an old piece when Carl entered the hall, the same he remembered having heard her play the day he went away. She, too, remembered having played it for him. The door stood open, so leaving his hat in the hall, he quietly walked into the room where she sat playing. Had she changed? Yes, and no. She was more like a woman now, but still the same sweet face. Such were his thoughts when suddenly she turned and faced him.

"Why, Carl, are you here?" she cried, surprised at seeing him in the room, and giving him her hand, she welcomed him as she had done when they were small.

"And this is really the old play-mate of mine?" she said, after they had talked of all that had happened during the

four years he had been away. "I can hardly realize that it is you."

"Yes, Helen, the same old fellow. I have thought of you many times since I have been away, and have often wondered if you remembered the pleasant times we used to have, and of how we loved each other then."

"I remember it all," she replied, "but have you not forgotten our little love affairs? I supposed you had forgotten even your friends here in St. Pierre, since you have grown to be such a man."

"No, I have not forgotten. At least I trust you will not think so when I tell you I love you still. I have always loved you, and, believe me, Helen, I shall love you always."

"Carl," she asked, "can this be true? Have you met no one in America whom you have learned to love?"

Then taking her hand in his, "Helen, I am as certain that I love you as I am of my existence. I went to America to study, not to fall in love, for I left all I cared to love in St. Pierre. Do you love me Tell me tha?t you do, and that you will be my own, and I shall be the happiest man in sight of Pelee's smoking top."

She had always believed she loved Carl Trenton, and had always said he was the only true boy she had ever known, and now to have the love of such a man offeredher, it was the happiest, the supreme moment of her life! How could she refuse the promise he asked her to give? He knew she loved him, she thought, or at any rate, she knew now that she did; so why should she not? But even though she knew she loved him, she could not promise him, for "Then you will promise me that if he should ask you tonight to be his own, you will refuse, or will, at any rate, put him off?" and "I think I may safely say I will not promise him tonight," seemed to re-echo back to her.

Carl Trenton walked across the grounds to the street and felt himself the happiest man on earth. She, the one girl whom he had loved for so long, had promised that on the morrow she would tell him the one thing he really de-

sired to hear. Her heart beat gladly with the newly awakened love that stirred her soul. She could not know that close beside the window a jealous lover had been tsanding, and that before the sun should rise again the man she loved would be in prison, accused of murder.

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Carlisle Trenton did not go directly home, but was walking aimlessly about the streets, noting the changes that had been made since he had gone away four years before, and also watching, for a few minutes at a time, the strange phenomena which Mont Pelee was exhibiting. He was walking down a dark alley when he was startled by the report of a pistol almost at his very elbow. He turned to see who had fired the shot, but could see no one in the darkness. He was certain, however, that the shot could not have been fired ten feet from where he stood. He started to walk on, but had gone only a few steps when he was brought to a sudden stop by the sight of a man lying on his back in the middle of the side-walk, directly in front of him. He stooped down to see if the man was dead, and found that he was, a bullet having passed through his head, just above the left eye. Carl was straightening up from his examination of the man when some one walked up to him.

"What does this mean?" asked the man who had just come up.

"It means that some one has been killed," Carl replied.

"And that you are the murderer?" asked the man in an ironical tone of voice.

"It does not," Carl replied hotly. "I was coming down the street when some one fired not ten feet from my side. I turned to see who had fired so close to me, but could see no one in the darkness. I started to walk on when I found this man, who is evidently the victom of the shot."

"Yes, I myself believe he is the victom of that shot," said the man, "and I trust you may prove your statement correct, but until you do, I shall suspect the shot was fired really closer to your side than you are willing to admit,

and must ask you to consider yourself under arrest."

Carl was on the point of resisting when he found himself covered by a long revolver held by one of the native police, so he surrendered and accompanied the officer to th ecriminal's prison.

Carl Trenton did not sleep that night. His mind was too occupied for anyth inglike sleep. He knew that he had not killed the man whom he had found dead, but he had no way of proving his innocence. He admitted to himself that he had been placed in a bad light before the laws of the island. Circumstances, he thought to himself, had placed him in that position. He wondered who the murdered man was and wished that he had looked to see if he knew him, but he had not thought of it at the time. He wondered what his friends would think when they heard it, and he wondered if Helen, too, would believe him guilty. Such thoughts thoughts as there were all night running through his mind, and he had not closed his eyes to sleep, when the door was thrown open and his uncle, Col. Isaac Trenton, who had taken Carlisle at his father's death(rushed into the cell.

"My son, is it true that you killed him?" cried the old man, as he fell on his knees before Carl.

"No, uncle, I am innocent," an dhe then related to him the same story he had told the officer who had made the arrest.

"Then, Carl, that raises a load of anxiety from my heart. I know you are innocent, yut can you prove your innocence? I must say that it being he, suspicio npoints to you."

"He; who, uncle, was he?" cried Carl in surprise.

"You do not know, my son? He was our old enemy, the marquis," replied his uncle.

"Then I am lost," exclaimed Carl, as he sank back against the wall. "I was found bending over the sworn enemy of our house, the man who killed my father, our rival in everything, just after he had been foully murdered. Peo-

ple will say I killed him to avenge my father's death, intending after I had committed the dee dto escape in the darkness. And why should they not? But I am not guilty, Uncle, I am innocent!"

"My son, youruncle knows that you are innocent, and will never stop till your innocence is proven; but I must go to your aunt now. However, I will come to you again as soon as I can." And with tat the old man went out and the door was closed again.

"And so," thought Carl, "I am accused of killing the one man in all the world whom people will naturally suppose I had an object in killing. They have evidence enough already, even though it be purely circumstantial, to convict me, and convictions means—death!"

When Col. Isaac Trenton returned to his home he found his wife in the same state of painful excitement as that in which he had left her, bowed with grief that was crushing her very soul to the earth.

Almost at the same time Col. Trenton was telling his wife of how their nephew had come to be accused of murdering the marquis, Helen McDonald's grandfather was telling her how Carl had become a mid-night assassin, murdering in cold blood one of the city's most prominent men. Helen listened in silence, for she could not believe it. He on whom every one looked as being a model of virtue, guilty of killing one of his fellomen. He in whom she had only the evening before put her trust, he whom she had told she loved, guilty of murder. Had he gone from her room with her words of love still warm in his ears and deliberately killed the man? No, she did not believe it. "I can not, I will not believe it." Her grandfather handed her the paper in which he had read it, but she only cast it aside, saying as she did so that she would not believe the man she loved guilty of so foul a crime until he himself had told her so.

"I shall go to the prison and ask Carl if it is true," she said as she left the room. "If he says he killed him, then

I will believe him to be a murderer, and not till then."

She locked herself in her room. She had said she would go to Carl and learn from his own lips the truth, and so she would. She had opened the door and was ordering her carriage to be got ready, when a letter was handed her by one of the servants. She recognized the handwriting, and with a cry that betrayed the joy she felt, she ran to her room and closed the door. There in Carl's ownhandwriting was what she wanted most to hear. Carl was not the one who had murdered the marquis. A dozen times she read those few words, and each time found a new delight in reading what she recognized as the truth. She went to her grandfather's room and handed him the letter, which he read and returned to her.

"I trust he is not," and the tremor in his voice showed how deeply the old man felt for his grandchild in her trouble. He then handed her a letter, saying, "It is from your father." Helen opened it and read the few lines which it contained.

"Daughter: I shall be in New York from April 29th to May 9th, and shall expect you to join me there. I have written your grandfather to come with you. You must come on first steamer.

"Are we going?" she asked, as she turned to leave the room.

"Yes," he replied, "we shall leave St. Pierre in the morning. A steamer leaves for New York at nine o'clock and we must be ready to go on it."

Helen left her grandfather and went back to her room. She was indeed glad of the chance to see her father, but she was disappointed when she heard she would have to leave so soon, for she would not have time to go to the prison and see Carl. She had intended to go, but now it would be all she could do to get ready to sail on the steamer in the morning. But if she could not see him, she could write to him, and let him know she did not believe him guilty of the crime with which he was charged. She said to herself

that he would have proven his innocence by the time she returned. Could she have known that he was destined to be condemned to death for the crime which had been committed, and of which he was accused, she would ever have left him, even though it were to see her father.

It was late that night when she had finished her preparations for the trip to New York. She had gotten everything in readiness and had written Carl a letter, telling him she did not believe him guilty. She told him of how much she regretted having to leave St. Pierre just when she should like most to stay near him. She told him of her hopes that he should soon be free again, and with many encouraging words of love she closed her letter, and retired to rest. She could not know that she was sleeping for last time in the city of St. Pierre.

* * * * * * * * * * *

At ten o'clock the following morning Helen and her grandfather were sailing out of the harbor of St. Pierre. She stood looking back toward the city she was leaving long after it had disappeared in the distance. For the first time since she had been brought as an infant to the island of Martinique was she leaving the place where she had been reared, the place she had learned to call home, and now the place where the man she loved lay in prison accused of murder.

At the same time Helen was looking longingly back toward the city she had just left, as she thought for only a few weeks, but which she was never to see again. Carl Trenton was reading the letter which she had written him. It seemed to him that he had lived ages in the last two days. At times he would almost believe it to be only a horrid dream, but just as often would he awake to the fact that it was a painful reality.

Carl had just finished reading the letter when the door was slowly opened and his saint came in. She had come to the prison several times already since the night of the murder. Her visits cheered him, and the mother, too, for she

was all the mother whom he had ever known, seemed to gain renewed strength by being with her boy. It was some consolation to him to know that some one believed in his innocence, and she had assured him that to her he was the same pure boy.

"Well, I am glad you are here," he had said to her during their conversation this morning, "for now I know you feel and know that I am not guilty of the crime which is to rob you of your own, and that in itself is some consolation to me."

"Hush," she had said to him. "It shall not rob me of my boy. You are innocent and we will prove your innocence. How could I bear to see you hanged for a crime which you did not commit? I could not—I will not. You shall be free, and all men shall recognize and acknowledge your innocence."

Her confidence gave him new hope and he felt better for her visits. She assured him that Col. Trenton was doing everything that could be done to find the murderer. Then, too, a message had been sent to the little Southern college from which Carl had just graduated, asking that a representative be sent to St. Pierre to testify to the good character of their former student. The best lawyers that could be had were employed to defend him. It was only two weeks now till the trial. His aunt came to see him every day during the two weeks. Col. Trenton was too busy to come every day. He was doing everything in the power of man to secure some bit of evidence that would help to prove the innocence of his nephew. But though he and his detectives had done everything that could be done, they had learned nothing that would aid their purpose.

Everything that could be done had been done, and at last the evening before the trial came. One of the professors, together with several of the students who had been Carlisle's friends when he was at Woodrow, had just arrived from the American college. This evening Col. Trenton

came to the prison and stayed as long as he was allowed. He knew he had learned nothing that would help him, but still he seemed more hopeful than he had seemed at any time before. He had some hope in the strength of his lawyers to prove the innocence of his nephew. Carl himself seemed more hopeful than he had seemed at any time since the murder. He talked with his uncle about the plans for defense as any man would have talked about an ordinary business transaction, and it was late when Carl attempted to sleep, for he thought, "I shall live awake at least a part of the time I yet remain an uncondemned man. I regret that my once high hopes have been shattered, my life blighted and destined, as it is, to be cut short by this tragedy, for which I am in no way responsible, but then—

"'To be is better than not to be,
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy.'"

* * * * * * * * *

The morning of the trial cameat last. Carl Trenton had spent a restless night, for the thought, somehow or other, that he was most probably spending his last night an uncondemned man weighed on him so heavily he could not sleep. But if he had given way and had shown some fear of what was to come while he was lying in the oppressive atmosphere of the prison's cell, he was now himself again. On this the most important day of his life he stepped forth into the morning air a strong, self-possessed man, conscious of his power, even though it was in the very doors of death.

The hour for the beginning of the trial came and Carl was led into the court room, his hands in small iron bands, connected by a small chain. The court room was crowded with people, and while it is true that most of those in that mixed throng of St. Pierre's population believed the prisoner guilty of the crime of which he was accused, still they could not help admiring the stately bearing of the young giant, the look of utter fearlessness, and the conscious self-power revealed in every step that he took. They saw in

him the strength of a man prepared for a life and death struggle. They knew that behind the tightly drawn lips of the young prisoner determination and will power lurked. He had won the admiration of that vast throng of assembled citizens, and they were not slow to show him that they admired his pluck, even though they believed him guilty of one of the most outrageous crimes ever committed on the island of Martinique.

In an hour all the preliminaries had been gone through with and the first witness was sworn and put on the stand. His testimony was weak and he showed too plainly that he knew nothing about the murder. Another and still another gave evidence of the same fact—that they knew nothing of importance. Carl had begun to hope that after all it might turn out better than he had expected, and his aunt, who sat by him, pressed one of his manacled hands. A look of hope came over her face, and she whispered, "Cheer up, my boy; we will yet win." But they had begun to hope too soon, for just then a policeman who had been sworn and put on the stand held up a revolver which he said he had found near the scene of the murder on the morning after the crime had been committed, and on the handle was engraved the name of "Carlisle Trenton!" Carl looked on in blank amazement. The full meaning of the policeman's words had not yet dawned upon him, but they had been written in blood upon his foster-mother's heart. She had realized what the cold-looking revolver with the name of her nephew engraved upon it meant. It meant death to her boy and desolation and despair to one of St. Pierre's proudest homes! Did she doubt the truth of his statement when he swore that he was innocent of the charge? Never, but she knew that others there did. To her he was the same pure boy; to those people a murderer, trying to escape the penalty of the shedding of innocent blood. She gave him one look in which all the tenderness, love and sympathy of a loving mother were revealed, and then it was that Carl realized the truth. He knew what

that look meant! His head dropped to his breast, and with one loud shriek of pain his aunt fell fainting over on his shoulder. He tried to take her in his arms, but his ironed hands could not. Col. Trenton lifted her and carried her from the room. Carl looked longingly toward the on ewoman in St. Pierre who believed in his innocence, and with clenched hands he muttered, "My God, it is too much! It is too much! To die myself is not so bad, but to see her die, die a thousand deaths in one, and I not able to take her in my arms—it is too much!"

The last witness had given his testimony and the prosecuting attorney was rising to speak. Carl knew his witnesses had told nothing that would help him. The one who was to speak away his life was now speaking, and every one in the room seemed anxious to catch every word. Carl listened as the officer described the way in which he had waited for his victim: "He sees him approach, he knows his step, and when he is completely enveloped in the shadows of the night he sends a bullet crashing through his victim's brain. He throws the pistol from him—it has served its purpose. He has evenged his father's death, but he has forgotten in the excitement of the moment that his name is engraved on the handle of that pistol. Hurriedly he bends over his victim to see that he is dead, and rises up only to find himself in the hands of the law. Then comes his pitiful plea. You have heard it—I shall not repeat it."

The man continued for an hour or two longer, but Carl forgot in the agony of that moment to listen further. When the officer for the State had finished, the eloquence of Carl's attorneys seemed for a while as if it had turned the tide in Carl's favor. Every shadow of a doubt was clothed in eloquence. Every bit of evidence for the defendant was burned with the fire of orators into the minds and hearts of the jurors.

The case was closed, the jury retired, and every soul in that house waited for their return with fear and dread.

The suspense was awful. Hour after hour passed and still there was no sign that any agrement had been reached. Carl sat with pale face and trembling lips, awaiting the return of those who would either give him life and liberty or dishonor and death. A movement was heard at the door. Every mouth closed tight and not a breath was heard. The silence was crushing. The door slowly opened and the twelve men who had decided the fate of the young defendant marched in. The foreman read their verdict: "Guilty of murder in the first degree!" Carl sat as if stunned by the words. Col. Trenton's face sank in his hands. The old man had fought a hard fight, now all was lost, and he was heart-broken.

The judge rose slowly to pronounce the sentence of death, and many an eye in that motley throng became moist as he spoke those sad words: "Have you anything to say as to why the sentence of death should not be pronounced on you?"

"No, I have nothing," replied Carl, in a voice which betrayed nothing of what he felt. "I have been convicted of murder. In the eyes of the law I am guilty; in the eyes of this people I am a midnight assassin, and you are here to read the sentence of death; but in the eyes of God and of heaven, and I swear it, I am innocent! Nothing that I might say can change the decision which the jury has reached. My name shall go down on the records of this island as a murderer, as a man who wilfully took the life of one of his fellow men, and who, for that same crime, was hanged. But on the records of the most high God, and on the records of heaven, my name shall stand out as one of the unfortunates of earth who, to satisfy the demands of justice that is no justice, and a law that is no law, gave his life. I shall die, and he who murdered the marquis will live on; but some day, and that day will come, he shall own his crime and the name of Carl Trenton will no longer be attainted of murder. That is all."

The court seemed deeply moved by the speech which

Carl had so eloquently spoken, but he had no alternative than to sentence him. "Sir," he said, "this is a sad hour in my life. The jury who were drawn to try you have found you guilty of murder in the first degree, with no recommendation to the mercy of the court, and I must now sentence you. In thirty days from this, between the hours of ten and two o'clock, you are to be hanged by the neck until dead, and may God have mercy on your soul!"

* * * * * * * * *

At nine o'clock in the morning following the day on which Helen McDonald had seen the account of Carl's conviction in one of the New York papers, she, together with her father and grandfather, were on board a steamer bound for St. Pierre. Her father and grandfather had tried to persuade her to not go back, telling her that if Carl were freed he would come to her, and that if he were executed it would be better for her to be away. But she could not be persuaded to remain in America another day.

"You cannot help him by going to where he is imprisoned, my dear, and if he is hanged, it will only be the worse for you to be near him. If, however, he is set at liberty, he will come to you here," her father had said to her.

"Do you think that if I were to stay here in America, and let him go to his death or be set free, as if it were nothing to me, that if I were to treat him and his fate with such indifference, I could meet him and look him in the face again? Do you think your daughter could be so base, so indifferent to the fate of one whom she has learned to love? It matters not what you may think of her, she is not!"

Carl Trenton was condemned to die for a crime of which she knew he was innocent. She trusted him as she would have trusted no one else, and when she read the few words which he had written her, saying that he was not guilty of the crime of which he was accused, no power on earth could have forced or induced her to believe him guilty. She was going to him now, and the very thought that she

was soon to see him made her heart beat faster, for although she knew he was already condemned to death, yet she did not believe the sentence would be carried out. She had never believed he would be convicted, and now she believed just as strongly that something would prevent his execution.

She was leaning against the rail of the deck on which she was standing and was looking intently at the Liberty as the great ship swung around the noble statue, when, to her surprise, some one stepped up to her and, in a familiar tone, asked:

"Are you admiring the grandeur of old Liberty?"

She could not have been more surprised than she was if Carl Trenton himself had been standing before her.

"Why, Raymond Hart!" She stopped and stared at him in blank amazement, for she was too surprised to speak. He was the last man whom she would have expected to see on board that ship. "I was so surprised that I hardly knew if my eyes had fooled me or not. I had no idea you were in America; when did you come?"

"I came a week ago," he replied. "I was coming on board this morning when, to my surprise, I saw you and your grandfather already on deck. I knew that you were in America, but had no idea you were going back to St. Pierre so soon."

She had no reason to doubt that what he said was true, but she thought it a strange coincidence. She had never heard of his being in America before, and to come for so short a stay seemed rather out of the ordinary, she thought. They walked about the deck talking of different things and of the grandeur of New York, and Helen thought she had never seen him quite so entertaining. He was really interesting this morning, and seemed to put himself to some little trouble to make it pleasant for her—something she never remembered his doing before.

The next morning Raymond found Helen on deck at an early hour, watching the sun come up out of the water. It

was a grand scene, the great ball of fire coming up out of the green-looking ocean. Both of them were enraptured by the sight. They walked the deck and again talked of the great American metropolis. The conversation naturally turned to the point for which their ship was sailing, and finally to Carlisle Trenton.

"You know, I suppose, that he has been convicted," he said to her.

"Yes," she replied, "I have heard it."

"It is sad," he said, "that one so young and so promising should commit such a crime and bring upon himself such a penalty. I could not believe that he was guilty, even though I knew the motive which might have prompted him; and, in fact, no one who knew him could have believed it of him—he did not seem capable of anything so low—but the evidence brought out in the trial showed plainly beyond all doubt that he did commit the crime. I was glad you were not in the city at the time. Some one told me you had come away in order that you might not be at the trial, or in St. Pierre at the time of the trial."

"That was a mistake," she replied. "We came to America to meet my father, and succeeded in getting him to come with us back to St. Pierre."

She could not understand how he had been in St. Pierre at the time of the trial if he had come to America a week ago. It had only been five days since the trial. But she did not ask him to explain. The fact was that Raymond Hart had not been in St. Pierre at the time of the trial in question—he had sailed for America a week before the trial began, and he knew that Helen and her grandfather were on board the ship that was now taking them all back to their island home, and that alone was the sole cause of his being on board that particular ship.

Raymond evidently thought her silence on the subject of Carl's conviction was caused by the utter indifference with which she regarded it.

"You can never know how I have felt for you in this

the greatest trial of your life," he said to her. "It must have been terrible—all your wounded pride battling with the pure love which you gave this man. And although you preferred him to me, and rejected me for him and his love, I love you none the less. I have loved you, Helen, so long that it has become a part of me to love you. And now that he whom you loved and held above me has cast himself so low, has murdered my own father, will you not try to return at least some little part of the great love which I have so long borne in my breast for you?"

"Raymond," she replied, "Carl is not guilty of the crime of which he is accused. He is innocent, and if he is executed the blood that is spilled will be innocent blood."

"Then, Helen, take for granted that he is innocent, he will be executed the same as if he were not, now that he is convicted; so why not forget that he ever lived? Had you not rather give me your love, I who will spend my life in trying to make you happy, than to the memory of one who has died the shameful death of a murderer?"

"Sir," she said, "now, once for all, I do not love you. To be frank, I do not even like you; but even if I did, I would not, I could not, become your wife. If Carl were free, I should soon become his wife, and now that circumstances have caused him to be tried and convicted of murder, I shall not desert him, nor forget him when he is dead, should he be executed! You need ask me no more. If he is set at liberty, I shall become his wife, but if the worst must happen, then I shall cherish always the memory of him who died for another's sin. He would have been true to me, and I shall be true to him and to his memory."

She turned and walked rapidly away. If he had surprised her by his sudden and unexpected appaerance, she had in turn surprised him by the eloquence with which she defended the man she loved. He realized that it would be worse than useless for him to press his suit further; he had played his last card and had lost, irretrievably lost; and with a look of utter disappointment on his face he turned

and walked rapidly to his apartment.

The next morning when Helen awoke the sun was shining brightly through a small round window in the side of her room. Later, as she was walking up and down the deck, enjoying the splendor of the beautiful May morning, some one handed her a letter. She glanced at the handwriting and saw that it was Raymond's. Her first impulse was to throw it into the ocean, but she tore it open instead, and, with a wild cry of joy, she ran to her father and grandfather's apartment and threw open the door without a knock. Her father and grandfather were sitting opposite each other when she entered, and her father was saying, "It will always remain a mystery."

"No, it will not; I have it here, father, read!" and she thrust the letter into his hands.

"Helen, I have failed, utterly failed in my attempt to win you for my own selfish self, and now that I have so piteously failed, I have nothing else to live for. And with only remorse for the means to which I have resorted, I shall end tonight my worthless life. Carl Trenton did not kill my father. He is innocent. I am the guilty one! I have loved you more than life, more than honor itself, more than all else, and when I found that you loved Carl Trenton, I determined that you should not be his. I shadowed him from your home on that fatal night, and I think I would have killed him had I not thought you would have suspected me of the crime; so I decided on the plan which I so successfully carried out. I followed him when he entered the dark alley and I heard some one approaching from the other end of the street. I did not know then that it was my father; had I known it I could not have fired. (Oh, would to God I had but known it!) I was walking close to Carl when I fired the shot, and the marquis was not more than twenty feet in front. It was very dark, and I stepped behind a tree before any one had time to see me. I heard the officer make the arrest, and as soon as they had gone I dropped the pistol, on which I had en-

graved the name "Carlisle Trenton," near where the dead body lay. I knew that Carl would be tried and convicted, and I felt that then I could win you, but now I realize the hopelessness of it all. Take this confession and save him. I can at least set right a part of the wrong that I have done. I have only today begun to realize how deeply I have wronged you—wronged you both. When you read this I shall be resting under the surface of the water over which you are sailing, and all I ask is your forgiveness.

"Raymond Hart."

"This, then, explains the mystery," said her father. "It was he who jumped from the deck at three o'clock this morning."

"Father it is sad," cried Helen, and she sank on the floor at his side and wept as if her heart were broken. "But I cannot feel the sorrow which I should otherwise feel, did I not know that it is this which gives Carl back to me. I pity him, yet I am grateful to him. 'It is sad to think that one so young and so promising should commit such a crime and bring upon himself such a penalty.' Those were his very words, the words he used in speaking of Carl only yesterday."

Just then the ship gave a sudden lurch, and a sound, as if the earth had opened wide her mouth, split the air. Amid the rumblings of sounds that seemed to shake the very ocean's depths, and the shouts of all those on board, Helen and her father rushed on deck. They found almost every one else on board already there. They were in sight of the island of Martinique, and the sight that greeted their eyes almost rooted their feet to the floor. Great cloud-like masses were rising high above Mt. Pelee, and from its top a dense cloud was rushing down the side of the mountain in the direction of St. Pierre.

"Mt. Pelee is in eruption!" cried Helen.

Every one knew that what she spoke was true, but none had dared to say it.

Higher and higher the great cloud-like masses rose,

spreading out in every direction. It was the grandest but also the most terrible spectacle that body of people had ever witnessed. The fireworks of the under worlds had been turned loose and the exhibition was grand! Already showers of ashes were falling around the steamer.

"Was St. Pierre destroyed?" That every one asked and no one answered. No one knew. They passed abreast of the city, but the clouds of smoke and ashes made it impossible for them to see whether it had escaped, or whether the great dense cloud had swallowed it up, as it swept down the mountain side, in all the fury of the fiery tornado that it was. The ship dropped anchor several miles out from the shore to wait till the smoke and ashes had cleared away, so they might see if the city had escaped. It was waiting without hope, however, for but one person on board had any hope that the city might still be there. Helen McDonold still had some hope that when the smoke had cleared she would see the city standing where it had stood for so long.

"I can not believe," she said to her father, "that he has been taken from me just when I have it in my power to save him."

On the morning of the 11th of May, three days after the catastrophe, the ship sailed up near the shore, and a small boat, with about twenty men, set out for the land. The smoke had partially cleared and the ruins of the city of St. Pierre were plainly visible. Now all on board knew that the city had been destroyed, and all believed the people had perished with the city.

The little party of men who had gone to the shore landed and gazed on the ruins of the buried city. They knew the people had perished, and that none had escaped, for everywhere, in all parts of the city, they saw dead bodies partially covered with the ashes and debris that everywhere covered the ground. They were walking about among the ruins when they were brought to a sudden stop by the sound of a human voice:

"Help!"

They heard it again, and directly to their right they saw a man's face peering through the iron bars of a small window, not six inches above the surface of the ashes that covered the earth. He was evidently in the basement part of the building (which was unmistakably a prison), for the upper stories were ruined.

The men soon succeeded in prizing open the iron bars and lifted the man through the window. No sooner had they lifted him out into the open air than he fell fainting over into the arms of his rescuers. They carried him to the little boat, laid him on the bottom, and started at once for the ship. Before they reached the steamer, however, he had revived, and although he was very weak from want of food and attention, he was able to stand when they lifted him on deck.

As the passengers fell back to make room for the rescued man, that happened which caused many an eye to grow moist and many a cheek to grow wet with tears. A tall, gray-haired man made his way to the side of the one who had just been handed over the rail, and as he placed his arms about the younger man's neck, there was heard, above the cheers that rent the air, the husky words:

"My God! it is his substitute!"

Archie Willis.

***To* ————**

Not every star that is above
Will ever shine for those we love;
For hopes we fondly hold today
Oft like the stars soon fade away.

Not every flower that is bright
Will ever bloom within our sight;
For those things we love to cherish
Are but mortals and they perish.

Not every ship that sails the main
Will wander back to port again;
For oftimes they that are most brave
Find in the distant sea a grave.

Not every bud upon the tree
May perfect growth in hope to be,
For they that now doth seem most fair
The hand of fate may soonest wear.

Not unto every man indeed
The victor's triumphs are decreed,
For some that seem exempt from loss
May bear up better life's hard cross.

Thine is a double vision; far behind
Thine eyes behold our trodden pathways wind;
And on ahead,
Dim, untried paths our vision may not see—
That hidden land so full of mystery
That thou dost tread.

Ed R. Mason, '08.

The Reward of Rashness

"Hello! 273, please."

"Is that 273? Is Miss Jean Marlow in?"

"Say! I bet you can't guess who this is."

"When did you say you were going to leave?"

"Good! Then you'll come to our Thanksgiving game, won't you?"

"Have you any engagement for this evening?"

"That certainly is nice. But will you be able to give me an answer tonight?"

"Well, I'll be around about half-past eight. For goodness sake please consider that little proposition."

Almost everybody in town knew of Jack Blackshear's and Jean Marlow's "case." And it was whispered around that there was to be a marriage as soon as Jack finished his

college course. Jack himself only prayed that it might be true.

Jack was a fine fellow, very popular among the college boys, not to mention the young ladies of Atlanta. Besides, he was a leader in athletics and played a tackle on "Tech's" football team.

Well, Jack called that evening and found everything "lovely" as usual, but he did not get his answer for which he had waited so anxiously. Nevertheless, before leaving he gave her a long string of "Tech" colors and a complimentary ticket to the game which was to be played between Auburn and "Tech."

It was Thanksgiving morning, and both teams were on the field running their signals. The large grand-stand was crowded with ladies and men, and the bleachers were simply packed with excited boys. Never before was a game so largely attended in the history of "Tech's" Athletic Association.

At last the game was called, "Tech" receiving the kick-off. For a moment there was a hush. Auburn made a beauty kick, and "Tech's" full-back caught the ball. There was a rush of feet. "Tech" advanced the ball only about fifteen yards. This was a bad beginning, but "Tech's" men threw themselves into the game with a vim. The first down only gained them one yard. The quarter-back then called Jack's number for a tackle over tackle play. Jack hit the line as he had never done before, but only advanced the ball two yards. He pulled himself out and quickly got into his position, cursing himself for not hitting the line harder. Something had to be done. They had to gain two more yards or the ball would go over. The quarter-back called for an end run, but this was blocked by one of Auburn's half-backs. They had not gained the required five yards, so the ball was passed over.

It was then that Jack determined to do something startling to make up for the little he had gained in his run. Auburn snapped the ball. Jack, with a quick spring, plac-

ing one hand on the neck and the other on the back of his opponent, cut a hand-spring over the line, landing at the feet of Auburn's half-back, who was carrying the ball for an end run. There was a crack and a thud. When the pile had gotten up Jack was found unconscious with his arms doubled back clinched around the legs of the half-back. Water was brought, but to no avail. The doctors, after working with him a few minutes, ordered him to be taken quickly to the hospital.

If anyone had been near enough to see and unexcited enough to look at Miss Marlow, when she learned that it was Jack that had done the fool act, he would have seen her flush with anger and heard her angrily say something under her breath. She was a sensible girl and understood the game thoroughly, and knew that Jack had done a foolish thing. She was afterwards heard to say that she could love a hero, but not a fool.

Jack was not hurt as badly as was first thought. Both arms were dislocated, but neither one was broken. He was out of the hospital in a week, although he still wore handages on his arms.

He had been out only a few days when on his birthday, the 8th of December, he received a small package. As he opened it he remarked to one of the boys that he knew his mother would not forget him on his birthday. But when it was opened, what he found was a jeweled pin, his "frat pin." The next mail brought him a note from Jean. He opened it with trembling hands and with his heart in his mouth, read these words:

My Dear Mr. Blackshear: You were doubtless very much surprised at my sending back your fraternity pin, and perhaps will be more surprised at my answer to your proposal. The answer is "no." I loved you until in the football game the other day you showed what little control you have over yourself by that rash and dangerous act that

you did. Hoping that we shall always be good friends, I am,

Sincerely yours, Jean Marlow.

J. L. P., '11.

Musing

A swallow in his rapid flight came flitting swiftly near me,
And as I watched he vanished in the misty clouds beyond me.
Yet whence he came or whither goes is naught but wild conjecture;
Whate'er the spot I know it not, where he has gone to tarry.

Such is life—a mystery, which none can solve completely,
And whence we come or whither go is worse than foolish guessing.
But while we hope and live and fear we can but do our duty,
And our reward—a conscience clear—is handsome reparation.

B. Nettles Alsbrook.

Wofford College Journal

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Entered at postoffice at Spartanburg, S. C., as second class matter.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

J. L. Dukes, Editor.

Holding "Honors."

In college, most young men and women, if members of student organizations, will receive more or less "honors" at the hands of their associates. This honor is usually in the form of an office or place of trust, and comes either as an expression of personal esteem or as a mark of confidence. Instances of the first kind are rare, for usually an office has a reason for existence, and the members of the organization have a purpose in view when they elect a person to fill it. It is apparent that offices exist because there is a certain work to be done, and it is reasonable to suppose that officers are elected for the purpose of performing that duty. And yet we sometimes need to be reminded of this fact. Too often we are disposed to accept our places as

ornaments to be worn, rather than commissions to service. Let's do away with this false idea of position and think more of the performance of duty. An office held in idleness is not honor, but dishonor. It is not essential that we should fill the place better than any other one could, but we must fill it to the very best of our ability if we would be honest.

The College Magazine Article—Its Faults.

We have heard a man who could tell a story excellently, spicy and in detail, thoroughly interesting from start to finish. We have seen that same individual attempt some sort of literary production and fail miserably. We have read a few good articles in college periodicals. We have read more, which in our poor judgment we would have no hesitation in assigning to the category of the last named above. We have deplored these facts and have often sought an explanation which we believe is clear.

It is a natural tendency of students in the prosecution of their work to become very enthusiastic upon subjects of particular interest to them. This is good within itself, but it often leads to other results. One reads a great book or a scholarly article upon which has been expended a great amount of time and thought. He is very much taken with the author's position, etc., but really has no adequate or clear cut idea of the matter. In his desire to produce something literary he attempts imitation. The result is, as a matter of course, a compiled conglomerate, I may call it, chiefly interesting to the author as he sees it in print. In exactly the same manner are spoiled a great many of the first named class above. In relating a story, for example, they believe it must be drawn precisely as someone before them has done. They do not give rein to that talent of originality which, if properly developed, would make of them tolerable, if not good writers. They apply too much effort. Again, too many men cannot become interested in

the things with which they are familiar, but must seek, rather, that of which they know less.

In order to better illustrate this point, let us notice some of the great English landmarks in literature as well as our own. Fielding, the father of the English novel, in his greatest work, painted the manners of the people among whom he actually lived. His characters might easily have been his next door neighbors. Jane Austin's "Pride and Prejudice" is a composite portrait of the life she saw about her. So was it with Dickens and Thackeray. It is true that Scott was able to a wonderful degree to appreciate the glamour and romance of the remote parts, but his was the grasp of genius. George Eliot in her greatest production, "Adam Bede," is interested in Midland scenery and Midland farmers and the country folk with whom she came in contact in youth. Yet when ever she goes abroad hunting material for "Romola," it is to meet with almost complete failure. Thoreau finds enough in the song of a bird or the breath of the pine needles to interest him a lifetime. So Audobon. Riley hears the sweetest music in the rustle of the corn leaves. It is wonderful what a range and variety is offered in our immediate environment—could we but learn to become interested therein rather than in less familiar fields, while leaving our own unworked claims. Simplicity of method is our plea. Beware of the temptation of the high sounding title to which we are apt to attempt to apply equally high flown methods; from which must inevitably result, except it come from the hand of genius, a product of hopeless weakness.

Spring Fever.

Knowledge has been eulogized as the magic key unlocking the treasures of man's future. Others have said that men were only great as they were kind. Some philosophers have crowned love as the guardian angel of our destiny. When the perfume of sentiment has disappeared and the

stern reality remains, isn't will power after all the Gibraltar commanding the entrance to success?"

We have reached the time when "spring fever" stealing upon us softly as the summer breeze, enchants us with its potent charm. If there is ever a time when all the power of the will is needed it is here. We are approaching the home stretch of the year 1907-08 when a strong sprint is needed, but we feel less like sprinting than at any other time. The editors of the Journal are beginning to wonder who will take their places next year. This is the time of times to hand in all the contributions to our periodical that you can compose. An active part taken in college journalism will never be regretted. It is this sort of work that you will learn to put your stored up knowledge into practice before you are thrust out into the world where every ounce of your ability and acquirements will be needed. The problem resolves itself into this; not how many good resolutions you have promised; but simply this, have you the will power to overcome the languidness and laziness of spring and really do some work. We have heard you promise to do work a score of times. If you have the right stuff in you now is the time to show it in bracing up your college journal by fulfilling your promises.

College Journalism—English vs. American. It is indeed, an interesting study, that of tracing the growth of college journalism from its origin to the present time in all its various tendencies. College journalism, as we understand the term today, and as embodied in those periodicals edited by the undergraduate departments of our schools and colleges and devoted exclusively to student interests, is distinctively peculiar to our American institutions. The college magazine really dates it origin from 1721, when a series of weekly essays made their appearance at Oxford under the name of "Terrae filius." This took, however, more the form of a pamphlet, as the essays were dealing more with treason and politics. Sometime

later, 1750, another appeared under the name of the "Oxford Sausage." This paper was devoted more to poetry and is said to have numbered among its contributors the famous Dr. Johnson. But these publications were only transitory and very short-lived, and the real college magazine did not make its appearance until in 1819, one such was published at Oxford and was known as the "undergraduate." Ten years later, at Cambridge, we have the "Snob," made famous by contributions from the pen of Thackeray. These periodicals are devoted exclusively to literary matters and are very dry and uninteresting to any but an Oxford man of somewhere near that age. But they had come to stay, and from that time on papers have been at both universities, numerous, but shortlived, rarely outliving the college life of their original projectors. The English have, from some reason, never taken hold of the American idea, and their papers of today are a little more than mere calendars. There has been no interest manifested as to whether or not the great influx of Rhodes scholars will change the old regime in the future.

But it is to our American institutions we must turn if we would see the true expansion of college journalism. Here, as in England, we note the first example as a periodical, devoted to the publication of essays, poemized criticisms. It made its first appearance at Dartmouth with Daniel Webster as editor and is known as the "Gazette." From this beginning the rise has been gradual, until today every institution supports from one to a dozen well conducted papers. And not only colleges and universities, but in many cases high schools are doing very creditable work along this line. These papers range from daily, the bi and tri-weekly to the monthly and annual. The monthly is probably the most nearly a representative magazine and it is from this that one may ordinarily the more nearly judge of the standard of the institution represented.

The annuals, as a rule, are more given to collegiate history, to the statistics, records of fraternities, clubs, societies,

athletic events, etc. But probably their chief attention is turned to art. It would be indeed surprising to some to know at what an enormous cost these annuals are sometimes gotten out.

Cheerfulness.

Cheerfulness is a virtue. It has an endearing quality. The one who greets you with a glad word or bright smile finds a cordial welcome. Each heart has its own bitterness, each soul knows its own trials and vexations; so we turn to the one who helps to lighten our sadness with a cheerful spirit and real pleasure. We should learn to help lift the sorrows that encircle the brows of our friends. This we can do sometimes only by smiling and speaking kind words.

Cherfulness is largely a matter of cultivation. There are just a few who have been so fortunate as not to have met with some misfortune at sometime or other. The true philosophy of life is to bear grief cheerfully. The selfish sit down and brood over their sorrows. The world's greatest humorists have invariably been men who were conversant with the deepest human woes. Cheerfulness is a matter which every one should take to heart. It is a blessed contagion. It multiplies itself by itself. It is one of the prime factors of success in life. No matter what happens, let's have sunshine in our souls and show it in our smiles for others, then its reflections are bound to extend and widen, and our school will be a perpetual source of sunshine.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

L. K. Jennings, Editor.
J. C. Hardin, Assistant Editor.

The Palmetto for February is a very creditable issue and shows decided improvement and distinct advancement. There is something unusually attractive about their covers for they are indeed very pretty. This number contains quite a collection of short stories and all of them are good. The plots are all carefully developed. We would like to be able to especially commend some few of these excellent stories but all are so good until it would be useless for us to make any distinction. "The Night Before Exams," is something quite different from the ordinary college magazine story but one that we thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated. "Stung" has quite a queer plot for a love story but is exceptionally well developed and the description is fine. The outcome was quite unexpected, which of course adds very much to the beauty of the story. "Christmas Greens," a story in two parts is quite true to life. The issue contains only two poems, "Discouragement" and "My Ambition." Both do great credit to the literary department and to the magazine as a whole. More such poems would add to the literary department but we can truthfully say whatever is lacking in the number of poems is made up for in such a good number of readable stories as are to be found in this issue. We would especially commend the editor-in-chief on such an ably written piece on "Our Reputation." Would that this could reach the attention of the students of all our colleges and such sentiment as she so earnestly pleads for soon be aroused.

We hardly consider the February issue of the Isaqueena up to its usual high standard. We are sorry to note such a deficiency but trust that their next number will measure

up to their own past record. "A Personal Experience" is quite flimsy excuse for pretense of literature in any college magazine. Such a story would make excellent material to read to some very small child. Decidedly the best thing in the publication is one of the two poems contained, "Our Part." This is well composed and deserves special commendation. "Development of Christianity" is well written and shows a thorough knowledge of the subject. Such a contributions tend to upbuild college journalism.

The Roanoke Collegian for February is a magazine with many strong points; yet is weak in one or two respects. Its contents are all of a high type, but it contains too many essays in proportion to the number of short stories and poems. If stories and poems of the same quality as the essays were added, the magazine would be one of the very best of our numerous exchanges. The only poem "Sonnet —The New Year," is an excellent one, showing thought, skill and originality. "The Attitude of the Young South Towards Robt. E. Lee" is a fitting tribute to our greatest Southern hero. The essay is well planned and well written. "A Glimpse of the Yellowstone" is an essay not without merit; yet some of the details given are altogether unnecessary. They detract from the high descriptive possibilities of such a subject. The only short story, "Polly and the Professor," shows that its author has a keen perception of perception of human nature. The other essays are worthy of our commendation. The editorials are good. The Collegian is to be congratulated both on its department of "College News" and "College Fun." Both of these are well cared for. We regret to say that too many of our college magazines neglect these two departments, which when well edited add so much to the strength of a magazine.

Among the first exchanges to reach our table this month was The Criterion, a creditable and interesting magazine. To our surprise we find that this month's issue is gotten out

by a new staff of editors, who have evidently taken great pains to produce a splendid number. We recognize their efforts, and extend them our best wishes for much success in the future. The opening poem of The Criterion, though very short, is beautiful in conception, and very appropriately entitled "Man's Mission." Its simplicity, directness of expression, and true poetic sentiment, combined with the great truth which it teaches, makes it worthy of its place. Truly does the author say that the mission of man in the world is "to serve God and love his fellowmen." The stories, "A Journey With Cupid," and "When They Really Met," are worthy of mention for their unique treatment of plot, as well as for their clear and concise style. "A Queer Shaper of Destinies," a story similar in some respects to the two just mentioned, is noteworthy for its originality of thought and successful and interesting treatment of a rather weak plot. The art of the author in composition and expression has made the story very attractive from a grammatical standpoint. The character sketch of "Becky Sharp" is concise and to the point, and discloses a studied appreciation of Thackeray's great novel, "Vanity Fair," as well as great familiarity with incidents and details of the story. The sketch is clear and comprehensible, and would be of interest and value to all students of the English novel. The editorials are excellent. The various departments are well arranged, and show the careful attention of their editors.

It is with real pleasure that we read the January-February number of The Cosmos. The editorials are expressions of real opinions on live and important subjects. The criticisms of the exchange editor are good as far as they go and, for the most part, to the point, but they are entirely too general to be of much benefit to the magazine criticized. The other departments are readable, and nearly all the contributions are worthy. There is evidently much interest shown in the magazine by both editors and students. "To

Mother," a pathetic appreciation of mother and her devotion and love, is expressed with good metre and rhythm. The story entitled "The Legend of Monnonoch" is well written and has an interesting and well defined plot. It is told in a clear and convincing manner, and is, we think, a story of some merit, being above the average and a departure from the common trend of students' stories. The legend is related in such a vivid manner that the reader is unconsciously made to believe in the actual existence of Jessica and Constans, and to even hear their words and see the many striking scenes which are necessarily implied. The story evidently presented itself in the author's mind as the working out of a great tragedy in her conception, and she has been successful in relating it. "Julius Caesar" is a splendid article, and an admirable discourse on the immortal Shakespeare's greatest Roman play. However, the author has omitted several most important points in her essay, which may be attributed, in all probability, to her limited knowledge of the play. "All's Well That Ends Well' is a love story of that type which has been so severely attacked by numerous contemporary critics again and again. But, in spite of this fact, we admire its unique plot and the interesting manner in which it is worked out.

The Winthrop College Journal for February is an unusually good issue. The well arranged and carefully attended departments may be considered the basis for such an assertion. In regard to the contributions, we are compelled to say that they are not up to their usual standard, and in certain instances are, to our regret, "scrappy." However, there is one story in the literary department which redeems to some extent the quality of the contributions. The story to which we refer is entitled "St. Valentine's Spell," and is a natural and appropriate treatment of an ingenious plot. In writing the author evidently took great pains to force her readers to a proper appreciation of her work, which is due probably to her knowledge of the general conception

and the proper attitude of a reader towards his reading. The author's style and manner of treatment make the story interesting throughout. The article, "Miracle and Morality Plays" is good, both in form and contents, but is entirely too brief. The author, we think, confines her discourse too much to her limited and general knowledge of her chosen subject instead of making extensive researches for her information. "A Forest Episode" and "Isaqueena" are brief little stories, which would serve very well as the framework or background for two real and interesting stories. The treatment of the former is rather awkward, and its plot is inconsistent. The author of the latter is evidently thoroughly familiar with local traditions, and has written a good, though a very short legend.

We acknowledge receipt of the following February exchanges: Converse Concept, The Newberry Stylus, The Winthrop College Journal, The Cosmos, The Criterion, The Palmetto, The Carolinian, Limestone Star, The Erskinian, The X-Ray, The Georgian, The Mercurian, The Furman Echo, The High School Student, The University of Virginia Magazine, M. W. C. Criterion, The Trinity Archive, The College of Charleston Magazine, Isaqueena.

CLIPPINGS

'Twas in a restaurant they first met,
One Romeo and Juliet
'Twas there he first fell into debt,
For Rome-o'd what Juli-et.—Ex.

Workman—Will it be all right to blast out that rock?

Foreman—Yes, you may do that with impunity.

Workman—What's the matter with using dynamite.—Ex.

THE UNIVERSITY OF SHAKESPEARE ILLUSTRATED.

Freshman Year—"A Comedy of Errors."
Sophomore Year—"Much Ado About Nothing."
Junior Year—"As You Like It."
Senior Year—"All's Well That Ends Well."—Ex.

HE DIDN'T DESERVE IT.

Flunkers—But I don't think I deserve an absolute zero."

Professor—No, sir; neither do I. But it is the lowest mark I am allowed to give. Good-day.—Yale Record.

The hammock and the porch are gone,
With summer skies of blue,
But there's the parlor sofa,
Just big enough for two.

The maiden at seventeen
Bewails her chaperon,
And wonders if she'll ever be
Found entirely alone.

This maiden fine at thirty-nine,
Is utterly alone;
And now she'd give her head to live
With one dear chap her own.

Tonight I met the fairest girl that ever sweetly smiled,
And as I gazed upon the face that thoughtlessly beguiled
My heart went out to her alone, of all of womankind;
To me she is the brightest star that ever dared to shine.

B. N. A.

SIMPLE LIFE.

Away with your Euclid and Chemisty too,
That Physics's "a mixture of nothing" 's too true;
Psychology's boring, and Latin's too old,
And logic's entirely too clammy and cold.

But give me a maiden that's lively and bright,
  A shady nook on a fair summer night,
A bottle of wine that will drown all your woe,
  And a glimmering moon and, well, you may go.

A. N. B.

TO AN OLD MAID.

Now I pause and think a moment of a maid I once have seen;
She recalls to me the mem'ries of the things which had been.
"All things human are decaying" is an old and trusted truth;
Yet her smile is not as fleeting as the glad but transient youth.
Yes, her smile is still bewitching, (so she thinks and hopes and dreams)
And the curl which hangs serenely as when mixed with golden beams
Is with strands of steel gray mingled, and her face has fairer grown
Than the lily of the valley; but, alas, 'tis not her own!
Life is long, but time is longer; face and form may fade away,
But the lady's smile enchanting is not subject to decay.

A. N. B.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

R. Arlington Brown, Editor.

J. Milton Ariail, '05, is and has been principal of Chester High School ever since he graduated. Mr. Ariail was on the campus a short while the first of March. He has a host of friends both in college and in the city. Mr. Ariail spoke very highly of teachers and their responsibility, and gave some words of encouragement to many who, perhaps, expect to teach. He is very much pleased with his patrons and they with him, therefore, he can afford to advise.

J. M. Lander, '79, is a missionary in Brazil, and has a son in college.

Rev. J. W. Wolling, '73, chose to cast his lot in Brazil, where he remained as an earnest worker and missionary for twenty years. Not long since, he returned to the old Palmetto Conference, and is now stationed at Central church, Newberry, S. C.

T. W. Tarboux, '77, is today an active missionary in Brazil. He had one daughter to take a diploma at Wofford, and another to go through the Freshman Class.

Messrs. Gist Gee and Olan Wannamaker, members of that memorable closs, '96, are teachers in Soochow University, where they are doing a great work.

Mr. Claud L. Smith, '04, went immediately upon graduating to Brazil as a missionary. Central church, of Spartanburg, is supporting him there, and from time to time he writes encouraging letters to his church and people.

Dr. R. D. Stuart, '68, is an active member of the Virginia Conference, and is stationed at Charlotte.

Rev. W. S. Rowe, '73, has connected himself with the North Carolina Conference.

Dr. E. D. Mouzon resides at San Antonio, Tex., where he is pastor of Travis Park church.

W. M. Melton, '91, taught school at Tryon, N. C., was

principal of Cokesburg Conference school, and is now principal of Cross Anchor High School. His school won one of the six $50 State prizes for greatest improvements.

W. C. Herbert, '04, has charge of the Rowland High School, Rowland, N. C., and is very popular with his patrons.

T. C. Easterling, '02, was instructor in the fitting school here for three years, since which time he has held the position of superintendent of the Marion Graded Schools, where he is meeting with success and approval.

W. H. Smith, '05, is assistant cashier of the Bank of Latta.

F. E. Brabham, '03, is principal of the Pine Grove High School, Turbeville, S. C.

T. J. Cottingham, a student in '04, is cashier of the Bank of Beulah, Bethlehem, S. C. He was a member of the foot-ball team of '02.

T. C. Reed a student in '06, is the efficient principal of the Lynchburg Graded School, Lynchburg, S. C.

D. E. Turbeville, a student in '05, is associated with his father in an extensive mercantile business at Turbeville, S. C.

A correction: In the last number of the Journal appeared this statement, "Andrew M. Law, class '96, whose father graduated at Wofford, was Alumni editor." I beg to say, that it was his four brothers and not his father who graduated here.

The work of this department has become very encouraging. Several have voluntarily responded in furnishing some valuable notes of Wofford men. As said once before, this is the only department of the entire Journal that is wholly dependent upon the Alumni and students for its interest. The Alumni department is a means of communication between alumnus and student, and the hearty co-operation of both is most assuredly necessary to make it so. By their contributions, even though small, it can be and must be made the most interesting and instructive of any depart-

ment. You say, why don't the editor just write a few alumni and he can get all the information needed. Of course, the editor writes, but you must consider that he does not by any means always receive favorable replies. Then, too, an editor can not know just who to approach. Very often he unintentionally overlooks many who could and would respond if asked. Now, don't you let modesty or indifference keep you from rendering incalculable aid, simply by sending to the editor of this department any matter of information or composition. The public is anxious to see and know what Wofford men are doing, and how high they rank in the scale of manhood; therefore, they turn to the alumni of the Journal, where they hope to read from its pages that which ought and should be recorded there. See to it that you lend a helping hand: thereby endeavoring to raise the Wofford College Journal to a status that will keep any man ever connected with the college from being ashamed of that relation.

It is a privilege and a pleasure to insert in our columns of the Journal an article submitted by Dr. S. A. Weber, of Yorkville, S. C.

Be sure to look over this department in the next issue.

College Days of Long Ago

By a Student of 1856-9.

I joined the Fresh class (half-advanced) in January, 1856. That was the winter of protracted snows. Before one snow would get away, here would come another. For at least six weeks we had snow in the shaded places; and for a good part of the time, except in the road-ways and in beaten paths along the side walks, the ground would be solidly white. The fifty student snow-ballers (college and prep.) of those days of the auld lang syne have given way to the 500 Wofford snow-ballers on this snowy day of February 10, 1908. These 52 years have scored their inevitable changes, but snows and boys are much the same. So much so that this winter can't see it nor feel it, that it has been

half a century and more since he was a Fresh. Some thought "very fresh."

Six of us (Fresh and Preps) drove over from Shelby, N. C., a distance of 40 miles, and spent our first night at the Walker House, a well-known hotel of those times. How grateful till yet the memory of that log-fire in the hotel office and the smoking supper in due time, following as they did our long, cold ride through snow and slush. Soon after breakfast next morning we made our way over snowy walks —part of the way in Indian file—to the president's house, now occupied by Prof. Rembert. How wide I opened my eyes as I entered for the first time President Wightman's study, with books, books, books on the three walls of the room from floor to ceiling. It wasn't the first time I had seen this (to me) august personage, but the first time I had been at close range. I had heard him preach at North Carolina camp meetings and so I was prepared for something out of the common. No doubt about it, I was scared.

Prof. David Duncan, to whom I had an introductory letter from the teacher who prepared me for college, (this teacher, a favorite pupil of his—a first-honor graduate of old Randolph Macon,) lived next door to Dr. Wightman, where Prof. Gamewell now lives. Prof. James H. Carlisle lived then where he lives now. These three were my examiners in Latin, Greek and Mathematics. They were to determine and did determine whether or not I could be risked to take up Horace's Odes, Homer's Iliad (the book) and Davies's Legendre, with Ancient History and Greek Testament. Prof. Duncan went for me in a matter of fact and unemotional way to test my knowledge of Virgil and Cicero; also of the Mythological Dialogues in Jacob's Greek Reader. (I'll tell this now that it is all over: he took me up on a dialogue which I was most of all familiar with; my teacher at Olive Institute (N. C.) only a short time before, having thoroughly drilled me on it.) Then came Prof. Carlisle, who it seemed to me, looked at me with such an air of mild reproach, as he found out in short order what I

didn't know about elementary mathematics: arithmetic, algebra, geometry, with similar results. Dr. Wightman had nothing to say except to announce the result of the examination. Zeb. Vance used to say about his colleague in the United States Senate from North Carolina that he could 'strut standing still.' The old doctor, as we called him, was dignified, and that for a fact. I can see him now and hear him: "The faculty—ah!—have—concluded—to —ah!—admit you." "Thank you!" said the scared Freshman, and his gratitude for unmerited favors has lasted to this good day.

In those times we averaged three recitation a day, each recitation an hour long. On Saturdays we had one before breakfast; and on Mondays we had two, one of these was Greek Testament. So we had fifteen hours a week; and as I have just said, and average of three a day—two in the forenoon following chapel exercises and one in the afternoon followed by chapel exercises. The early Saturday recitation was to keep us at work in our rooms on Friday night. The lighter work on Monday was to discourage study on Sunday. If, however, we did study on the Sabbath day, the Greek Testament would be our only lesson for the following Monday morning.

We had to hustle to make good of a Saturday morning. Prayers were at sun-rise, so half-way between day-light and sun-rise you'd see the boys from all over town hurrying and scurrying toward the chapel. The Fresh class went to Dr. Wightman to recite Horace after prayer. We were all at liberty after that for the day except for the literary society exercises at night. We had only one society (Calhoun) when I first entered Woord. The Preston society was organized the year I left college. The Calhoun society celebrated two anniversary occasions in those days: (1) the anniversary of the formation or organization of the society, and (2) that of the birth of J. C. Calhoun, for whom the society was named. It was judged to be a great honor to be the anniversary orator on one of these occasions. It

was my first gratified ambition to make the address on Calhoun's birthday in my Senior year. I have had no earthly honor since that has gratified me so. As I write anonymously I will take the liberty of saying it was one of the very best speeches I ever did make.

We used to have some great times at those Saturday night society meetings. Hon. S. Dibble, LL. D., is the first president I remember. He left the Charleston College in his Senior year and graduated alone at Wofford in 1856—Wofford's first alumnus. He was well up in Parliamentary order and set the gage for us in this respect—I remember during one of the debates one of the orators, who was something of a wag, said that he had something to say, that something was in him that he wanted to say and that he'd feel bad till he got it out. He had no sooner finished his speech when up jumped a Sophomore—who has since become a bishop, "Mr. President," said he, "I don't blame the member for feeling bad with all that in him." Turning to the speaker he said: "I hope you got it all out, and that you feel better now." Possibly the most brilliant member of the society was William Maxwell Martin. He was a finished orator and composed admirably both in verse and prose. He was one of the earliest victims of our Confederate war. A posthumous volume of his literary remains was published soon after his death. It sparkles with literary gems. Capt. Chas. Petty, who graduated at the head of his class in 1857, and James C. Hardin, of Chester, who shared the first honor of his class in 1858 with A. W. Moore, who came to Wofford from Emory College, Ga., were strong men in the society and only spoke now and then and only when they had something to say. My memory serves me about others; but want of space makes me desist.

In addition to the members of the faculty already mentioned, there were Dr. Whitefoord Smith (English literature and Belles Lettres) and Prof. Warren DuPre (natural science). Minerva-like, Wofford was well equipped from her birth. Her very first faculty was a very able one. We

older boys had very fine opportunities. The classes were small and each boy was called on at every recitation. If we each didn't get a good education in those days it was our own fault. We certainly had a fine chance.

The first commencement. It was in 1856. We all,trustees, faculty, students—formed in procession at the gate of the president's house and marched up to the chapel. Samuel Dibble was the only graduate and made his speech. After this Dr. Whitefoord Smith and Prof. W. DuPre delivered each his inaugural address. The other members had done the same thing the year before, when there were no graduating exercises, and so no commencement as such. Dr. Joseph Cross preached the commencement sermon on Sunday before. The commencement party was at the Palmetto House on the night of commencement day.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

B. N. Alsbrook, Editor.

J. C. Hardin, of Clover, S. C., a member of the Preston Literary Society was chosen Friday night, February 21, to represent Wofford College in the intercollegiate oratorical contest to be held in Greenwood on the night of April 24. E. R. Mason, of the Preston Society, was chosen as alternate. The following was the program:

PRESIDING OFFICER.
F. B. Morgan, Jr.
OPENING PRAYER.
Rev. J. M. Magruder
Music
B. N. Alsbrook (Carlisle) . . . . Spartanburg County, S. C.
"The Hour and the Man"
Music
E. R. Mason (Preston) . . . . . Florence County, S. C.
"The Democratic Party and the Solid South"
Music
C. E. Klugh (Calhoun) . . . . . Greenwood County, S. C.
"Industrial Carnage"
Music
J. L. Dukes (Carlisle) . . . . . Orangeburg County, S. C.
"American Supremacy"
Music
J. C. Hardin (Preston) . . . . . York County, S. C.
"The Battle Against Ignorance"
Music
DECISION OF JUDGES.
RECEPTION 10-12

Prof. S. H. Clark, of the University of Chicago, gave a dramatic recital of Stephen Phillips' romantic drama "Ulysses" in the college auditorium on the night of Feb-

ruary 24. Mr. Clark's work was of the very highest order, and stamps him as one of America's leading elocutionists and interpreters of classic tragedy. His oratory was pure, intense, compelling and of such dramatic force that his listeners quite forgot themselves and were transported by the eloquence of the speaker to the ancient cities and peoples immortalized by the deeds of "brave men and fair women." The recital was a rare treat and an excellent number for the exceptionally strong course which Professor Gamewell has arranged.

The exhibition given on the night of February 22 by the Athletic team of the Wofford College gymnasium was attended by a large crowd of young people, and the exhibition was declared to be one of the best that has ever been given. Great interest is being manifested in the gymnasium work by the students.

The next Lyceum attraction will be the Vanderbilt Glee Club. This organization is one of the largest and best of its kind in the coutry. The club consists of twenty-five members, and they have made several extensive tours, one of them being to England. Professor Gamewell is to be congratulated upon securing this high-class attraction. They will be seen in the Wofford College auditorium on the night of April 4. The price of admission will be 50 cents to lyceum members.

The following from the secretary of the city Y. M. C. A. will doubtless be appreciated by the many friends of Wofford College:

To the Editor of the Journal:

Will you permit me, please, a little space in which to express my keen appreciation of the Wofford Lyceum Course? As a newcomer to Spartanburg it has been my privilege this winter to enjoy a succession of delightful surprises furnished by the enterprising people of this charming city.

In the front rank comes the Wofford Lyceum which has provided for the Spartan people this season a course combining instruction and entertainment to a degree rarely equalled and certainly far above the average lyceum course. There has not been a single poor or even mediocre number. Its value to the people of this city, particularly the young people is so great that we would not even attempt to estimate it. The large patronage and the evident satisfaction afforded must be a source of gratification to the promoters of the lyceum.

The people of Spartanburg owe a most hearty vote of thanks to Professor J. A. Gamewell and Wofford College for bringing to this city, and presenting to the public, men of national renown and artists of such signal ability.

As secretary of the Young men's Christian Association, which in most cities conducts a course similar to this one, and in behalf of young men, in whose interests I have worked for many years, I feel especially grateful to the managers of this course for their most excellent judgment in selection and perfect attention to every detail of business in the 1907-08 Wofford Lyceum. Walter B. Abbott.

COMIQUES ON THE CAMPUS

Fresh Gage, seeing confetti on the ground at the carnival, exclaimed, "Goodness gracious, they sure have been shooting paper caps around here."

Junior Hardin—Betts, I hear you are leading a Sunday school class now.

Soph. Betts—Yes, but did you hear which way I was leading it?

One night at the opera house, when someone, he thought, was looking at him with a pair of opera glasses, Soph. Hardin exclaimed, "Look at that woman looking at me through those microbes."

Prof. Spencer—Mr. Easterling, what are "hot pescodes?"
Junior Easterling—Ham sandwiches.

Soph. Hardin went to the board in Greek.

Prof. Rembert said, "You boys go to Converse too much."

Soph. Hardin nervously said, "Professor, I can't write when you all are talking about the girls."

Fresh Hucks—If I had to be baptized in the winter time I think I would wait until summer.

Wanted

To know if the steel flagstaff is used to "water" the campus with. Fresh Yarborough.

To know why Prof. Spencer wrote the words "cards" in the corner of the invitations the Freshman had to answer. Fresh Ellerbe.

To know what became of eleven of Prof. DuPre's chickens.

To know if she is an Irishman. Fresh. N. Rosser Smith.

A girl who has white prunes on her hat. Fresh Russell.

To know what a Josephine (Alexandrine) is. Fresh Stuckey.

To know if algebra is harder than mathematics. Fresh Woodward.

A girl. Must be lovable. Those who would object to getting married next June need not apply. Address, "Senior," Box 570, Spartanburg, S. C.

To know who George Anna (Jonathan) Edwards was. Soph. Bowman.

To know if my tie is on straight. Senior Morgan. (Not J. P.)

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

Wm. B. Garrett, Jr., Editor.

A Great Revival

The greatest revival that has ever been on Wofford campus has just closed. The work that was done for the spiritual welfare of the boys and the success of this work is indeed surprising. At almost every service the room was very nearly full of young men, eager to hear the Gospel of Peace, Hope, Love, and Truth preached to them. The Spirit of God was surely present during those few days or so many of the boys would not have given their lives to Jesus. We feel that the Y. M. C. A. has been greatly strengthened by having had this revival and we hope that each of the fifty-one newly converted boys will join in our ranks and help increase the Christian element on the campus. All the Christian men feel that the meeting has been a great benefit to them and are more determined than ever to make the best of their lives. The Y. M. C. A. welcomes most heartily all who feel that it would be beneficial for them to be in this Christian association. We realize that the men who have only recently taken the most important step of their lives are having a mighty struggle. It takes all the manhood in a fellow to refrain from all evil influences. But after the battle is over the victory will be sweeter than ever before. Let us keep our honor bright always, so that it will be a shining star that will lead others to a higher and nobler life. Then, when our lives have ripened into old age we can look back with great joy to the spring of 1908 as being the greatest and most important year of our lives. Especially are we grateful to Mr. Truesdale for the untiring efforts which he put forth and for the great work he accomplished. The entire Y. M. C. A. wishes to thank Mr. Truesdale through the pages of the Journal for having been such a great help to the college community.

At the last business meeting of the Y. M. C. A. the officers for the ensuing year were elected. The work of the past year has been exceedingly good, but we are not satisfied. We wish we had done more for Jesus Christ and not until it is too late do we see where we have failed. It is with a peculiar feeling of deep regret that we realize the opportunity has passed forever to correct these mistakes. We wish to charge the incoming officers to profit by the errors that have been made during the past year, put forth every effort possible for the welfare of the Y. M. C. A. With such prospects as we have in view there is no reason why this should not be a very successful year. We trust that every member of the Y. M. C. A. will begin with the ensuing year to do their very best to live a more useful life.

The officers for the coming year are as follows: President, Marion Dargan, Jr.; vice-president, James C. Hardin; secretary, C. B. Dawsey; treasurer, P. Leon Keaton. Each of these gentlemen are fine, Christian young men and have won for themselves the esteem and respect of the entire student body. We feel sure that under the management of these men the Y. M. C. A. will grow and the Christian element on the campus will be increased.

"Though ye slay me, yet will I trust Him."—Job.

"Be noble, and the nobleness that lies in other men sleeping but never dead will rise in majestiy to meet thine own."

"Truth crushed to the earth will rise again."—Longfellow.

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April 1908

CONTENTS

Literary Department—

- June 325
- Are Immigration Bureaus Well? 325
- Achieve 331
- Summer 332
- Disasters in Our Coal Mines 332
- A Freshman's Story 334
- The Home Road 334
- The American Juggernaut 335
- Work 337
- Why This Civilization? 338
- A Twilight Dream 341

Editorial Department 342

Exchange Department 348

Clippings 352

Alumni Department 348

Local Department 363

Y. M. C. A. Department 374

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	PAGE
Anderson, C. W. & Co.	xii
Argyle, The	viii
Bernhardt, Photographer	ix
Biber, A. W., Jeweler	iii
Bishop, A. J & Co.	iv
Bagwell, J. E., Grocer	viii
Band & White, Printers	xvi
Bomar & Crigler	cover
Cudd, R. E. & Co.	x
Chapman, The Grocer	x
Cannon & Fetzer Co.	i
Central National Bank	v
Correll, D. C., Jeweler	v
Crimm, Dr. I. E.	xiii
DuPre Book Store	i
Fairyland	xi
Fashion, The	ii
Fleming, C. E.	iii
First National Bank	xiv
Fidelity Loan & Trust Co.	xiv
Gas and Electric Co.	iv
Greenewald, The Clothier	cover
Harris Furniture Co.	x
Hygeia Ice Co.	xi
Hopkins Shop	xii
Heinitsh's Drug Store	xiii
Irwin's Drug Store	xv
Johnson, H. J.	ix
Keene, Alf.	xiii
Lester, L. T.	x
Littlejohn, Worth	iii
Ligon's Drug Store	vi
Liles, Floyd L.	viii
Lemmond, A. W.	xiii
Miller, Bob	xi
Maddux, W. E.	v
Piedmont Laundry Co.	ix
Price's Clothing Store	vi
Peterson, The Photographer	vii
Queen, J. R.	x
Rowe & Rowe	vii
Rigby's Drug Store	x
Riebling Drug Co.	v
Russum, J. M.	xiii
Star Cafe	ii
St. John, Dr. F. C.	iii
Spartan Hardware Co.	vii
Spartanburg Bus. College	viii
Thompson & Dillard	xiii
True's Department Store	iii
The Battery Clothing Co.	xv
University of Virginia	ix
Walker, John A.	xi
Watauga Cafe	vii
Wright-Scruggs Shoe Co.	xv
Wofford College	cover
Wofford Fitting School	cover

Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

John Lee Hydrick, Editor.
R. B. Hicks, Assistant Editor.

June

The birds have ceased their singing,
The brook still plays its tune,
In every ear is ringing,
  The mirth of life in June.

O'er hill and dale and valley,
  The shadows gently creep;
For night approaches softly,
  The stars their vigil keep.

O. L. Bennett.

Are Immigration Bureau's Well

For the last three years no subject of more vital importance has faced the people of the Southern States than that of immigration. Since 1890 the tide of immigration has flowed upon our Northern shores with a velocity only equaled in the history of the world by the precipitation of the Goths and Franks on the lands of Rome. But of these vast hordes very few have reached the South.

The economic interests of the South demand more laborers, and it is to obtain these laborers that several Southern States have recently established Immigration Bureaus. It shall be our purpose in this to leave off all theorizing as to what the immigrant may do for the South and discuss whether these Immigration Bureaus, with their present systems and kinds of immigration, are proving themselves worthy of the money spent in appropriations for them.

It will hardly be questioned that desirable immigration is well. Every one notes with satisfaction the part taken by men of foreign birth in producing the great West of today. Yet, who will deny that the foreigner who assisted in developing the West differed widely from the average alien. Years before he had come to this country with many others. Since then, he had lived a prosperous and clean life, showing himself far superior to the vast majority of his fellow immigrants, who preferred eking out an existence of poverty and crime in the slums and undesirable parts of our great centers of population. The West was not produced by the vast hordes of immigrants. Comparatively few of them—only the cream of former shiploads—have taken part in this wonderful development. Rather, we find that the great bulk—four-fifths of all the immigrants who have come to this country—have remained behind in the larger cities, living in overcrowded tenements where thousand are huddled together in narrow streets and alleys which teem with poorly clad children and sickly and emaciated men and women. Here they live as agitators, anarchists, nihilists—a source of trouble and terror. It may be noted in planning for the immigrant of the future, that only 52.3 per cent. of all the immigrants who have come to America have taken up occupations of any kind, and of this 52.3 per cent. the great majority are women. We learn this from Mr. Wm. S. Rossiter, chief clerk in the U. S. Census Department. It is claimed that 50 per cent. of the crime of our nation is committed by this idle foreign element.

Among all immigrants we find some men of high intellectual, moral, and social development—men skilled in work who can be of much benefit to us. But the mass of them are ignorant and unskilled, whose lives on their native lands have been spent in merely existing in large cities, and who come here only hoping that a living may be obtained with less labor—people to whom such attributes as ambition, energy, and mental brilliancy never appeal.

In the effort of these Bureaus to secure immigration, we

submit that it is not reasonable to believe that a thrifty, prosperous native should be anxious, or even willing, to sever the ties which bind him to his native home and migrate to a land where he only hopes to obtain labor. We do not abhor the name of "immigrant," nor are we prejudiced against the people of any country. We do not forget that our forefathers were immigrants. But does it not seem absurd to compare the God-fearing Pilgrim, who was willing to brave the terrors of the sea, and, facing the dangers and hardships of a new country, to hew out a home in the heart of the forest and make his abode among wild beasts and savages, in order that he might have freedom of conscience —is it not absurd to compare the Pilgrim of New England and the Cavalier of the South, our ancestors, to the thriftless anarchist and nihilist, whose guiding star is the glitter of the dollar, who has no love for home nor respect for order, and not even the energy to work for the money with which to pay his passage over? The settler is no more. The immigrant is a reality. The alien no longer comes to these shores as an organizer and builder, but as an adventurer, eager to take advantage of a widely heralded national prosperity.

Again, we submit that it is impracticable to obtain the desirable class of immigrants with the methods used by the Immigration Bureaus. It is the duty of the commissioners or their substitutes to go abroad and turn the stream of migration to their respective States. On this their success depends, and number is necessarily the first requisite. To cite a noteworthy example, Commissioner Watson, of the South Carolina Bureau, in his report for the year 1906, stated that within two weeks the advertising for, the collecting, and the preparing of the five hundred persons who constituted the cargo of the Wittekind on its first journey were accomplished. Could there have been proper discrimination in so short a time? Rather, was it not probable that South Carolina did obtain much of the scum of the European cities? Is this the class of people we should be glad to wel-

come to our States to share with us the rights of citizenship.

In selecting its immigrants, according to the testimony of Mr. Watson, it took only a few weeks for the South Carolina Immigration Bureau, having failed to secure the freedom loving Scotchman, to turn to the overcrowded cities of Europe—the hotbeds of anarchism and nihilism. So anxious was the South Carolina Bureau to secure immigrants that in the last report is found a strong plea for the State law to be so amended that Italy and Greece might be drawn on. And this movement was strongly supported by many leading men of the State. Are we to have our Southland endangered by the dago with his mafia and stilletto? Do we need aliens who have no regard for law or order, who in secret plan the murder of their kindred, and whose mere presence is a menace to society?

We would not for a moment have anyone suppose we are opposed to immigration or are raising the cry of "America for Americans." Of course in these countries there are desirable immigrants, and there is room here for many. But surely the South Carolina Immigration Bureau has furnished a notable example of the inadequacy in the methods and results of such institutions for obtaining to any appreciable degree this better class of aliens.

We are a Protestant nation. Quoting from an article which appeared in a recent number of the American Monthly Review of Reviews, written by the gentleman of our Census Department, to whom we referred above, we find:

"Prior to 1880 immigration (except from Ireland) tended to increase the Protestant element of our nation. Since 1880, however, immigrants—who have arrived in rapidly increasing numbers—have been largely Roman Catholics or non-Christian—that is Hebrew. Religious freedom is so universally regarded as the corner stone of American liberty that no attention whatever is paid to the religious beliefs of those who seek citizenship in the United States. The fact should not be ignored, however, that the habit of

thought and public policy differ decidedly in the Protestant countries, compared with the Roman Catholic countries, and it is to be expected that a large accession of Roman Catholics will exert an increasing influence in the United States."

How many of us have ever thought of the fact that one-half of our immigrants have no knowledge of the Christian faith and how little they appreciate it after arriving? In Chicago there is a Bohemian Sunday school, where children are taught that there is no God, and that those who believe in God are not trustworthy. And no amount of money is being spared by these people in distributing their atheistic pamphlets. Scattered throughout the United States are forty-seven Buddist temples where idols are worshipped, and the same heathen rites observed as by the Buddists across the sea. This is a matter, we learn from Mr. Watson, the South Carolina Immigration Bureau, and we take it as typi cal, paid no attention to. Yet, ought we, in our greed for temporal progress, neglect the spiritual welfare of our States?

A glance at the Dillingham law of 1903, and its amendment of February, 1907, will acquaint us with the fact that corporations are most emphatically forbidden to assist or encourage the importation of aliens in any way whatsoever. And yet, the South Carolina Commissioner, when asked by whom is the passage of these immigrants paid, replied that up to the establishment of the Immigration Bureau every one who come to South Carolina paid his own way, but after its establishment the passage of a considerable number was paid by the Immigration Bureau through contributions made to that department, but not by the State itself. It is therefore evident that corporations made contributions to the department, and used the State as a cat's paw to carry out their selfish aims.

Of all who come to South Carolina with the second cargo of the Wittekind everyone, as far as we have been able to ascertain, first sought employment in the cotton mills. Most of the Southern cotton manufacturing plants are practically

owned by Northern and English capitalists. It is a matter of common note that the wellbeing of the laborer is of little consequence to his employers, as a class. So long as his work is efficient, what does the mill president care for the class of his employee? Recall, if you please, the significant fact that since 1892 when Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, first introduced the restriction of an educational test as an amendment, that corporetaions defeated and have persistently fought any restrictive immigration legislation on unskilled and cheap labor.

Our nation, realizing the indifference of these men to the welfare of anyone save themselves, has said that they shall not, in any manner or form, try to induce people to come to this country. Yet these are they who make the contributions, and surely it is reasonable for us to suppose that the immigrant will be obtained for them. The question may well be raised that since these are the ones benefited by such bureaus, why should the people of the States pay for their support?

Our States are inclined to be extravagant. We grant that the amount of money may be insignificant, within itself, but it is just so much of the people's money spent in a project from which only a few can reap a benefit. It is true that some few do come for agricultural purposes, but, because of the negro, the great majority soon become discontented and leave. Government statistics reveal the fact that of the few foreigners who have come to the South Atlantic States, only 2.6 per cent. have remained in agricultural pursuits.

It has been our purpose in this to show that the alien who comes from the overcrowded city; who is ignorant and unskilled; who is void of ambition and energy; who is incapable of comprehending the wide and full meaning of American citizenship, who is Godless and lawless—it has been our purpose to show that this class of aliens is undesirable in every sense of the word, and this is the class most

likely to be obtained by such means as the Immigration Bureaus afford.

It is the right and duty of every American to criticize justly the raw material for future citizenship passing within our gates, and to insist that this material shall be measured and weighed—measured by the standard of humanity, weighed in the scale of justice, and if found wanting, sent back without ceremony or sentiment whence it came, and not encouraged by appropriating more of the people's funds to sap the vitality of our States.

Let us ask ourselves, as we study this question, whether, after all, it is a genuine concern for the South, and a sincere desire to solve her hard problems, that inspires the immigration movement; or is it a fine piece of commercialism in behalf of certain corporations who are working for their selfish interests.

Achieve

No one can even approximate his ideal without becoming a greater, purer, and nobler man.

When I strolled in sweetest meadows where the birds were always singing,
And the balmy perfumed zephyrs were anon with music ringing,
I was happy and contented—life was one sweet soothing dream;
But a stranger crossed my pathway, staff in hand and face agleam.

He spoke—his voice was stern but tender, "Stay not here in ease and shame!
Seek your ideal, never ceasing; climb the lofty heights of Fame!
Yonder on the verge of Heaven, clothed in clouds and mists of morning
The sun of time is brightly shining, and a fairer day is dawning."

B. Nettles Alsbrook.

Summer

When the soothing beams of sunshine fill the joyful earth below,
And the perfume of the flowers fills the breezes as they blow;
When the sentimental violet covers every hill and dale,
And the merry yachting parties o'er the crystal waters sail;
When the mocking-bird is singing sweetest lyrics ever sung
With a clearer silver accent than is given human tongue;
When the sweet magnolia blossoms fill the Southland everywhere,
And the summer moon is beaming on the fragrant landscape there.
Then I linger with my darling, sweetly Southern, lovely too.
Softly whisper I the story, often told but ever true.

B. Nettles Alsbrook.

Disasters in Our Coal Mines

While we are now giving thought to the preservation of our coal mines, would it not be better to give some attention to the great disasters in these same mines and to the proposed remedies for this destruction of life?

In the present condition of these mines, every man who goes into them is liable to be killed at any time by an explosion or by a cave-in. However the miner has become accustomed to it and goes on facing danger. But in the case of the wife who remains at home the burden is greater. She knows not at what time she may be without a husband and her children fatherless.

For every million of tons of coal produced in this country six men are killed. We do not realize this while sitting by our warm fires but think only of the comfort the fuel gives and not of the many lives of our own countrymen sacrificed in removing it from earth. The greater part of the laborers in the deeper mines are Americans, who have come from nearby mountain districts. The management of these

companies want only safe and intelligent labor. Therefore they will not employ foreigners, who are unsteady and liable to lose their head when something happens.

At last our citizens have been somewhat aroused by the disasters which took place only a few months ago. The first was at the Naomi mine in Pennsylvania where about thirty-five men were killed. Before the inspector had finished his report on this, the great disaster at the Monongah mine had happened in which the bodies of four hundred men were entombed. Within a week there was another explosion in an Alabama mine with a loss of sixty, and an almost identical one with the Monongah, in the famous Connellsville section, removed from a village nearly all its bread-winners. The fact that all thes accidents could probably have been prevented, shows the carelessness of the owners and of the government in this industry. Although coal-mining is one of our great industries and the basis of much wealth, yet we are killing more men in coal mines than any other country in the world. Even Prussia, which made the worst record in Europe, has only two-thirds of our percentage of deaths from this cause.

Americans make the best of mining machinery in existence and our mining engineers have won fame in many foreign lands. Also our mines are newer, less deep and less gaseous than those in Europe. Surely it is enough to shame us to know that America with all these advantages, yet kills so many men in its mines.

The remedies proposed for this carelessness and consequent loss of life are first to establish a national Bureau of Mine Inspection. This bureau should publish the results of its own investigations and those of Europe, placing them before and in this way educating the individual miner. Then the States should also have efficient inspectors, not only faithful ones but those thoroughly competent. The Alabama mine was inspected just before the explosion, the inspector having just complimented the men on its condition. Also there should be State and Federal laws regulating the

use of safety lamps in gaseous mines, amount of explosives to be fired, adequate ventilation, and the outfits in case of an accident.

If the people and government can be persuaded to try at least some of these suggestions, the great loss of life in our coal mines will be reduced to a minimum.

J. W. S., '09.

A Freshman's Story

A Freshman in his room one night,
  Had dozed off in his chair.
He was dreaming of the home folks,
  And of his sweetheart there.

The flower of his heart seemed near,
  He was not homesick then,
But was as happy as could be,
  Happier far than other men.

But he had not slept very long,
  Before across his head,
He felt a blow that woke him up,
  And something to him said.

"Get up from here, you lazy hand,
  Let's see what you can do."
With that they pulled him from his seat
  And beat him black and blue.

They made him dance, they made him sing,
  They threw him on his cot.
Until those thoughts of home were gone,
  Those of his girl forgot.

W. S. Judy.

The Home Road

Across the tops of the mountains,
  And through the valley below,

Along where the rippling fountains
With sparkling water flow.

Through the depths of the shady forests,
Where the untamed animals roam,
To the banks of the river Alice,
Lies the road to my boyhood's home.

C. H. C., '11.

The American Juggernaut

We are rapidly approaching an ideal condition as far as possessing the comforts of life are concerned. Who is not moved by the inspiring works daily being brought to view? Every hour men are bringing forth powers, formulas, and ingenious instruments calculated to satisfy our every physical need. Relatively speaking, time and distance are being annihilated; we hear round the world, and who knows how long before we shall see the antipodes?

But glance back through the ages. When primeval man passed from the purely family to the social state, contact between men increased, and conditions of existence became difficult. The struggle for existence, at first feeble, gradually increased in intensity, spread and grew general among societies, classes, and individuals.

And through each succeeding age the struggle became more intense. Men began to thirst for power and wealth. The great moral law was cast aside as a moss-covered relic of the past; truth was looked upon as a word for priests to use; and honor was counted but a memory of the days of chivalry.

And, in this age, when conniving and unscrupulous men have gained positions of trust and honor among us; when political rings are almost crushing out the life of our cities; when political, commercial and social corruption stare us in the face, the cry re-echoes across our broad land, "God give us men."

Yet those self-centered individuals who have degraded

our country and prostituted virtue and honor to further their own ambitions and selfish aims—and their name is legion—see no threatening cloud. They are so blinded by their ill-gotten wealth and power that they are oblivious to the impending danger, and from morn till night scheme on the wrest from honest toilers the compensation they have received for their conscientious labor. But the great, noble, and high-minded do see it, and in their fear for the safety and well-being of the nation cry forth in anxious voices for aid.

Yet rare, indeed, are these noble souls in our land, the land which our fathers called the home of liberty, fraternity, and equality. Here and there great souls arise and in no mistakable terms protest against the vice and corruption on every side; but their voices can scarcely be heard above the mad and tumultuous rush for wealth. And of those who do hear, few listen thoughtfully, while the great majority rush on with deadened consciences to their daily work of "getting money," and getting it by any means and at any cost.

Who are those whom the country needs as leaders in the momentous struggle against the shameful corrupting forces which make honesty but an empty word and cause the manacled goddess of liberty to weep in her cheerless dungeon? They are the men who are honest in every act, purpose, and intention; men who will not follow the paths which lead aside from the way of integrity and honor; men who need no watchers but their consciences and their God. Such are the men who are the life-blood of a nation. Without them the nation is doomed.

Let us ever remember that the value of a man to society is determined by the purposes with which he serves his country. If his course is upright and his ideals lofty, his life is not only a credit to himself and his family, his State and the nation, but his example influences the thoughts and deeds of those with whom he comes in contact. For no man liveth to himself. In these days when strict honesty and

sterling worth are so rare, they are proportionately valuable as an asset. But if one is lead by personal aims and desires to lead a life of vice, corruption, and deception, he is a parasite on society and does not deserve to live among honest, God-fearing people.

We are too prone to estimate a man's value to society by his wealth. This should not be. And on the contrary, we should not go to the other extreme and conclude that no plutocrat can be great-souled.

Yet let us never think that either purple robes or filthy rags determine the value of a man to society; but, as Washington once said, "the ever favorite object of his heart." If he unceasingly strives to better humanity and lift the masses up to a higher plane; if he labors that justice may be done to all, be they rich or poor; if he inculcates principles of honesty in all whom he comes in contact with; then, indeed, does he deserve the honor, respect, and reverence of society. 2—14—1.

Work

In a garden of roses eternally fresh
Where sweet, haunting fragrance makes heavy the air,
Where the birds ever sing,
And their joys ever ring
In this garden of roses and sunshine so rare:
There Pleasure has built her a palace of gold.
Where bouquets and feasting make glad all the day,
Where white-handed Ease,
(With his power to please)
Plays sensuous music to hearts that are gay.

Yet without the high walls of this garden so fair,
In the boundless old world with its shadows and gloom,
Where clouds of despair
And heart-rending care
Shut the sunshine of Love from lost lives that would bloom:

There Humanity fights all the battles of life,
With a heart that is sad, (perhaps bursting with woe;)
There young manhood fights strong in opposing the wrong,
Hears the piteous calling of Innocence, low.

Some have heeded the call from sweet Pleasure and Ease
And have turned from the world with its sorrows and strife,
Have forgotten the need
Where the wounded ones bleed,
And feel not the wonderful motions of life.
May *our* sympathies be where Humanity calls,
Down midst the sharp suffering, the doubt and the murk,
And until the world sings,
Till its happiness rings,
May we cry, "Let us work, work, *work!*"

Walter Clyde Curry, '09.

Why This Civilization

Not many years ago the whole fruit crop in certain sections of the country was killed by frost and continual cold weather. A certain man, who is deeply religious, remarked that it did not seem right that everything should be killed in this way. He actually questioned the wisdom of the Almighty in allowing the frost to do so much damage.

This man's position was wrong because he was probably ignorant of a certain law of nature. This law is illustrated in the tomato plant and its fruit. This plant now produces a delicious vegetable common to the southern part of our country. Look again at the same plant fifty years ago. It was then nothing more than a scrubby weed. It has wonderfully and rapidly developed from a mere weed to a useful vegetable. Man has, at the expense of the vitality of the plant cultivated it for the sake of the fruit. The present state of the tomato plant, from an evolutionary standpoint, would have probably come about naturally, yet man has

forced the evolution, causing this development to take place before the proper time. The same facts are true of the peach, apple, plum, potato, cabbage, et cetera. If all these plants had remained in their natural state they would not have been effected by the ravages of frost, cold, or other circumstances now not beneficial to them. Therefore, the next time frost kills the fruit crop, let us not blame God with it, for man is solely and entirely to blame.

If the tomato or any other plant now in a state of cultivation were again put in the wilds or out of the care of man its state would change. Whenever a domesticated animal returns to the wild surroundings in which it previously lived it does not take up again the same characteristics that it had before its development. Characteristics received from its domestication still remain and generally hinder it in the environment in which it finds itself.

In geology we find that most clastic rocks are fossiliferous. These fossils reveal among other things the fact that when a genus, species, family, or individual evolved any characteristic, structure, or property, from its progenitors, that was not beneficial to it this genus, species, family, or individual became extinct. It is not the cause of the development of detrimental characteristics that is to be discussed here, but it is the fact that these unnecessary characteristics unfitted the plant or animal in the struggle for existence. This is why it disappeared after fulfilling its purpose. This of course does not mean that all extinct faunae and florae are in such a condition because of backsliding in the process of evolution, for it is accepted as a fact that they are extinct because, and only because, they have served their purpose.

Certainly the cultivating of vegetables and fruit is beneficial to man in his present state. But look at this cultivation from the standpoint of the plants. They are unfitted by their constitution and structure under the cultivation of man to withstand any natural difficulties, such as: much rain, a prolonged drought, exceeding cold, and other things. There are good grounds to say that if left to themselves

vegetables and other cultivated plants would gradually evolve into something like their former state. Their present condition is not natural.

In the foregoing it has been shown that anything which is forced is not normal. The tomato plant was used to illustrate this. Also in this connection it was stated that the present development is premature. Which is to say, as was stated in the paragraph on fossils, that this too rapid evolution is detrimental to the plant which is cultivated and unfits it in the struggle for existence.

Sociology is "popularly the aggregate of all branches that treat or bear on social relations." From the definition, sociology is complementary to all and supplementary to none of the sciences. Hence it is the most complex subject termed "science." Also, from the definition, sociology treats of certain facts and conditions. This means that it is not the function or in the province of sociology to correct real or imaginary faults in civilization, but only to point them out. In the words of a writer on this subject "Sociology is constructive; not destructive." Out of sociology comes the different social parties—socialistic and many other similar ones. These parties have as their object the changing of the existing social relations of man. Hence they are destructive.

Quite a great quantity of reading matter has been written lately on the subject of "simple life" or return to nature. These writers say that civilization is faulty and propose a remedy. They are not like the man who said, "The remedy for civilization is more civilization." These "simple lifers" want to go back where they came from. They wish to do away with all existing customs and institutions.

Man has had a certain amount of cultivation or civilization. This is forced and is premature as the full prisons, labor saving devices, and many other things testify. The cultivation of man as he is now, would probably come about naturally in time. He is like the tomato in this respect. At the expense of what has this evolution or cultivation been

effected? Man certainly has some characteristics that are detrimental to his welfare. The socialists and "simple-lifers" think that he would go back to what he came from if the present causes of his highly developed nature were removed. This conclusion is most probably incorrect as is seen when a domesticated animal goes back to his previous state in the wild.

Man's resistance of natural changes is lessened by his present state of cultivation. This state unfits him in the struggle for existence. Will man, on this account, after having served his purpose, become extinct?

Oren L. Herring, '09.

A Twilight Dream

Far out across the sun-down west
  The dim blue mountains rise
The weary sun sinks slow to rest
  Beneath bright crimson skies;

Soft twilight floods with tints of gold
  The dreamy dying hour
And on the chambers of my soul
  Spreads out its unseen power.

Oh, God if I could only lead
  The life of which I dream
No further precepts would I need
  To make life be, not seem.

My soul would glimpse Thy mighty plan
  And strive once more to climb
My faith would grow in every man
  My thoughts would be sublime.

The weary longings of my soul
  Would sink deep in my breast
Twilight would flood with brightest gold
  The pathway to my rest.

171.

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Elections.

When all the State and South is ringing with the sound of stump speeches there is danger that our colleges will be influenced by this kind of politics. This is all right if in the college elections the worthy kind of campaigining which attempts to elect a man on his merits is imitated, but it is often the case that college men, being infatuated with the shrewd manipulations in the clever game of trickery played by the wire pullers, try to emulate their example by arranging schemes for the swapping of honors among various classes and fraternities. The literary societies are places to study parliamentary practice and to train men in the art of public speaking, but some members in the past have appeared to believe that these societies were organizations in

which to arrange and perpetuate schemes that would dishonor Tammany Hall in a New York municipal election. This year let no blot of this kind besmirch our record.

The time is near at hand when the literary societies will hold their annual elections for the editors and business managers of the Journal and the various other society officers, etc. We wish to urge that these elections be put absolutely upon a basis of merit. Among the objections often offered by men when asked to join a literary society is the claim that merit is not rewarded and that the honors are parcelled out among certain organizations, represented in the societies, as they would be in a political election in which the whole affair was controlled by a party boss.

We hope that no politics of the "swapping honors" sort will be brought in this year, but if between now and the time for these elections any members perceive such political schemes brewing let them not fear to fight the politicians. Spread the news abroad among your fellow members and lead in the movement to meet the attempt of the machine. You will find that the majority of the men in the societies are desirous of having elections placed purely upon a standard of merit and that it is only necessary to show them the designs attempted by any ring of politicians to defeat the unscrupulous schemes overwhelmingly.

Commencement.

It is a well known fact that a number of students do not attend commencement. Many, as soon as they complete their examinations in June, take the first train home. The Freshman has perhaps been told that commencement is not the place for him, that he has plenty of time to attend in his Sophomore, Junior, and Senior years. June generally finds the Sophomore, who as a general thing knows very little about commencement and who seems to care even less, worn out by assidous application to second English, second mathematics, first chemistry, first history, or something of their kind; for it is in one's second year

that the "rub" comes. Worn out in this way, he wishes to seek relief in some other place, away from the very sight of things that will suggest examinations to him. The Junior leaves perhaps because he deems commencement exclusively a Senior affair—an opinion formed very erroneously from his absolute ignorance of it. Of course, the Senior class is the main feature of commencement; it is natural that it should be. The time marks the crowning event of four long years of hard work. We all hope to be Seniors sometime, and then our turn will come. But let us not wait until that day to attend.

We may have overdrawn some things we said above, but nevertheless a large number of students outside of the Senior class do not attend commencement. We were present last June and students were conspicuous only for their absence. How can we ever expect to get the alumni to visit the college, if we cannot get the students to take more interest in its welfare? Much breath, as it seemed for some time, has been wasted in discussing this question. The question resolves itself into: How can we ever induce students to attend commencement?

This year the commencement exercises will last only three days instead of four. The exercises will be exceedingly interesting and instructive. The Junior Debate is the Junior class night. The gymnasium team consists of members from all the classes and their exhibition during commencement is looked forward to with much pleasure. Then, the receptions are functions that belong to all the classes. The literary address before the literary societies concerns every students in college. The many other exercises during commencement, equally as well, demand your presence. Henceforth, who can say that commencement is exclusively a Senior affair?

There is something edifying about commencement. One has not obtained the best good out of his year's work unless he remains for it. It is, as it were, a finishing touch to the year's work. We sincerely hope that every student will

not only be induced not to try to get permission not to stay for commencement, but alumni will also be induced to attend.

China's Forward Movement.

The imperial edict that hereafter China will be regarded a constitutional government shows how rapidly that country is making progress. A year ago the dowager empress and real ruler proclaimed that a constitutional government would be established as soon as the Chinese could be educated to appreciate the responsibility and a proper constitution could be drafted. A commission of Chinese statesmen went around the world studying constitutions, soon after, it will be remembered.

The idea is said to have been suggested by Sir Chentung-Liang-Cheng, recently minister to the United States, and having an American education. It was not anticipated that such an edict as that just issued would come for five and perhaps ten years. The next step will be awaited with interest. Already the dowager empress has called to her aid from the provinces two leading statesmen in China, Chan-Chi-Tung and Wuan-Shi-Kai, who have accomplished great reforms in the educational system and in creating a strong modern army.

The reigning dynasty is Manchu and for two centuries hostilities, more or less open, have existed between the pure-blooded Chinese and the Manchus. The empress is seeking to bring about better relations between the Chinese and the Manchus. For instance, she has disbanded the Manchu banner troops, hitherto a special privileged army, their pensons have been abolished, also, after having long burdened the imperial exchequer. The empress has proclaimed that Manchus will be required to take surnames like Chinese. In order to further remove the difference between Chinese and Manchu women, she has declared that the former will no longer be permitted to bind their feet, and has proclaimed that the daughters of Chinese of the upper classes are eligi-

ble to marry into the imperial family, thus opening the way for future Chinese-Manchu emperor.

It is interesting to recall that when the young emperor took up the reform ideas of Kang-Yu-Wei, in 1898, the strong-minded dowager empress practically dethroned the emperor. Then she did not approve of reform ideas. Now her eyes are opened.

A few months ago Wu-Ting-Fang was appointed minister at Washington. Mr. Wu was previously the Chinese minister at Washington for several years, being recalled in 1903. Soon after his recall he encouraged, if he did not suggest, and many think he did suggest, the boycott of American goods. He lived in this country long enough to fully realize that we all know, that the Chinese have not been given a square deal by Americans; and he was keen enough to realize that one of the quickest ways to bring the United States to its senses, with reference to treatment of foreigners, was by a blow at our commercial interests.

Because of the boycott and because Mr. Wu was so outspoken and so inquisitive, and often so inconsiderate of the feelings of the people at Washington, whose feelings were sensitive, he has many enemies in this country. He is a keen, breezy, well-educated diplomat, who is capable of rendering good service to his country and while he has enemies in the United States, he also has many friends. The administration makes no protest against his appointment. He reached this country in time for the New Year's day reception at the White House.

China a few months ago accepted the resignation of the services of Sir Robert Hart, who has been at the head of Chinese customs 44 years. He is an Irishman, and has been a power behind the throne. His influence in financial matters has been greater than most people realize, although recommendations for civil and military reform by him many years ago failed of results. His successor is Sir Robert E. Bredon, a former assistant of Hart's.

The Prospective Lawyer.

Henry Clay spent hours delivering speeches to the chickens or the horses and cows in the barnyard. Even after he became a man of some age, each day would find him spending some time reading and stating in his own language, for the training of his voice and mind, the substance of what he read. Daniel Webster would work out an eloquent sentence while he was indulging in his favorite sport of fishing. Suddenly dropping his pole he would sit down, write the sentence and put in away for his scrap book. Roscoe Conkling practiced day after day before the mirror in his room to improve his gestures.

These are only a few instances of the careful training to which the greatest of our orators and lawyers subjected themselves. It has been said that a poet must be born, but an orator is made. This is not so and yet it is so. Both mut be born, both must be made. Either the views of many of our prospective law students must be very strange, or else their wills must be very weak. We have literary societies that offer a course in public speaking and parliamentary practice that would not fail to be of inestimable value to any lawyer. We also have prospective lawyers that would turn as pale as Caesar's ghost before the humblest jury, and whose knee joints, before any audience, would rattle like the castanets of a Spanish dancer. The mystery rests in the fact that but a small per cent. of them take active part in the literary societies, as they should to obtain its richest training.

Some have lamented the passing of the old time orator. It is true that the spread eagleism of the old-time political orator has largely disappeared. But there never was a time when more splendid opportunities were offered to the man who can think on his feet and express himself in clear and forcible language. The lawyer who can "speak" is handicapped with the worse curse that could befall him. We hope that our prospective brethren of the bar will wake up to their opportunity and strive to improve every factor of possible success through work in our literary societies.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

L. K. Jennings, Editor.
J. C. Hardin, Assistant Editor.

The *Limetone Star* came to us in especially pleasing form and style this month. The line of stories, though few in number, is above the average. "A Limestone Romance" is particularly worthy of mention. This story is very cleverly written and shows much thought and originality. "Tennyson's Ideal Woman" is a well planned and interesting article. "The Death of Madam M—," though short, is very entertaining and well worth reading. "Sweet Violets" and "The March Wind" are pretty bits of verse, and the authors were evidently very happy in their inspiration, but, in our estimation, the "Muse" failed to give them the true and beautiful conception of the season they are trying to represent. The editorials are unusually good, and the exchange department is well attended.

The February-March number of the *Pine and Thistle* is a very fine issue. As usual it is neatly bound, and has some remarkably good reading matter within. "Our Southern Writers" is thoughtful, instructive, and interesting, as far as contents are concerned, but its great draw-back is its literary form and technique. "The Fate of Shylock," though it does not savor of originality, yet is a real good story, and shows clearly the rare ability of its author. "The Reform Effected by Addison," an elaborate essay, is well worth reading and affords some interesting facts to the English student. "The Thirteenth Senior" is a clever little story, which teaches a most opportune lesson even to the dignified Senior. Its plot is well defined, and the development of the story is excellent. The story entitled "Shaking My Brain" is no better than the name would imply. The author evidently should have "shaken" her brain a little more, and

then perhaps the result of her ridiculous attempt would have been more successful. It is absurd, to say the least. The only poem, which appears in this issue, "Beneath the Old Oak Tree," is characterized by feeling, thought, and true poetic sentiment and expression. The rhythm is remarkable. The chief fault to find with the magazine, as a whole, is the absence of an exchange department. The addition of such a department would strengthen the magazine materially, and we would urge the editors to consider this fact seriously. No college magazine is complete without a carefully attended exchange department. However, on the other hand, many contemporary magazines would do well to eliminate certain minor departments and devote the space thus acquired to more representative literary material. The editor's notes in this issue are entirely too short and concise to be of interest; however, she is aware of the great deficiency of her magazine, and urges that the journal be supported by contributions of worthy poetry. Too much space is allowed for locals and "comiques."

The *Roanoke Collegian,* with its modest dress and unattractive appearance surprises us most favorably when we dip into its contents. Its chief faults are the lack of poetry and the absence of an exchange department. The criticisms above apply well to this magazine also. Its stories are read with genuine pleasure; for they are overflowing with originality and a happy blending of the sublime and the ridiculous. "The Honor Man" is a departure in the story line, and though devoid of any special literary value, yet is excellent for the author's sympathetic treatment of such an original plot. The article, "America the Mistress of the Pacific" is well written and shows clearly the extensive researches of its author. It is one of the best essays it has been our pleasure to read in a long time. The treatment of such a subject is unusual, and worthy for its originality. "Cousin's Defense of Philosophy" is a splendid discourse to come from a college man's pen. It is characterized by force, clearness,

logic, thought, and good English. Such an article would reflect credit upon any magazine, and would, but for a few expressions unsuitable to modern taste, enjoy a wonderful popularity among critics. We predict many things for the author, and feel sure that his future accomplishments in the literary world of college journalism will attract much attention. The story, "At the Skating Rink," is neat, both in plot and development, and we cannot find fault with its style of expression. It is related in such a striking and realistic manner that one cannot but conclude that the writer has some pleasantly pensive recollections of "a daring adventure" of his own choosing. "The Old Dutch Church" attracts no special attention and is only of local interest. It is merely a compilation of facts with no regard for expression, or the laws and rules essential to the making of a readable and instructive article. The editor's notes are especially good.

The *Trinity Archive* for March is a very worthy issue and deserves most favorable comment. Its well balanced literary department is neatly gotten up, and the proportion of its contents is especially noteworthy—just about the right quantity, as well as quality, of poetry, essays, and stories. The article entitled "The Instruction of United States Senators by North Carolina," is a notable example of a most extraordinary jumble of fiction and fragments of history, however it is not without the redeeming qualities of an essay. The author's train of thought is well developed and well expressed, and that he has some literary ability cannot be denied. Such a deep and well written article would reflect credit upon any Southern college periodical. The story, "The Mission of the Rifle," deserves praise for its originality of plot, and its faultless composition from a rhetorical standpoint. However, it is based upon a remarkable coincidence which would much better become a fairy-tale than an attempt at fiction. The principal criticism, which should be applied, is that the paragraphs are too "choppy" in certain

and noticeable places. The author should be advised, too, to avoid digressions, which always detract much from the real value of a short story, and especially in the eyes of all critics. "Oxford as Revealed Through Matthew Arnold" is a masterly effort on the part of the author, and is striking, not so much from a standpoint of its literary value or deep thought, as from a standpoint of the study of the character and life of the great writer. The author's appreciation of his chosen subject is evident from his careful attention to details, and his emphasis of important historical facts. "Dan Cupid, Linguist," is a remarkable little love story, which, though lacking somewhat in originality of theme, deserves some praise. The numerous German phrases and sentences scattered throughout the entire story add much to its charm, but at the same time place many readers, who are entirely ignorant of that language, in a rather awkward position, and at a great disadvantage. The editorials, and the other departments, are well written and show the careful attention of their respective editors.

The *Emory and Henry Era* as a whole shows much room and need of improvement. It is lacking in quality having three poems, two stories and only one essay. The poems are up to the standard while we hardly think the stories deserve much comment. "The Two Voices" is a good piece of description and good pictures of the mountain and valley are vividly drawn. "A Slide and a Wreck" has a plot but as a whole the story falls far short of being called a good short story. The incidents in endeavoring to work out the plot were entirely too marvellous and not commonplace. "Browning's Optimism" is a very creditable essay and by good illustrations is very forcible and instructive. The writer displayed a good and thorough knowledge of his subject. The editorial columns were entirely too short since the whole was devoted to one subject and that of purely local character. Such are good but there is room in this issue for more of that and subjects of other nature at the same

time. The other departments are full and up to the standard, especially would we commend the exchange editor.

The best publication to come to our table was the *Clemson Chronicle* for February. It is bound in an unusually neat and attractive cover and is quite a full issue. This issue is the first one omitting all the various departments and we were anxious to know exactly what appearance the magazine would have. We were agreeably surprised to find it full with good, heavy literary material. "A Little Adventure" is a fine story and excellently written. The debate, "Resolved, That street railways, electric lights, and waterworks should be owned and operated by the municipality," was discussed pro and con and both sides displayed a full and clear understanding of the subject. This was indeed instructive reading and we were able to get a clearer conception of the problem now so vital and full of interest. "The Daughter" and "Miss Hepsy's Valentine" are excellent stories. "A Just Reward" deserves special mention; for the plot is good and well developed. This is so true to life. The Y. M. C. A. department is some larger than is usually the custom in so great a number of our college publications. Let us profit by this example and give so good a phase of college life all necessary space in our magazines.

CLIPPINGS

"Nick" says the stars are fire-flies, lost
As far, far up they flew;
"Pug" calls them little silvery nails
To hold the floor of blue;
"Nell" calls them gimlet holes in heaven
To let the glory through.—Ex.

Prof.—When was the revival of learning?
Student—Before the last exams.

Dr. W.—Mr. C—t, I don't believe you study your history.

C.—No, sir; I heard you say that the history of the world was changing every day, and I thought I'd wait a few years until things got settled.

Dr. S. (to freshman)—You must try to get the gist of it.

Fresh—Gist so, Doctor.

She—My face is my fortune.

He—Mine is, too; let's put our fortunes together.

"When the donkey saw the zebra,
He began to switch his tail;
'Well, I never,' was his comment,
'Here's a mule that's been to jail.' "—Ex.

A Dangerous Experiment

Potassium, iodine, and sulphur under slight pressure give an exceedingly interesting result, as follows:

KI plus 2S equals kiss. The experiment is dangerous, as the above result may not be accomplished, but instead the reaction may be violent. This experiment should be attempted in the absence of light, when few (usually two) are present. One remarkable property of the substance is its great sweetness. It is contrary to rule for it acts thus: Increase of pressure—increases volume.—Ex.

She—Oh, Mr. Dameron, how kind of you! What lovely flowers, and how fresh they are! Why there is a little dew upon them.

Dameron (slightly embarrassed)—Not a cent, I assure you, not a cent.

He failed in German, flunked in chem.,
They heard him softly hiss;
I'd like to find the man who said
The "ignorence is bliss."—Ex.

The college man wins praise in spite of the swell-head and not because of it.

The student who buys popularity always wears the price tag.

A student who loafs is twice a thief; he steals his own time and that of others.

The student who is late to classroom is akin to an anarchist—both disturb the order of things.

If the average student knew as much as a Sophomore, the world would be a smaller market for encyclopedias.

Heart of My Heart

Me thought 'twas on a summer's day
When Cupid stole your heart away.
That icy thing was melted quite
By the soothing rays of mellow light.
He placed thy heart so near to mine
That mine united quite with thine;
Our two hearts forming only one,
With pulsing beats in unison.

2—14—1.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

R. Arlington Brown, Editor.

Some notes on Wofford men of prominence in the State will be of great interest to all who are interested in the well-being of the grand old institution and the Palmetto State. The two, though founded for quite different missions have at least the one great purpose, of making a man stronger and firmer in his conviction by having come in touch with them and their work than had he lived alone.

Among those who were at one time students here and are now out in life and places of trust and honor are: Judge S. W. G. Shipp, of Florence, who was recently made Judge of the new 12th circuit. He lived in Spartanburg as a boy, when, upon finishing the Sophomore class at Wofford he went to Vanderbilt University where he graduated. Since then until his recent appointment he has resided at Florence as a prominent and progressive lawyer. Judge Shipp was a member of the last House of Representatives. Mr. B. W. Crouch, of Saluda, was a Senator. Messrs. J. A. Banks, of Orangeburg; S. J. Nichols, of Spartanburg; J. M. Coman, of Laurens, C. W. Garrett and B. W. Miley, of Bamberg, were members of the House.

Upon the bench are: Judge C. G. Dantzler, class '75, of the first circuit; Judge G. W. Gage, class '75, of the sixth circuit; Judge J. C. Klugh, class '77, of the eighth circuit; and Judge Geo. E. Prince, class '76, of the tenth circuit.

Lieutenant Governor T. G. McLeod, class '92, presided over the Senate at the last General Assembly in a most admirable manner. Other Senators were: Mr. H. B. Carlisle, class '85, who is a prominent lawyer of the firm of Carlisle, of this city. Messrs. J. I. Rogers, class '80, Marlboro, G. W. Sullivan, class '70, Anderson; T. M. Raysor, class '97, Orangeburg, S. C.

Mr. Ben Sellers, class '95, of Marion, was a member of

the last House of Representatives. His worthy colleagues from their alma mater were, Mr. C. H. Leitner, class '98, of Fairfield, and Mr. E. L. Culler, class '97, of Orangeburg.

Mr. C. W. Stoll, class '90, and his brother, R. H. Sotll, class '97, are members of the law firm of Stoll & Stoll, Kingstree, S. C. They are also real estate dealers and have made great success thus far. Mr. R. H. Stoll has only a few weeks ago completed a commodious theater for the growing town of Kingstree, which has become a source of great pleasure to the people of that vicinity. Mr. C. W. Stoll is the only member of his honorable and handsome class who has not married.

Mr. J. B. Cleveland, class '69, paid a worthy and lasting tribute to the college by donating the handsome and adequate Science Hall in 1904. Mr. Cleveland is a member of the Board of Trustees, a loyal Wofford man and attends, in so far as he may, upon the duties and ordinances for the well-being of the college. He is president of the upper division of the Charleston & Western Carolina Railway, and has an immense amount of capital invested in the various industries in and around the city.

Mr. W. E. Burnett, class '76, is a member of the Board of Trustees, president of the Alumni Association, and gave to the college the present gymnasium which bears his name. He is also president of the First National Bank of this city and has an interest in a great many business enterprises in and around the city.

Among the Wofford College men who have made reputations for scholarship, may be mentioned Dr. James Perrin Smith, of Leland-Stanford University, of California; he has done much original work in the comparatively unexplored regions of the coast range and thrown much light upon the geology of that section. His papers have been published by the French and German Academy of Science and he is considered an authority in his special line. On several occasions the United States government has employed him to make special investigations. Wofford College expects to

hear often from this distinguished scholar.

The class of '86 has furnished a college president in the person of Dr. W. L. Webber, who was last year elected president of a new Methodist college of Louisiana. The buildings are now in course of erection and next fall the college will open under the most favorable auspices. Dr. Webber was for many years Professor of English in Emory College, Georgia, and took an active part in the furthering of educational interests in that State. He is a writer of great force and power and one of the most distinguished sons of Wofford College.

Judge C. A. Woods is a member of the South Carolina Supreme bench. His recent decision in the dispensary mix-up with the United States Court was as learned and thorough a document as has emanated from our Court in the last quarter of a century. Judge Woods is always scholarly and conscientious and devoted to the interests of our college.

Mr. J. W. Nash is another one of Wofford's graduates who is honored in the State. He was one of the leaders in the legislature at its last session and his speeches were heard with a great deal of interest by all the members. Spartanburg county is to be congratulated on having such a man to represent her.

Judge D. E. Hydrick, who was considered one of the first scholars of his day in college is now taking high rank on the Circuit Court bench and many say he is without a superior as a judicial officer in the State. We predict for him still higher honors in his profession.

The Wofford College Journal when founded, in 1890, by the student body had for its purpose, the strengthening of the most important element in college life. Bacon has said: "Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man." In our college the class work tends to make the full man, the literary societies the ready man; the Journal the exact man;" and the alumni department of The Journal if thoughtfully and earnestly prepared and intelligently read the strong man. Wofford is distinctly a

literary college, and of necessity she must take great pride in the college journal. Wofford is not only proud of the possessions she has upon the campus, but equally proud and perhaps more so of those abroad. The one should stimulate and strengthen the other and in a singular manner draw the two phases into one. The students should not consider themselves an isolated body with a single aim, but they are the co-workers of those who have gone before. Even so with the alumni; sometimes it seems that they forget the mission they have left behind. The voice of a strong leader will arouse the most helpless follower, and if the leader will look back and out of the depths of his heart call to the swooning man, life itself will seem to burn again upon the alter of that patriotic heart. This is the mission upon which the alumni and students have set out upon. The alumni must assume the leadership and at all times ever raise the banner where the student can see it. Not only must the noble leaders raise the flag, but they must and should hark back to the students and out of the solemnity of a similar experience "sound upon the bugle horn." Now, the alumni of the Journal furnishes such a "horn," and the soldiers are waiting to hear it sound. May the generals who are at the helm safely guide the lads ashore.

There is no danger of a speaker or writer saying too much if they be in earnest and speak or write intelligently. And since the student body has provided a way for the alumni to have access and close communion with each other it seems that the alumni would avail themselves of the golden opportunity. The students of Wofford College expect it and justly so; for what use is an arm if one keeps it in a sling. Some have gladly contributed and in a creditable manner. But why so few? Surely the alumni are not going to let her students go without once warning them. Oh, no! they have always stood by the students and are now, but the alumni department is looking up and holds out its hand to you for support. You can help make your own path pleasant and ease your conscience and mind by sending some contribution

to this department by the first of each month. When a great many come together the gathering is large and wholesome, therefore, each alumnus throw in a mite and the alumni department will bubble over with effulgence. The students will feel the vigor and power in their minds, the old college will take on new life, and one may safely say, that the alumni throughout the entire universe will hear the re-echo and pass it on.

Wofford College and the South Carolina Conference

By Walter I. Herbert, Charleston, S. C.

These two institutions are very closely joined to each other. As the Conference grows with continued addition from the student body of Wofford and as that same body is more largely represented in the congregations of our churches, the relation of the Conference and college gets closer and closer and the bond that binds them is tighter. A Wofford man is a Wofford man in the pew and in the pulpit and it is not too much to expect that the Wofford stamp upon a man must stand for much. It is not the stamp but what the stamp represents that counts. The State we love has quite freely manifested her faith in the high character and true value of Wofford work in placing on the Supreme Bench and in Circuit Courts a liberal share of her graduates. In all the vocations of life where honor and integrity of manhood are in demand you may find men from Wofford's class rooms responding fully to the call. Thus I say the stamp stands for much. How much greater still would the contribution of Wofford to the State at large be if all her sons wore her stamp with honor. It is certainly expected that no minister entering the Conference from the college will bring a stain upon her fair name. This statement is the the credit of the ministry on the one hand and on the other it magnifies deplorably exceptions which we occasionally must see.

The Conference is glad to be in the business of Christian education. It deems it a privilege to make annual contribu-

tion in money for the support of the work. Its greatest contribution however is not in money. For a number of years in the recent past the amount has been increasing with the larger demands and no one is heard to murmur. The fact that the college is an object of love is the explanation. The preachers of the Conference love Wofford. Not a few who have never enjoyed her educational facilities, are among the most ardent admirers of the institution. Her reputation as well as her character is good. So that those who know her by repute love her and those who know her at first hand by sitting in her class rooms and drinking in her strengthening spirit love her more. Ir we fail some one else will do it. It must be done. One special feature I am sure the Conference wants always kept in mind. That is, in this great institution we have, we not only want our young men educated but let the circumstances and influences of the whole of their college life be Christian—not moral only but that and more, distinctively Christian. We do not want weak men mentally in her faculty we must not have weak men spiritually there. If a man trimming a tree takes his seat on a limb and saws that limb off between him and the tree what will become of the rest of his job? Some body else will have to do it. So I say Christian education must be carried on by Christian men. No man is prepared for the responsibilities of the present life not to say anything of the world to come until he is a Christian and it is our hope that Wofford will fit men for the largest usefulness.

I wish to call attention in closing to the report on education submitted and adopted at our last Annual Conference. It is seen by comparatively few people and read by still fewer. It plainly shows that we as Christians need not prepare to give up the field of education but on the other hand must enlarge our plants and take a stronger hold of the situation.

This report was written by Rev. R. E. Stackhouse, chairman of the Conference Board of Education.

"In planning its educational work the Church should face

the fact that the day will probably never come when it can retire from the field and leave this work entirely to State and private enterprise. At a conservative estimate there must be more than forty thousand young men and women of the white race of college age in South Carolina at this time, while as yet State, Church, and individual efforts provide room for only about one in twenty-five of this number in institutions doing real college work—this number taxing the present capacity of all. Apart from all other considerations this fact is proof that no one of the agencies now enlisted in the battle against ignorance can be spared.

"But supposing that either in the near or remote future college room could be provided for all our youth without the help of the Church, considerations growing out of the very nature of the work itself will make it impossible for the Church to abdicate its place in the field even then. The limits of this report preclude argument, but this position could be sustained by the following considerations:

"1. It was from the Church that came the original impulse to education and it was the Church alone that kept learning alive through ages of darkness. Four-fifths of the present colleges and universities of America are creations of the Churches, nine-tenths of the college patronage of the country comes from the homes of church-going people, and the presidents and professors in even State institutions are almost without exception guided in their work by Christian ideals. It has moreover been pointed out that the public school system has had its best development in communities where the influence of the Church is most dominant.

"2. This proves that the real creative motives of educational achievement have been and must continue to be altruistic and religious, rather than political or industrial—that religion has and must continue to furnish the ideals and the inspiration for the whole field of education; yet under the separation of State and Church obtaining in this republic, the source of all ideals and inspiration and creative motives

in the field of education can be operative only through Church institutions.

"3. Religion is an essential element in human nature that must be provided for in any system of normal development. It has been said that the end of true education is "complete living," and certainly the aim of religion is to develop man into perfection. The goal of religion and education is one and the same. For a long time to come the masses of our people must acquire what education they get in the public school. Except within very narrow limits, however, the Bible is under our system of government ruled out of the public school, and the only way religion can be brought to bear on school work at all is through the personality of the teacher. The Church's presence in the field of education is the guarantee that care will continue to be taken as to the character of the thousands of teachers, who through the public school sit at the potter's wheel to shape the character of youth and childhood as they please. In any inventory of the Church's contribution to the cause of education, this is an asset that has never been properly appraised, but it is a contribution that the world can never spare.

"In planning the Church's work in this field, therefore, we must plan for centuries to come. We must provide foundations, erect buildings, broaden curricula, project new chairs, gather endowments, and, in short, provide an educational equipment competent to lead the greatest of all the forces at work for the perfecting of the race, and that not for a day, or a decade, or a century, but until 'the time of the restitution of all things.' "

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

B. N. Alsbrook, Editor.

On account of the death of Bishop W. W. Duncan college exercises were suspended on March 2d and 4th. In the death of this beloved bishop Wofford College lost a true and noble friend. The student body assembled promptly at 2:30 Wednesday afternoon in front of the main building and marched in a body to the house; thence to the funeral services held at the church, and from there to Oakwood cemetery, the final resting place.

At a recent business meeting of the Y. M. C. A. new officers were elected for the ensuing year. They are as follows: President, Marion Dargan, Jr.; vice-president, James C. Hardin; secretary, C. B. Dawsey; treasurer, R. Leon Keaton. The Y. M. C. A. is in a flourishing condition and is a power for much good on the campus.

At the last elections in the three societies the following officers were elected for the next quarter:

The Preston society's officers ars as follows: President, J. A. Willis; vice-president, J. T. Taylor; first critic, E. R. Mason; second critic, C. D. Smith; first censor, J. H. Ramseur; second censor, G. K. Craig; recording secretary, R. C. Folger; corresponding secretary, H. C. Hardin; monthly orator, C. D. Plyler.

The Carlisle society's officers are: President, J. L. Nettles; vice-president, B. N. Alsbrook; first critic, A. S. Nettles; second critic, J. L. Dukes; first censor, C. E. Bethea; second censor, T. C. Smoak; recording secretary, R. G. Carson; corresponding secretary, B. M. DuBose; third critic; F. E. Bearden.

The Calhoun officers are: President, J. L. Hydrick; vice-president, P. L. Martin; first critic, W. A. McKelvey;

second critic, Tom Hamer; first censor, Alex Copeland; second censor, R. B. Stackhouse; recording secretary, E. P. Stephenson; corresponding secretary, Tom Huey; third critic, T. L. Coleman.

The speakers elected for the Sophomore exhibition, which will take place April 24, are as follows: Carlisle society, M. W. Wilkes and C. B. Dawsey; Preston socety, H. C. Hardin and C. B. Davis; Calhoun society, Geo. Heinitsh and Ed. Hammond.

The Freshman exhibition will take place May 11. The speakers are as follows: Carlisle society, Herbert Hucks and Will Hutto; Preston society, W. W. Dbible and H. G. Hardin; Calhoun society, H. I. Ellerbe and L. C. Braddy.

The State College Press Association held the opening meeting of its convention in the Preston Literary Society hall at Wofford College Friday morning, March 27, at 11 o'clock. Dr. H. N. Snyder, president of Wofford College, made the speech of welcome, after which the convention entered upon routine business. Several amendments to the constitution were passed. The meeting was presided over by J. Archie Willis, president of the association.

The afternoon session was held at Converse College in the Carlisle society hall at 3:30 o'clock, at which time unfinished business was taken up. At this session reports from the officers were heard, an dthey were all encouraging.

The delegates to the convention were tendered a reception Friday evening at Converse College by the staff of The Concept. The reception was held in the college parlors between the hours of 8:30 and 10 o'clock. There were present as guests of honor: Dr. and Mrs. H. N. Snyder, Mrs. Pell and Mrs. Howard. One of the features of the evening was the writing of a leap year proposal, for which a special prize was offered. J. LeRoy Dukes, editor-in-chief of the Wofford College Journal, won the prize. The proposals of

J. C. Sheppard, R. E. Gonzales and J. L. Dukes were all adjudged of equal merit. The prize was then drawn for, and Mr. Dukes was the lucky one. During the evening refreshments were served. The reception was a most delightful affair, and all present seemed to have partaken of the "quintessence of enjoyment."

At the Saturday morning session of the convention, held at Wofford College Superintendent Evans, of the city schools, was present, and made an excellent talk full of good advice. During the session several papers were read on the welfare and building up of the different departments of college journalism. They were as follows:

"How Can We Best Support the Literary Department?" —Miss Furman, Winthrop.

"The College Journal as Compared with the Other Phases of College Organization."—Miss Gilleylen, Converse.

"The Value of the Exchange Departments as Compared with the Other Departments."—Mr. Sheppard, South Carolina College.

"How Can the College Journal be Made a Fnancial Success?"—Mr. McLendon, Clemson.

At the Saturday afternoon meeting, held at Converse College, the colleges were chosen to supply the officers of the association for the next year. The appointments were as follows:

President—University of South Carolina.
First Vice-President—Charleston College.
Second Vice-President—Clemson College.
Recording Secretary—College for Women.
Treasurer—Converse College.
Corresponding Secretary—Columbia College.

A vote of thanks was extended by the visiting delegates to the members of The Wofford Journal and Converse Concept staffs for the excellent entertainment provided during the two days of the convention. A vote of thanks was extended to Carolina College for the invitation to meet in the

capital city next year. Thanks were also extended to the two daily papers of the city for the press notices given. The medals for the best story, poem, and essay were awarded. Mr. A. S. Nettles, of the Senior class of Wofford College won the story medal. The subject of his story was "A Queer Coincidence." The plot was simple but unique, and was remarkably well developed. The College of Charleston won both the poem and essay medals, but as they had no representatives at the meeting the names of the winners could not be learned.

The State College Press Association closed its convention here last night with a big banquet held in the parlor of Bishop Bros., and for two and a half hours there was feasting and toasting. Drs. Snyder and Pell were present, and Toastmaster Willis called upon them to talk. Dr. Pell, president of Converse College, praised the young women of the State in the highest terms, and dwelt on the fact that girls were much smarter and far superior to young men. Dr. Snyder, president of Wofford College, retaliated by holding up young America as the light and glory of the world, and so far in advance of girls that there was no comparison to be made. During the evening the toastmaster called upon Mr. R. A. Brown, of Wofford College, to toast the guest of honor. The summons came unexpectedly, but Mr. Brown was not to be caught napping. He made one of the most appropriate responses of the evening.

Following is the program as carried out around the banquet tables:

Toastmaser—Mr. Archie Willis, Wofford.

"The Visiting Delegates"—Miss Mattie Harney, Converse.

"The Association"—Mr. P. L. Geiger, Newberry.

"The College Girl of South Carolina"—Mr. W. O. Pratt, Clemson.

"The College Boy of South Carolina"—Miss Sara V. Furman, Winthrop.

"Our Successors"—Mr. J. C. Sheppard, Jr., South Carolina.

"Spartanburg"—Miss Sallie McGee, Greenville Female College.

"The Officers"—Miss Corinne Barfield, College for Women.

"What We Have Accomplished"—Miss Anne Gilleylen, Converse.

"After it is All Over"—Mr. D. W. Neville, Clinton.

"We're Glad You Came"—Mr. J. C. Hardin, Wofford.

Guests of Honor—Dr. and Mrs. H. N. Snyder, Dr. and Mrs. R. P. Pell.

Following was the menu for the evening:

MENU

Speckled Trout, Caper Sauce
Saratoga Chips

Olives — Sweet Pickles
Heart Celery — Sliced Tomatoes

Roast Lamb, Caper Sauce

Asparagus Tips — Sweet Peas

White Bread

Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce

Boiled Ham — Salads
Chicken — Potatoes

Ceylon Tea — Carga Coffee
Ice Cream — Assorted Cakes

Fruits

Bananas — Apples — Oranges — Grapes

Among the delegates in attendance upon the convention of the College Press Association were:

G. F. C.—Misses Coleman, McGee and Pack.

Erskine—Messrs. White and McCormick.

University of South Carolina—Messrs Gonzales and Sheppard.

Newberry College—Messrs. Johnson, Halfakre, Kester and Geiger.

Clemson—Messrs. McLendon, Pratt, Cryder and Twiggs. Winthrop College, Rock Hill—Misses Furman and Watkins.

Columbia College—Miss Louise Epton.

College for Women, Columbia—Misses Mattison, Barfield and Heyward.

At a joint debate between the three societies some time ago the debaters were elected to represent Wofford against Emory College, in a debate to be held there. Wofford's representatives are: B. N. Alsbrook, from the Senior class, and C. A. Easterling, from the Junior class. The query chosen for discussion is: "Resolved, That under existing conditions in the United States, the continuance of the protective tariff policy is preferable to the policy of gradual reduction to a tariff for revenue only." The Emory speakers are to defend the affirmative while Wofford will uphold the negative side of the question.

The Vanderbilt Glee Club made a hit at the Wofford auditorium on the evening of April 4th. Despite the fact that Mr. Robert Vaughan was unable to take his place on the program, there could not have been a single person in the audience who could justly give other than a complimentary report of the entertainment furnished. The music lovers of Spartanburg were expecting a treat from the college boys, and not in the least were they disappointed.

The entertainment was a success in every respect, and the splendid audience which heard it showed its appreciation by repeated encores to every number. Mr. Sullins Stewart will be long remembered for his excellent mimicry of the familiar darkey style of singing. He very graciously answered in encores time after time, until he was "all in, down and out." His "Somebody Lied" is certain to be whistled on the streets for some time to come.

One noticeable feature of the evening was the constant smiles and wily glances from the stage towards the right

wing of the auditorium. The Converse girls may always be relied upon to attend the Wofford entertainments. There were more than a hundred of them present and Wofford appreciates such a large representation to the closing number of its lyceum season.

Following is the program rendered:

PART I.

1. We've Just Dropped in for a Call . . . . . Lehmann
2. Songs—
   a. When Love Began . . . . . Beresford
   b. Where Blossoms Grow . . . . . Sans Souci
   c. Leezie Lindsay . . . . . Old Scotch
   d. In the Harbour . . . . . Clutsam

   Mr. Charles C. Washburn
3. The Monkey and the Chimpanzee . . . . . Nevin
4. Solo—Gretchen . . . . . Golden

   Mr. Hendrik van Stam
5. a. Jubilee Song . . . . . Work
   b. Pickaninny Lullaby . . . . . Galloway

   Mr. Stuart and Club
6. The Commodore . . . . . Rogers

   Mr. Roberts and Club
7. Alma Mater . . . . . Carmensis

PART II.

1. We Meet Again Tonight . . . . . College Songs
2. The Son of God Goes Forth to War . . . . . Whitney
3. Piano Solo—Valse, C-sharp Minor . . . . . Chopin

   Mr. Guy McCollum
4. A Midnight Tragedy . . . . . Ashford
5. Somebody Lied . . . . . Williams

   Mr. Sullins Stuart
6. Waltz Medley . . . . . Arranged
7. The Ode . . . . . Ashford

The friends of Wofford College will be glad to learn that Mr. John L. Hydrick, a member of the Senior class, has won the Cecil Rhodes scholarship to Oxford in competitive examination open to the State.

What is it all About?

For the last year there has been going on in Spartanburg a movement whose importance is variously estimated by the different people who go to make up the population; laughed at by some, sneered at by others; but upheld by those who have the larger educational interests of the community at heart; who count prosperity not merely in dollars and cents but in a well-rounded culture that trains the man who makes money how to get the most out of his wealth.

The first indication of this movement was the opening of an exhibition of pictures and other art work in Spartanburg last April; the next, the purchase, by popular subscription, of one of the best canvasses in that exhibition, for the Kennedy Library. This year a history of art club has been meeting weekly to study the best paintings of the world and the men who produced them; and on April 27 will be opened the second annual exhibition of Paintings and Applied Arts.

Is all this the work of a few enthusiasts, sentimentalists, who, affecting a pleasure that is merely a fad, manage, by sheer persistence, to hold up the town for a few hundred dollars of its hard-earned cotton money? Is there any reason why the average man, the average Wofford student should pay $1 for a season ticket, or even 25 cents for a single admission to such a show? Will he gain his money's worth, or should he not leave such affairs, along with chiffon and colored hosiery, to the fair sex? In other words, will the coming exhibition be worth the time and attention of a man?

A few generations ago such questions would not have been asked in our section, for the South was then the patron of art as she was the home of culture; but since they are asked, they should be answered.

In his introduction to The Rest at St. Mark's, Ruskin, who speaks with authority, says: "Great nations write their autobiographies in three manuscripts: the book of their deeds, the book of their words, and the book of their art. Not one of these books can be understood unless we read the two others; but of the three, the only trustworthy is the last. The acts

of a nation may be triumphant by its good fortune, and its words mighty by the genius of a few of its children; but its art only by the general gift and common sympathies of the race."

Never to have seen a picture exhibition, never to have felt any interest in pictures, never to have learned to read, or, knowing that, never to have made the slightest acquaintance with literature, with poetry, never to have heard good music, never to have enjoyed it; the man in any one of these predicaments is to be pitied, no matter how loudly he boasts or laughs at the pleasures that are beyond his comprehension. He may make millions; the world is not his as it is the man's who, while he looks, owns all the art treasures of Europe; who, while he reads, owns the kingdoms of two worlds; who, while he listens, hears the stars sing together.

But beyond the mere pleasure of seeing pictures, there is the keen insight that they give into a nation's real life. See the French Revolution written, not in historical paintings, but in the simpering frivolity of Nattier's pretty sitters; the extravagant setting of Watteau's subjects; followed by the heavy, homely peasants of Millet, the calm country landscapes of Corot. Go farther back, and look at the part played for religion by the Italian old masters; or, come back to our own land and time, and see how current events place themselves on the canvasses. Fred Dana Marsh finds the workmen of the Subway a subject; Alethea Hill Platt shows us how beautiful the tiny shops of a tiny village mav be when seen with an artist's eye; Luis Mora proves the newly arrived emigrant, "New Americans," of picturesque value; Vernon Howe Bailey brings out hidden beauty in a spot known all our lives, but never before seen; while Robert Henri convinces us that a young woman who lacks all that the world calls prettiness may yet be a satisfactory constant companion, on canvas as well as in real life.

THE LECTURES.

During the exhibition, a series of talks by people who are making some phase of art their life-work, will be given, and

will doubtless open many eyes to the intensely practical side of design. On Monday, April 27, Miss Meinke, of the College for Women, will speak on handicraft, telling of some of the processes and craftsmen that specially interest her. Friday morning, Mrs. Jean Stransburg, herself an artist, will tell of the Growth of an Art Movement; Monday, May 4, at 4:30, Miss Wickliffe, of Winthrop, will speak on Handicraft; and on Friday, May 8, at 4:30, Prof. Doggett, of Clemson, will tell of Design as Applied in the Arts, illustrating his lecture with samples of wall-paper, book-covers, cotton-prints, etc. As Prof. Doggett's knowledge of practical manufacture of cotton is acknowledged, his opinion on the design subject should bear weight with the practical man.

Harper Bros. send, with the original cover design for their "Woman's Exchange of Simpkinsville," the dies used in printing the cover, and an explanation of the twelve processes used therein. As Miss Stuart, the designer, sends her "dummy" of the book, the visitor to the exhibition can see the whole lengthy process involved in reproducing a book-cover in color.

Wofford College, both student body and faculty, patronized last year's exhibition liberally; their cooperation is counted on this year.

THE EXHIBITORS.

The following painters will have work in the exhibition held at the Hampton Armory, Becker's corner, formerly Elks' Hall, April 27-May 9, inclusive:

Henry B. Snell, Mrs. Snell, Miss L. M. Genth, E. Irving Couse, Robert Henri, Miss Alethea H. Platt, Miss Blondelle Malone, E. W. Redfield, W. M. Chase, F. Luis Mora, Mrs. Charlotte Coman, Paul Connoyer, Vernon Howe Bailey, Mrs. L. C. Stoney, Miss Lille Haynes, Miss Hannah Rhett, Colin Campbell Cooper, H. Bolton Jones, C. Myles Collier, Jonas Lie, Miss Hilda Belcher, Cullen Yates, Birge Harrison, Miss Alice Huger Smith, Ben Foster, Misses Juliet White, Helen Abrams, Ethel Hore, Helen M. Turner, M. E. Parker, Jean A. Robinson, Agnes M. Richmond, Caroline Guignard, Minnie McCutcheon, Mr. Cole Brigham, Miss Leila Waring, El-

liot Daingerfield, Yeto, Mme. Mesdag, Sully, Mrs. J. S. Cooper, Misses Mary S. Perkins, Annie C. Watkins, Margaret Law, Mr. Louis Rowell, Miss M. Frichette.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

Wm. B. Garrett, Jr., Editor.

The Conference at Asheville

It is time now for the boys to begin to make plans and prepare to take in the students' conference held near Asheville. Besides being a great power for the spiritual life it is also one to recuperate the body. The conference will be held near Montreat in the mountains of Western North Carolina. One of the great health resorts of that State. Those who have worked hard during the spring in the pursuit of their studies will find a great rest by taking in the conference.

From this assembly of college men, one will get a greater horizon of the work accomplished by the Christian men who are in the mission field. A college man can get no view of this great work by staying in college and reading about what is done. In order to know the work, he must at least get a glimpse of the work. At this conference the college men will come in contact with the great mission workers of the United States thereby learning something of the great work.

But the greatest thing of this conference will be the stimulus, one has got to lead a Christian life. His sense of righteousness and duty will be awakened as never before. All of the men are young and coming in contact with these Christian young men, the influence is such to stimulate one to a nobler devotion of the duties of life. These ten days at the conference will mean a great deal to those who attend. The Y. M. C. A. will pay part of the expenses of the delegates and a large number should take advantage of the great opportunity afforded at this meeting.

The new officers for the next year have been installed and the work of the Y. M. C. A. is being carried on in an

enthusiastic way. The officers are doing their duty and are consequently meeting with fairly good success. Several good speakers have been obtained during the past few weeks, among them Prof. J. G. Clinkscales, who gave an address that was indeed worth hearing. He talked to the boys in a friendly, fatherly manner, giving splendid advice and wise counsel. The association hall was very nearly full for the first time this year when this address was delivered.

Spring in all its freshness and beauty is here and we are apt to forget ourselves in regard to the Y. M. C. A. Let us not neglect the Wednesday evening prayer meetings and the Sunday afternoon services. We can do just as much good at this time of the year as at any other time. We must not shirk our duty even if the year is rapidly drawing to a close. It is our desire to have the Y. M. C. A. in the most flourishing condition at the end of the year than ever before and the only way for us to accomplish this is to keep working, never allowing ourselves to get discouraged or to become indifferent. If we could only grasp the idea of how very important it is to "Remember our Creator in the days of our youth," doubtless the years we spend on Wofford campus would afford us more opportunities to do our fellow man a good deed than any other period of our lives. It is here that character is moulded and it is here that we should help boys to shape their character as it should be, for their future condition, morally speaking, depends largely on their conduct while on the campus. Let us cast a strong, Christian influence about our weaker brother that he, too, may decide that it is best to live a pure, unstained Christian life.

WOFFORD COLLEGE DIRECTORY

H. N. Snyder, M. A., Litt. D. . . . . *President*
D. A. DuPre . . . . . *Treasurer*
J. A. Gamewell . . . . . *Secretary*

Journal Staff

J. L. Dukes, Editor-in-Chief
Archie Willis, Business Mgr.
J. L. Hydrick, Literary Editor
R. A. Brown, Alumni Editor
B. N. Alsbrook, Local Editor
L. K. Jennings, Exchange Editor
L. K. Breeden, Asst. Bus. Mgr.
R. B. Hicks, Asst. Lit. Editor
J. C. Hardin, Asst. Exchange Ed.
W. B. Garrett, Y M. C. A. Ed.

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P. L. Martin, Vice-Pres.
W. A. McKelvey, First Critic
Tom Hamer, Second Critic
T. L. Coleman, Third Critic
Alex. B. Copeland, First Censor
R. B. Stackhouse, Second Censor
E. P. Stevenson, Recording Sec.
T. W. Huey, Corresponding Sec.
C. A. Easterling, Treasurer

Officers Carlisle Society

J. L. Nettles, President
B. N. Alsbrook, Vice-Pres.
A. S. Nettles, First Critic
J. L. Dukes, Second Critic
F. E. Bearden, Third Critic
C. E. Bethea, First Censor
Scottiespoochie Smoak, 2d Censor
Gordon Carson, Recording Sec.
Roy DuBose, Corresponding Sec.
H. M. Cox, Treasurer

Officers Preston Society

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John Taylor, Vice-Pres.
E. R. Mason, First Critic
C. D. Smith, Second Critic
J. D. Ramseur, First Censor
R. C. Folger, Recording Sec
G. K. Craig, Second Censor
H. C. Hardin, Corresponding Sec.
F. W. Felkel, Treasurer

Senior Class

L. K. Jennings, President
Jno. Taylor, V.-President
M. P. Orr, Treasurer
Yates Smith, Secretary
J. A. Willis, Poet
Ed. R. Mason, Prophet
A. S. Nettles, Historian

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Tom Hill, President
R. B. Stackhouse, V.-President
W. C. Curry, Sec. and Treas.

Sophomore Class

T. H. Huey, President
G. K. Craig, V.-President
S. L. Lander, Sec. and Treas.

Freshman Class

C. E. Dupont, President

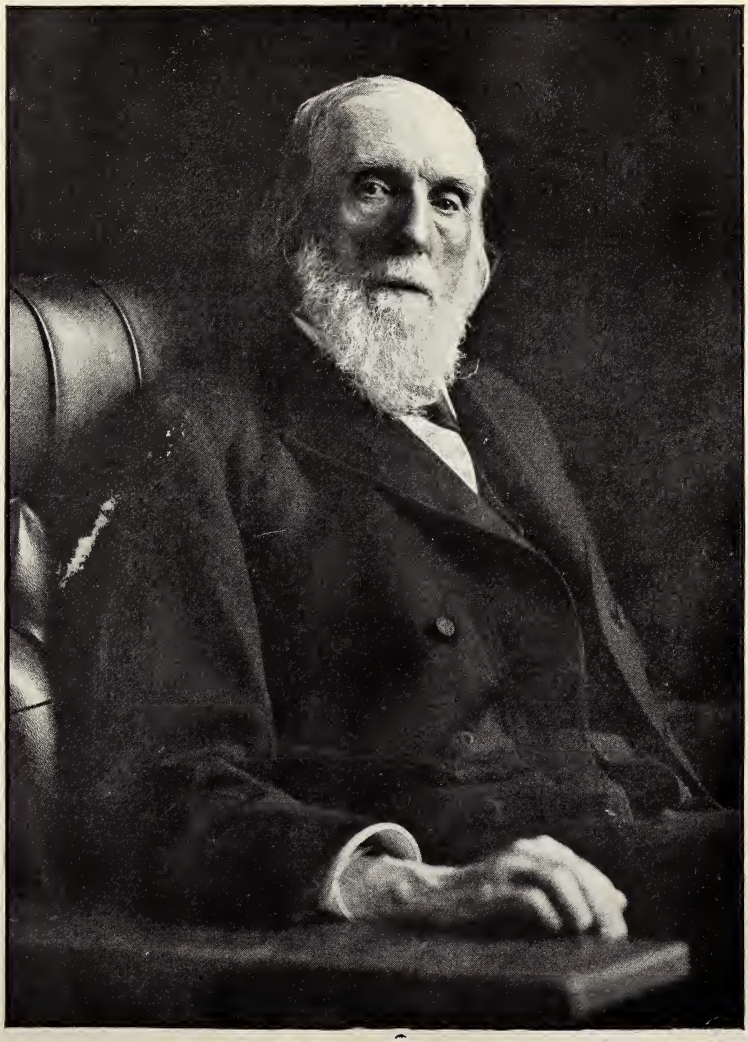
Y. M. C. A. Officers

R. F. Morris, President
B. B. Patterson, V.-President
F. M. Crum, Secretary
M. Dargan, Treasurer

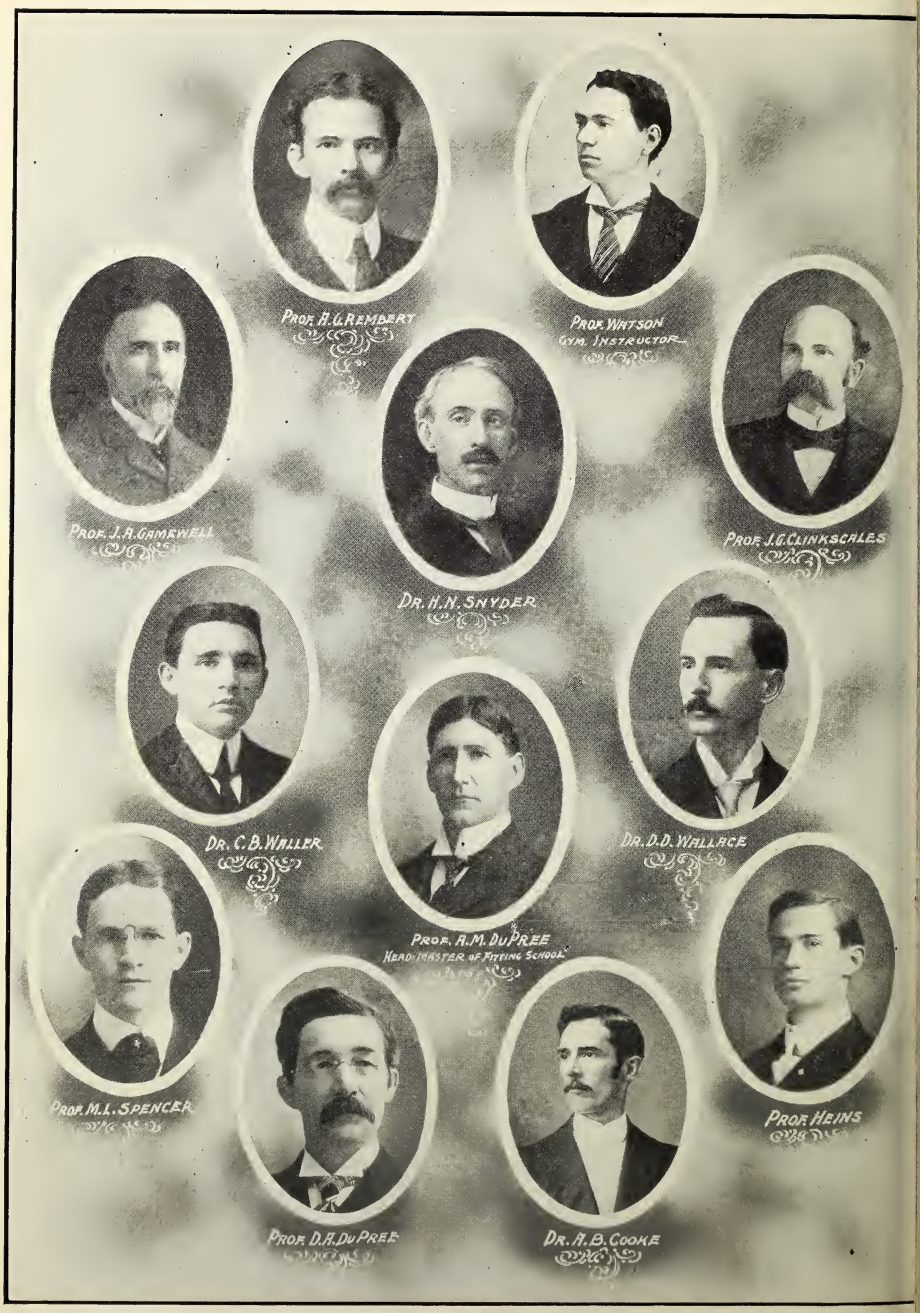
Athletic Association

A. G. Rembert, President
R. F. Morris, Secretary
M. P. Orr, Member Ex. Com.
LeRoy Stanton, Mem. Ex. Com.
L. K. Jennings, Capt. Tennis Club
C. B. Waller, Mgr. B. B. Team
H. B. Atkins, Asst. Mgr. BB. Team
A. C. Johnson, Capt. BB. Team
————, Capt. Gym. Team

May-June, 1908



DR. JAMES H. CARLISLE
President Emeritus


PROF. H. G. REMBERT
PROF. WATSON
GYM. INSTRUCTOR
PROF. J. A. CAMPBELL
DR. H. N. SNYDER
PROF. J. G. CLINKSCALES
DR. C. B. WALLER
DR. D. D. WALLACE
PROF. A. M. DUPREE
HEAD-MASTER OF FITTING SCHOOL
PROF. M. L. SPENCER
PROF. HEINS
PROF. D. A. DUPREE
DR. A. B. COOKE

FACULTY

SENIOR CLASS, 1908

HILLIARD BRANNER ATKINS

WAYNESVILLE, N. C.

Vice-President, First and Second Censor, Treasurer of Calhoun Literary Society; Manager 'Varsity Baseball Team, '08; Manager of Class Football Team, '05; Class President, '06; Member of Executive Committee of Athletic Association, '07; Athletic Editor of *The Bohemian*. Chi Psi Fraternity.

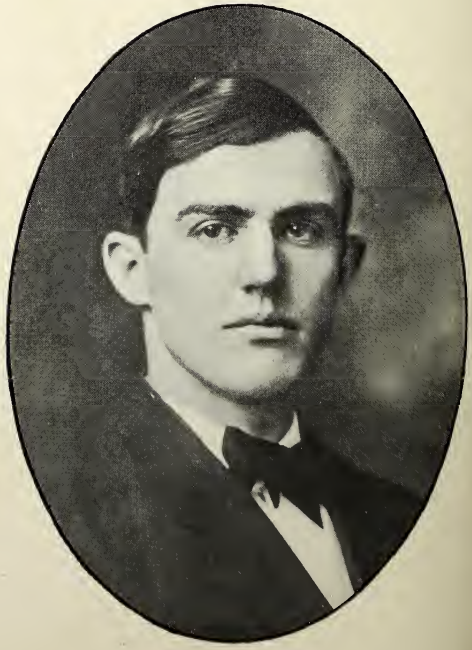
CHARLES ELLIS BETHEA

LATTA, S. C.

Member Calhoun Literary Society, '04-'05; Charter Member, President, First and Second Critic, First and Second Censor, Recording Secretary of Carlisle Literary Society. Non-Frat.

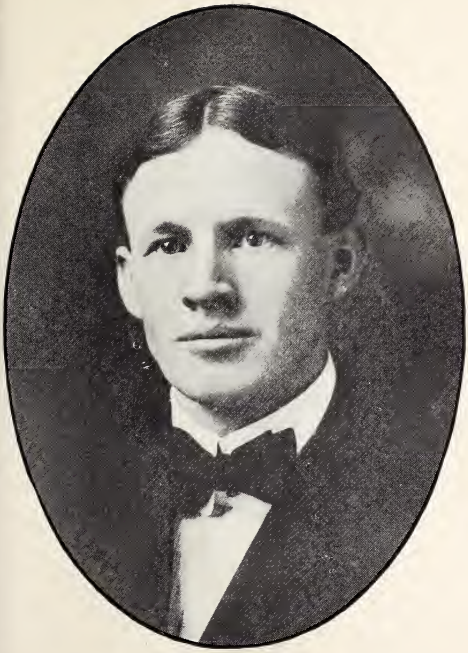
HORACE FREDERICK BETHEA
DILLON, S. C.

Second and Third Critic, Second Censor of Calhoun Literary Society; Basketball Team, '06 and '07. Chi Psi Fraternity.



WALTER CUNNINGHAM BOYLE
SUMTER, S. C.

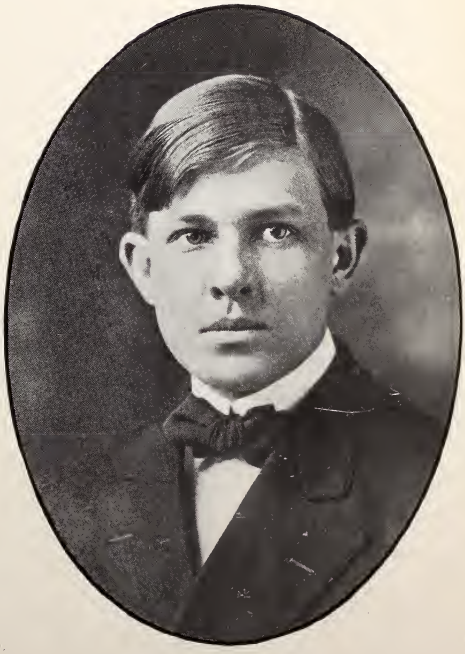
Preston Literary Society; Class Football Team, '08; Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity.



ROBERT ARLINGTON BROWN

LEO, S. C.

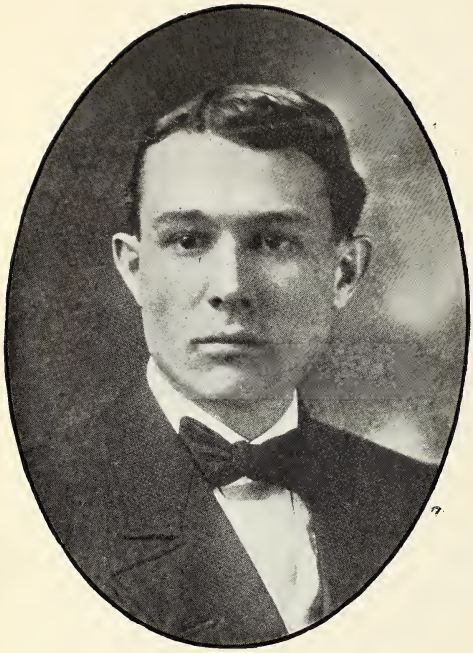
Vice-President, Second Critic, Corresponding Secretary, Monthly Orator of Preston Literary Society; Member Inter-Society Committee, '08; Alumni Editor THE JOURNAL, '08. Non-Frat.



CHARLES PETTY CALVERT

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

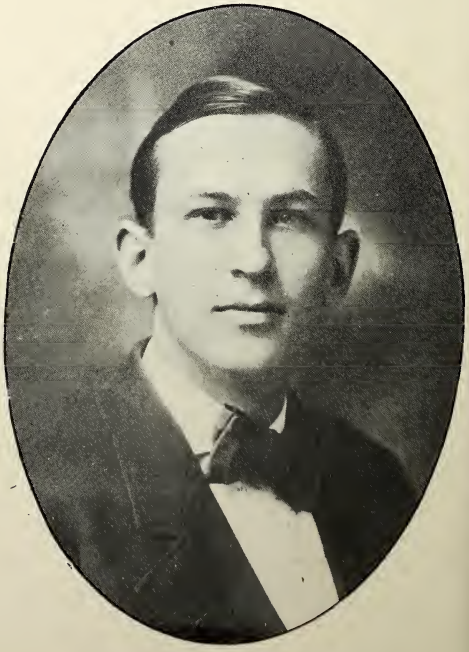
Second and Third Critic, Marshal, Monthly Orator of Calhoun Literary Society. Kappa Alpha Fraternity.



RALEIGH LEO CARTER

LEO, S .C.

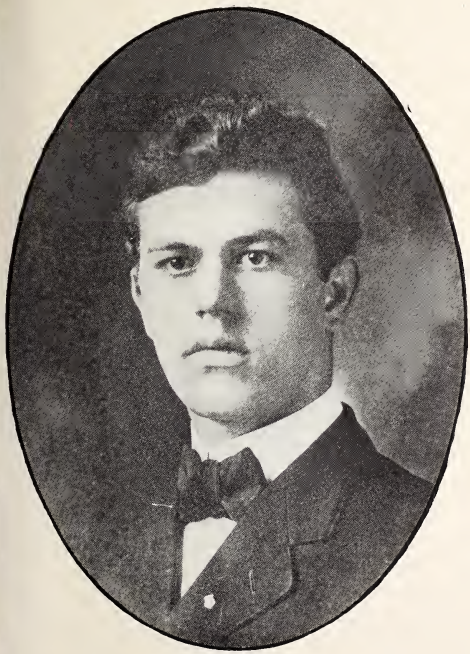
Preston Literary Society. Non-Frat.



GRANGE SIMONS COFFIN, JR.

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Calhoun Literary Society. Basketball Team, '06, '07; Class Baseball and Football Teams, '07, '08; Tennis Team, '06; Secretary and Treasurer of Freshman Class. Chi Psi Fraternity.



ALEX COPELAND

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

First Critic, First Censor, Corresponding Secretary, Monthly Orator of Calhoun Literary Society. Speaker on Sophomore Exhibition; Senior Football Team; 'Varsity Tennis Team, '08; Art Editor *The Bohemian*. Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

JOHN WESLEY CRUM, JR.

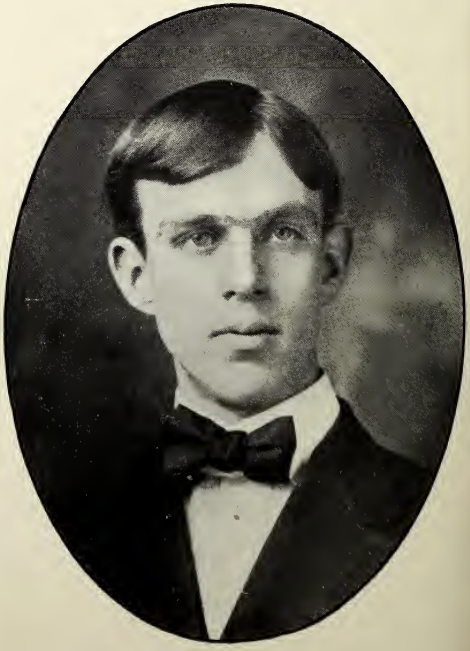
DENMARK, S. C.

First Critic and Monthly Orator of Calhoun Literary Society. Class Baseball and Football Teams, '05, '06, '07, '08; Varsity Baseball Team, '08; Tennis Team, '08. Chi Phi Fraternity.

JULIAN LEROY DUKES

ORANGEBURG, S. C.

Member of Calhoun Literary Society, '04-'05. Charter member, President, First, Second and Third Critic, First and Second Censor, Corresponding Secretary, First Recording Secretary in Junior year, Chairman of Constitution Committee, Monthly Orator of Carlisle Literary Society. M arshal, Sophomore Exhibition; Junior Chief Marshal; Junior Debater; speaker on Oratorical Contest, '08; member of Inter-Society Committee, '08; member of Executive Committee, College Press Association of South Carolina, '08. Editor-in-Chief of THE JOURNAL, '08. Contributed nine articles to THE JOURNAL. Non-Frat.



WILLIAM BUTLER GARRETT, JR.

FOUNTAIN INN, S. C.

Entered '05. First Critic, Recording Secretary and Monthly Orator of Preston Literary Society; Y. M. C. A. Editor of THE JOURNAL, '08; Member of Glee Club, '08.

THOMAS McKENZIE HAMER

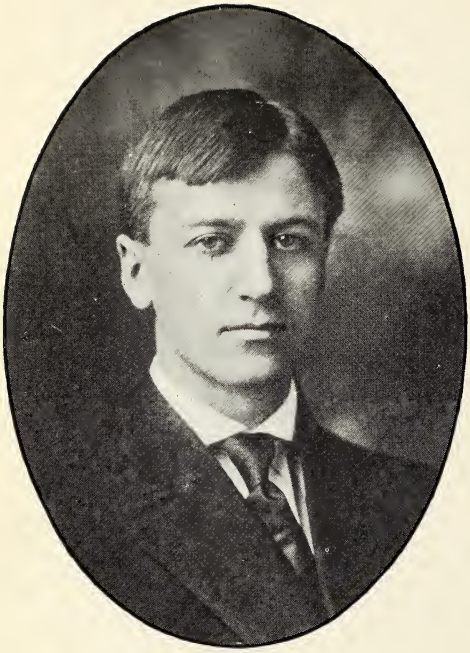
TATUM, S. C.

Second Critic of Calhoun Literary Society. Captain of Class Football Team, '05, '08; Class Baseball Team, '08; Captain, '05; Marshal, '05; Chairman Executive Committee of Glee Club, '08; First Tenor, Glee Club Quartette, '08.

ERNEST HENRY HARLEY

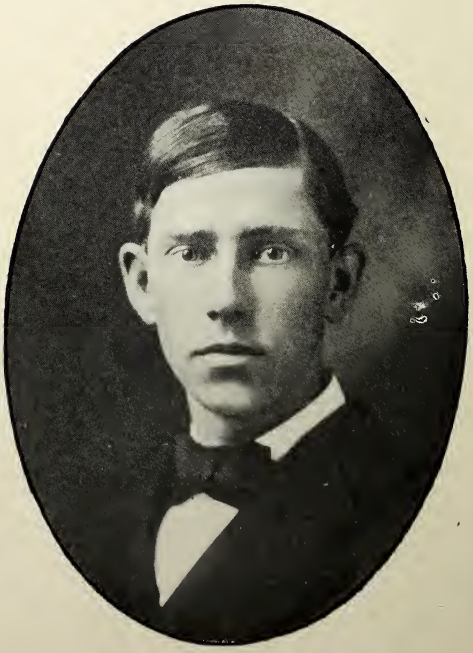
GREENVILLE, S. C.

First Censor of Preston Literary Society. Member Executive Committee S. C. I. O. A., '08; First Bass, Glee Club Quartette, '08; Class Baseball Team, '05, '06; Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity.



JOHN LEE HYDRICK
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

President, Second Critic and Second Censor of Calhoun Literary Society. President of Junior Class; Chairman of Reception Committee, '07; Captain of Gymnasium Team, '08; Literary Editor of THE JOURNAL, '08; Editor-in-Chief of *The Bohemian;* winner of South Carolina Rhodes' Scholarship. Chi Psi Fraternity.



MAREEN DUVALL JACKSON
BENNETTSVILLE, S. C.

Vice-President of Calhoun Literary Society; Assistant Exchange Editor of THE JOURNA., '07. Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity.

LUCIUS KELLY JENNINGS

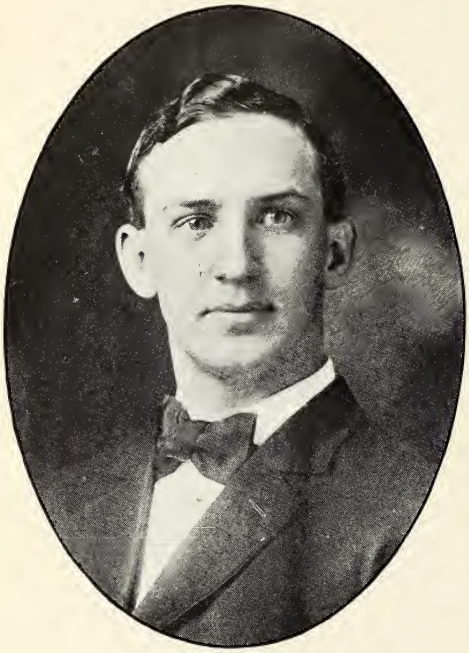
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

President, First and Second Censor, Second Critic, Recording Secretary, Monthly Orator of Calhoun Literary Society; President of Senior Class and Vice-President of Sophomore Class; Exchange Editor of THE JOURNAL, '08; 'Varsity Baseball Team, '07; Manager of Class Baseball Team, '06, '08; Captain, '07; 'Varsity Baseball Team, '07; Captain of Tennis Association, '08; Speaker on Sophomore Exhibition, Oratorical Contest, '07. Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

CHARLES ALBERT JOHNSON

ROCK HILL, S. C.

Entered '05. Recording Secretary and Second Censor of Calhoun Literary Society; Class Baseball Team, '06, '07, '08; Class Football Team, '06, '07, '08; Senior-Fresh. Football Team, '08; 'Varsity Baseball Team, '07; Captain, '08; Captain of Basketball Team, '*6, '07. Chi Psi Fraterni.y.



CHARLES EVERETT KLUGH

CORONACA, S. C.

President of Calhoun Literary Society; Oratorical Speaker, '07, '08; Junior Debater. Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity.

DANIEL EMORY KNIGHT

BOWMAN, S. C.

Entered '03; dropped out '04-'05; reentered '05. Monthly orator of Preston Literary Society; Gymnasium Team, '07, '08; Art Editor of *The Bohemian*. Non-Frat.

WILLIAM ALVIN McKELVEY, JR.
PELZER, S. C.

President, Vice-President and First Critic of Calhoun Literary Society; Chief Marshal, Sophomore Exhibition; Secretary of Inter-Society Committee, '08; Junior Football Team; Manager of Senior Football Team. Kappa Sigma Fraternity.

PRESCOTT LANNEAU MARTIN
KINGSTREE, S. C.

Vice-President, First Critic, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, Second Censor of Calhoun Literary Society; 'Varsity Baseball Team, '05, '06; Coach, '08; Captain of Junior and Senior Baseball Teams; Captain of Tennis Association, '06; Basketball Team, '06; Class Football Team. Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

GEORGE ROBERT McKEWN

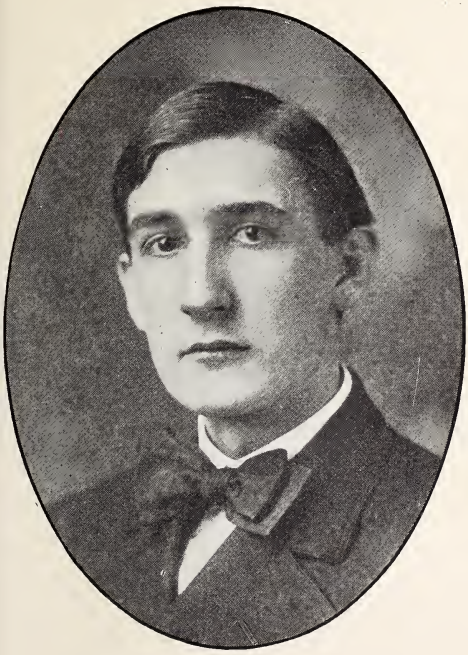
BRANCHVILLE, S. C.

Member of Calhoun Literary Society, '04, '05; Charter Member, Vice-President, First, Second and Third Critic, First and Second Censor, Treasurer, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, Monthly Orator, and one of the framers of the Constitution of Carlisle Literary Society; Marshal, Sophomore Exhibition; Junior Marshal; Member Inter-Society Committee, '07. Non-Frat.

EDWARD ROBERTSON MASON

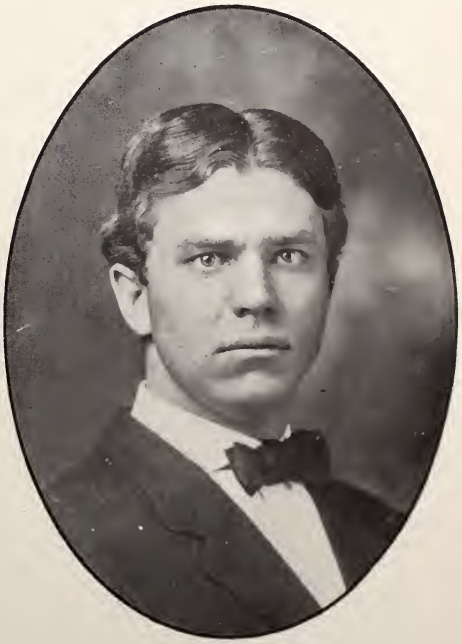
TIMMONSVILLE, S. C.

President of Preston Literary Society; Speaker on Oratorical Contest, '08; Wofford-Emory Debator, '08. Kappa Sigma Fraternity.



FRANK BURT MORGAN, JR.
CENTRAL, S. C.

President and First Critic of Preston Literary Society; Member Inter-Society Committee, '08; Presiding Officer, Oratorical Contest, '08. Kappa Sigma Fraternity.



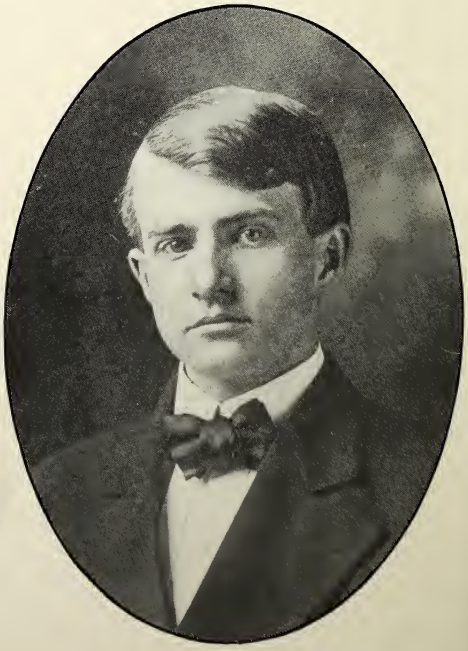
ROBERT FREDERICK MORRIS
TURBEVILLE, S. C.

President, Recording Secretary and Monthly Orator of Preston Literary Society; Junior Debater; Secretary of Y. M. C. A., '07; President, '08; Y. M. C. A. Editor of *The Bohemian;* Secretary of Athletic Association, '08. Non-Frat.

ABRAHAM STEPHEN NETTLES

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

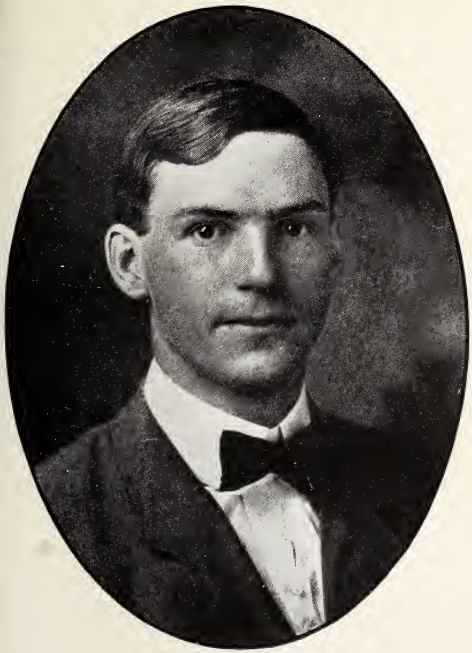
Member of Calhoun Literary Society, '04-'05; Charter Member, President, Vice-President, First, Second and Third Critic, First Censor, Corresponding Secretary and Monthly Orator of Carlisle Literary Society; Member of Inter-Society Committee, '07; Chairman, '08; Assistant Business Manager of THE JOURNAL, '07; Literary Editor of *The Bohemian;* Class Historian, '08; Winner of C. L. S. Essay Medal, '06; THE JOURNAL Story Medal, '07; C. P. A. of S. C. Story Medal, '08. Non-Frat.



JOSEPH LAWRENCE NETTLES

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Member of Calhoun Literary Society, '04-'05; Charter Member, President, Vice-President, Second Critic, Recording Secretary, and one of the framers of the Constitution of Carlisle Literary Society; Junior Debater; Winner of C. L. S. Essay Medal, '07. Non-Frat.



MARSHALL PINCKNEY ORR

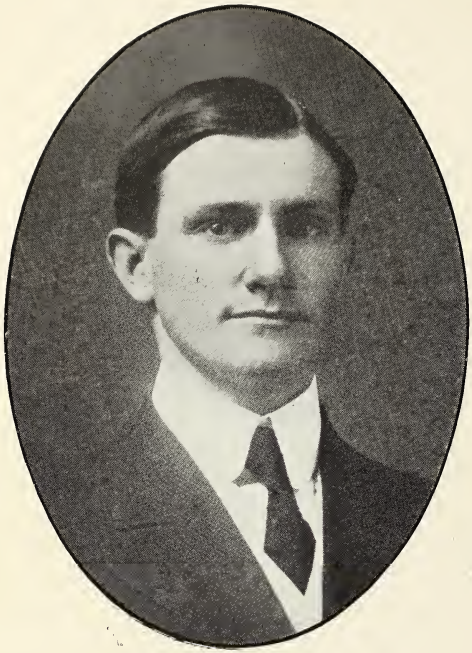
GREENVILLE, S. C.

Entered '06. Member of Calhoun Literary Society; Class Football and Baseball Team, '07; 'Varsity Baseball Team, '07; Basketball Team, '07; Class Treasurer, '08; Member of Executive Committee of Athletic Association, '08.

JAMES McDONALD OWEN

ORANGEBURG, S. C.

Member of Preston Literary Society.

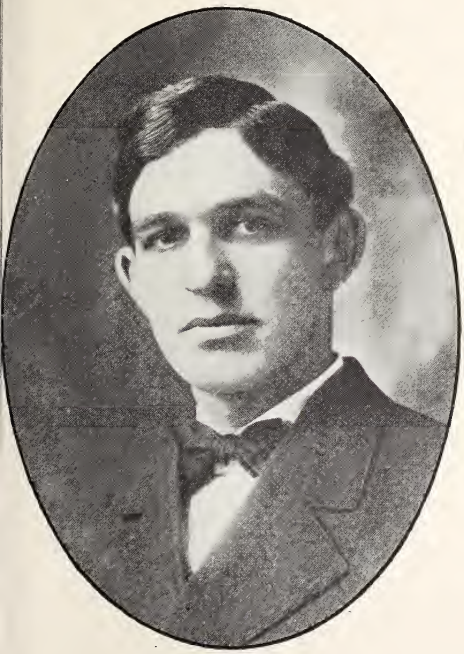


BARRETT BROOKS PATTERSON
WOODRUFF, S. C.

First Censor and Monthly Orator of Preston Literary Society; Vice-President of Y. M. C. A. '08. Non-Frat.

GROVER CLEVELAND PETERSON
LAURENS, S. C.

Member of Preston Literary Society. Kappa Sigma Fraternity.



JAMES HOWARD RAMSEUR
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

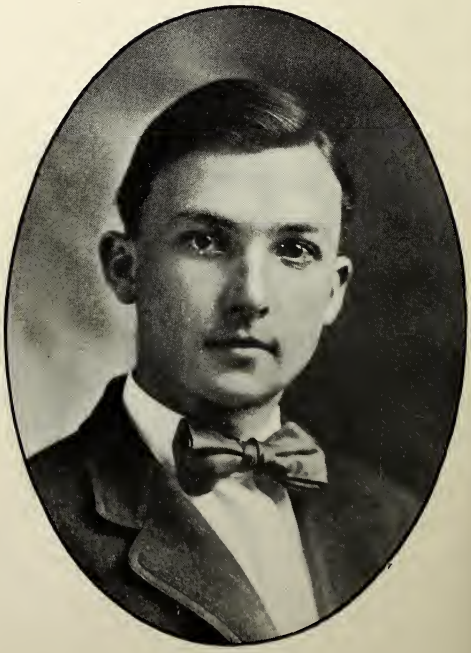
First Censor of Preston Literary Society. Vice-President of Junior Class. Kappa Sigma Fraternity.

JAMES CARLISLE RUSHTON
BENNETTSVILLE, S. C.

Member of Preston Literary Society. Non-Frat.

HOWARD CARLISLE SHERIDAN
BAMBERG, S. C.

Member of Class of '07; dropped out at end of Junior year; re-entered September, '07. Second Critic of Preston Literary Society; Contributor to THE JOURNAL. Kappa Sigma Fraternity.



McGILVERY BUCK SIMPSON
GLENN SPRINGS, S. C.

Member of Calhoun Literary Society. Chi Phi Fraternity.

CHARLIE DORN SMITH

LAKE CITY, S. C.

Second Critic, First and Second Censor of Preston Literary Society. Non-Frat.

YATES SMITH

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

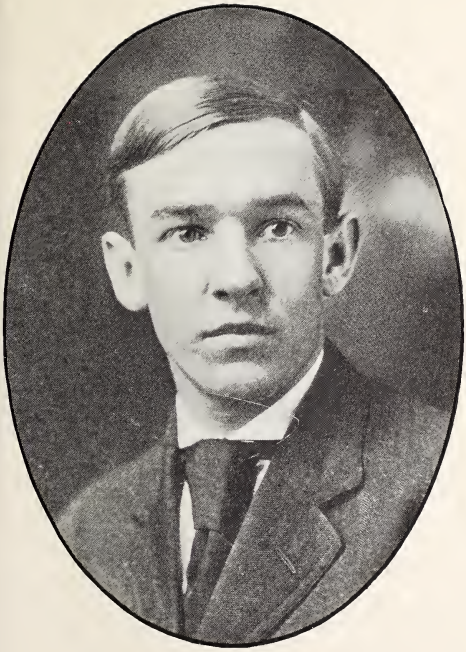
Member of Calhoun Literary Society. Secretary of Senior Class; Class Baseball Team, '05, '07. Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

LeROY STANTON
TATUM, S. C.

First Censor, Recording Secretary and Corresponding Secretary of Calhoun Literary Society. Class Baseball Team, '05, '06, '08; Class Football Team, '08; Member of Executive Committee of Athletic Association, '00; President of Marlboro Club, '08. Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity.

JOHN THOMPSON TAYLOR
JONESVILLE, S. C.

Vice-President, First Critic, Recording Secretary of Preston Literary Society; Vice-President of Senior Class.



LEON HICKS TOLLESON

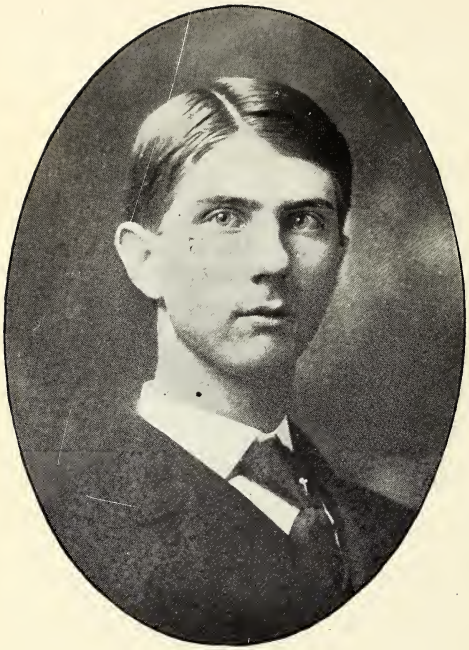
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Recording Secretary and Monthly Orator of Calhoun Literary Society; Class Football Team, '08; 'Varsity Baseball Team, '08. Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

ALFRED BROADUS WALDREP

PIEDMONT, S. C.

Member of Preston Literary Society. Non-Frat.



JULIAN JOHN WELCH

CARLISLE, S. C.

Member of Preston Literary Society.

JOHN ARCHIE WILLIS

GRAY COURT, S. C.

President, Vice-President, First Critic, Second Censor, Treasurer, Corresponding Secretary and Monthly Orator of Preston Literary Society; President of College Press Association of South Carolina, '08; Senior Class Poet; Business Manager of *The Bohemian*, '08; Assistant Literary Editor of THE JOURNAL, '07; Treasurer of Y. M. C. A., '07; Contributed twenty-two articles to THE JOURNAL; Business Manager of THE JOURNAL, '08. Kappa Sigma Fraternity.

Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

John Lee Hydrick, Editor.
R. B. Hicks, Assistant Editor.

Senior Class History

The Class of '08 consisted of 93 men the first year, 65 the second, 52 the third, and 47 the fourth and last year. As a Freshman Class we were the largest in the history of the college; as a Senior Class we hold the same record.

But our claims to glory and honor as college men rest not on numbers. We won the Baseball Trophy Cup for '08, and have been winning medals galore for three years. We sent Hydrick down to Columbia to win the Rhodes Scholarship, and, as always, he did his duty. Some of us have loaned our musical talent to the Converse College Choral Society that the "Festival" might be a success; others of us have freely dispensed floods of melody along old North Church street at all hours of the night for the benefit of a highly cultured, music-loving people. Quite a large number of us have written poetry for publication; but inasmuch as no course in poetry writing was ever given the class, Dr. Snyder cannot be blamed for this.

If there were to be a book, right here a page should be inscribed with the names of those dozen lovers of the classics whose real zeal for old learning once led them to think of taking Senior Latin.

Like all classes, '08 has met defeat not once, but many times. College professors are such inexorable men! But we didn't stay down when we got down; ke knew how to bury our defeats beneath the flowers of victory.

Classmates, this brief, meandering sketch is not your his-

tory. Deep graven on the tablets of your memories are the events of your college life. Who else would know your history need read no further here. He must search the college records, interview your professors, half a dozen generations of Wofford men, and yourselves. And his task is not ended here. Some Saturday afternoon he must stroll over to Converse and drink a cup of tea with Mrs. Howard and "her dear girls." Nor must he forget to stand awhile down town at the meeting of the ways, else he would never know why we so often ate cold supper and lost our appetites for books.

Should any one ever make this search and write your history, just as soon as his book issues from the press, chip in and buy up the edition, and make the presumptious author swear to leave '08 and its history alone—else you can never boast to your children and your children's children of the mighty labors and deprivations of your toilsome college life.

A. S. Nettles.

Class Prophecy

In this day and generation, when everybody reads fiction, it is difficult to relate one's own personal experience so as to make people believe you. I do honestly warn you, though, that this is a "really truly" history which deals with a peculiar set of men, who are whirled round and round by the great wheel of time, and some who not infrequently pop out of it like a falling comet. But they are not to be blamed, for every century must produce at least one class of great men, and as the twilight of the nineteenth century has just closed with its opalescent waves of heat rolling above what has been, and the bright golden sky, like an inverted bowl rimmed with delicate blue and crimson hues has at last pulled aside the great veil which obscured the twentieth century, and beyond the dim vista of the most vivid imagination we realibe that twenty-three years ago the class of nineteen hundred and eight was snatched from the protecting arms of their Alma Mater and given over to

the seething, struggling mass of humanity—there to catch a foothold and climb fortune's ladder to the topmost round, or else loose their hold and rest where ambition is but a plaything—then can we know that this is no time for vain imagining, but that we of the class of nineteen hundred and eight believe in what really is, namely, a life of action and power.

Not many months ago, while seated on the stone veranda in the rear of the "Star Cafe" in Chicago (I believe I was waiting for a chance acquaintance to pass by and mention supper; for somehow I had forgotten to bring my pocket-book along, and the proprietor, declaring I was some one else, or resembled some one who had previously "clipped" him for twenty-five, absolutely refused to credit me.) I was almost in despair: from the lighted room within came the faint strains of music and the rattle of dishes, but above all the enchanting odor of something good to eat. An early darkness had settled over the city, and a heavy, steady rain was falling. The asphalt pavements glistened and twinkled as far as the eye could reach. A thousand conflicting thoughts rushed upon me. Once more I was amidst the scenes and pleasures of childhood, and then off to college. O, what had become of the class of nought eight? had Dame Fortune not smiled upon one of them? had—

"Pardon me, but will you give me the time?"

I glanced up and beheld a well-dressed gentleman of perhaps forty years standing directly in front of me. Something in his rather feminine voice struck me as strangely familiar. I was on the point of telling him that I had been deprived of my timepiece the day before (you see, my pocketbook was still absent, and through kindness I let a pawnbroker have my Waterbury) when he moved nearer the light and, by all that is bright, it was old Jim Ramseur. Really, the boy was glad to see me, and when we were seated in the cafe he told me his history. He and McKelvey had lately gained a complete monopoly of all the sewing machine factories in the United States, and both wer enow living in Chicago. The repast being over, he insisted that

I accompany hi mto his home and meet an old friend of past days. After a short walk we ascended the steps of his handsome residence and were greeted at the door by the clatter of an innumerable host of tiny tots, and in the rear I saw an elderly lady approaching who was introduced as "my dear mother-in-law" (was it a groan I heard following this?) I was roused early the next morning by the silvery voices of my little friends of the past evening. IImediately after breakfast the chauffeur drove us around to the residence of Mr. McKelvey on Converse street. We found old Alvin surrounded by every enchantment of domestic life. After meeting several of his family we strolled down to the office of McKelvey & Ramseur, and there I contracted with them for the agency of twelve of the cotton belt States.

On the thirteenth day of June, nineteen hundred and thirty-one, I made my first trip in interest of the company to the flourishing city of Macon, Ga. As my most pressing business was to purchase a team, I found from the city directory that Boyle & Simpson owned a large livery business on East Wahehaquee street. Imagine if you can my pleasure in discovering that the two above names were none other than my old classmates (though now they purchase their ponies from the West, instead of Hinds & Noble). I soon settled on a team and returned to my hotel. In the lobby I was met by a gentleman distributing Piedmont cigarettes, and at once recognized him as old Charlie Calvert. While relating past experiences we were joined by Albert Johnson, Horace Bethea, and Roy Stanton, all of whom are Knights of the Grip with the usual corpulence of that class. The next day being Sunday, I attended the First Methodist Church and had the pleasure of listening to an eloquent sermon by the Reverend A. B. Waldrep, D. D. On the following morning I drove to the freight depot to get my machine, and there found Wess Crum in charge of the office. He informed me that he was to be married within a short time, and I was fortunate enough to leave a machine with him.

Having finished my business in Macon, I set out for Ope-

lika, Ala., and two weeks later arrived at that beautiful little village. Being in need of money, I went to the First National Bank to draw a draft on McKelvey & Ramseur, but the cashier, thinking I was attempting a "wild west stunt," immediately called in the president, who proved to be no other than John Taylor. John was ever a steady fellow, and the business world has found in him a real man. On leaving the bank, I noticed a large crowd gathered in the central square and strolled up to learn the cause. In the center, mounted on a large box, were two men, one talking very rapidly; near them, ready mounted, rested a balloon. I only heard this as I approached: "Five dollars more of silver will make the five hundred dollars complete, and when you give me that, then will I—the alchemist, and finder of the Philosopher's Stone—change all this silver into gold, and return it to you." An old farmer near me walked up and passed over his five, and then somehow the balloon began to ascend. The men on the box looked wildly about them, and yelling to the crowd that they would return presently, jumped into the balloon. When just above our heads they pulled their hats and bowed politely. I could not be mistaken, for the departing balloon contained no others than Julian Welch and Carlisle Rushton. A great howl arose from the crowd, and a mounted policeman rode up furiously to me and angrily demanded the cause of the trouble. I was beginning to explain when he grasped me by the hand and asked what in the world I was doing there. Charley Smith, for it was no other, was ever a lover of peace and order, and I was told that no better officer was to be found in the South than he for quelling all riots.

My next stop was at Corinth, Miss. Here I was to collect an old debt from the wholesale house of Klugh & Jackson. After much wrangling with Charlie and Marine (who informed me that paying debts was strictly out of their line), I went to the law office of Nettles & Nettles and placed the matter in their hands. (I learned afterwards that my company lost the suit.) The next day business was exceedingly dull, and as the twilight deepened into darkness I found my-

self far from the haunts of mankind. I was almost in despair of finding a night's lodging when suddenly through the dense blackness of the night I saw the faint glimmer of a light in a nearby farm house. I drove up and was greeted by the murderous yelps of a pack of bull-dogs. Was it a dream, intuition, or simply the recollections of past years that caused me to think of Yates Smith? Anyway, my thoughts were immediately realized, for Yates soon appeared to quiet his "blooded" tribe, and on entering his fine old dwelling, I found Lush Jennings, Alex Copeland, John Hydrick, Dick Harley, and old Tom Hamer, all seated around an imposing looking barrel with two faucets. You see, Yates is an old bachelor, and had invited his friends for a week's hunt. "Lush" is still the "good-looking girl" of former days. He is now president of the Spartan Mills, in Spartanburg, S. C. Alex Copeland could never forget the specimens he once dissected in the Biological Laboratory, and is now the leading physician of Santuck, S. C. Tom and Dick are in the mercantile business at Lamar, S. C., and John Hydrick, after spending four years at Oxford, returned to practice law with his father. He was but lately defeated by a small majority as coroner for Spartanburg county. The boys seemed happy, and I fain would have remained a week with them, but business ever before pleasure. The next morning I was forced to leave, not, though, before Yates had sold me one of his bull-pups with a pedigree three yards long. I can but admit that I shot the rascal that afternoon for being whipped by a yellow fice.

Three weeks later I arrived in the city of Houston, Texas. As my horses were completely fagged out, I determined to get rid of them and make the remainder of my trip by rail. Driving slowly down the street, I noticed this sign: "Dukes & McKewn, Funeral Directors. Here let us bury your troubles." Roy and Bobby geeted me with the usual cordiality of a prospective customer. paying them fourteen dollars and ten cents, they relieved me of my team. I left immediately, for fear that I should be interred with my former horses. On entering the "Red Iron Racket" to

make a few purchases, I was startled and surprised to meet my old friends, Grover Peterson and Leon Tolleson. They informed me that business was exceedingly prosperous, and they were carrying a hundred thousand dollar stock. I learned also from "Pete" that Grange Coffin was the pastor of the Second Methodist Church and that Bishop "Legs" Martin had conducted the services the previous Sunday. As my business was not at all pressing, I accepted the Reverend Coffin's urgent invitation to take a cross-country drive. After more than an hour's ride, I noticed in the distance a large cattle ranch. Driving nearer, we were greeted by the lowing and bellowing of many cattle, but above the din of the noise could be heard the deep, sonorous voice of old "Bull" Morris. While talking with "Bull" about the past, we saw across the prairie a cloud of dust, as though caused by a whirlwind. Faster and faster the cloud advanced, and presently from it emerged a wild steer bearing on his back the tall figure of old "Pete" Garrett. He greeted us with his characteristic cordiality after this most amusing debut. They informed us that they owned the largest ranch in Texas; and furthermore, that Mack Owens and Charley Bethea were in the real estate business at Waco.

From Houston I purchased a ticket to Columbia, S. C. Scarcely was I seated in the train when a hand was placed upon my shoulder, and looking up, I recognized Hilliard Atkins. He informed me that he was returning from an extended trip to the West in behalf of the Brown & Carter oil fields; these two are now considered the John D's. of America. Arriving in Columbia, I was greeted by the newsboy's cry of "Extra! Extra! Orr for Governor!" Purchasing a paper, I saw that M. P. Orr, of Greenville, had defeated Bishop Alsbrook for Governor by a large majority, though the stump speeches of the latter for "originality, composition, and rhetoric" were the greatest ever heard within the old Palmetto State.

From Columbia I went to Greenwood. Here I found Howard Sheridan manager of the Teachers' Agency Bureau. I had the pleasure that evening of meeting Mrs.

Sheridan. Howard informed me that Dick Knight was cartoonist for Collier's Weekly, drawing a yearly salary of ten thousand dollars; and that Brooks Patterson had a flourishing (?) law practice at Pauline, S. C. After a pleasant stay of three days with Howard, I received a telegram from my company requesting me to report at once in Washington, D. C. On arriving at my destination and finding that I had a few hours leisure, I strolled out to the Zoological Park. While standing on the bank of one of the little winding streams, I noticed an elderly gentleman jump into the water and look at something earnestly with the glass he held in his hand. Suddenly he uttered a loud cry and exclaimed: "A real live Amoeba found after three years of diligent search!" I was scarcely surprised to find that it was no other than Burt Morgan. When he had somewhat arranged his cravat, he gave me a three hours' talk on his biological researches. In the midst of his scientific lecture I learned that he now possessed two full-dress suits, and furthermore, that Archie Willis had recently been appointed United States Consul to the flourishing little island of "Robinson Crusoe."

And this is all the forty and five. Have I made too much or too little of them? Time alone can judge, for with them comes the light which will shed its glare over the world—the world once almost broken and destroyed but never dismembered—a light which illuminates the evil of ignorance, where in the end of the past century the people all are made to realize that where knowledge rules there can ever be prosperity. Out of the colleges, Light; a light that shows us the true paths, and uniting every phase for simplicity, will come peace, peace by which all nations shall thrive and all mankind rejoice."

E. R. Mason.

Class Poem

Last night as I lay on the campus green,
  Dreaming, yes, dreaming of the days now gone,
Of the years mis-spent and what might have been,
  Had I but made use of the hours my own;
And as I looked back o'er the time that's past,
  And then peered forth in the time to be,
Lo, I dreamed that I saw my Life-boat cast
  Adrift on the billows of Life's broad sea.

And as the shadows of the night fell low
  Upon some wild, uneven beaten shore,
My Life-boat rocked on the ebb and the flow,
  In one long restless course forever more;
I cared not if it turned and came to land,
  Or if it drifted in the open sea,
Nor did I seem to care if it should strand
  Me on the billows of Eternity.

The waves rolled high and fell, and came again,
  And the shadows of the night falling o'er
The moon-lit mounds of pray, it seemed, would fain
  Have hidden all and chained me to the shore,
Had I not carelessly, unconsciously
  Drifted until the last white star had gone
And left me stranded on the open sea,
  Pilotless, simply drifting, and alone.

My ship rolled on and rode the waves till morn
  Had touched the eastern sky with streaks of gray,
And ever onward till the newly born
  Had thrown upon the world the light of day;
And then some good sea-nymph arose from out
  Old Ocean's depths, and with her own fair hand
Unreefed the sail and turned the boat about,
  And led me again to my native land.

But when we reached the rugged, rock-bound coast,
  She quickly turned and o'er the waves had gone

Again, ere I could call to her, and lost
  Within myself, I, restless and alone,
Untied my boat and sailed the seas again,
  Never sleeping, ever watching to steal
One glance of her whom I had loved, but vain
  Was it: I could not grasp my soul's ideal.

* * * * * * * * *

Comrades, 'tis now four years since first we cast
  Our boat upon the sea of college life,
The waves have risen high, but we have passed
  Them safely o'er; the rough seas and the strife
Of waters breaking o'er the hidden shoals,
  It seemed, would fain have sometimes swamped us all,
Had it not been for those brave daring souls
  Among our crew, who loved stern Duty's call.

Our craft is large, and in our crew we claim
  And justly so, more men than e'er set sail
From out this port before; 'tis true our fame
  Might rest upon our number, but the tale
Of the battles we've fought, the victories won,
  Of the rough seas ridden down,—better that
Be made to place the name, '08, our own,
  At the head of those in the fierce combat.

Our crew was twice as large as now when we
  First cast our boat upon the tide that bore
Us here. But then the fierce storms of the sea,
  Whose mountain-like waves, rising high, swept o'er
The deck time and again, each time would take
  A man or two; and then sometimes the shore
Of some familiar isle—it's calm—would take
  From us a comrade to return no more.

For four long years this, our Commencement day,
  Has been that far off goal to which we steered;
We've seen it in the distance, and the spray
  Of maddened seas ne'er got so thick that, cheered

By the thought of vict'ry, this great ideal
  Ere fell below the common horizon;
We've longed to make the port, but now we feel
  A reluctance to take what we have won.

And once we stand upon the longed-for shore
  And clasp within our arms the victory,
That which was once our ideal is no more,
  But it has again drifted out to sea;
Then let's embark and sail the seas again,
  Never sleeping, ever watching for one
Whom we have seen but once and loved, for fain
  Would we follow where our ideal has gone.

J. A. Willis.

Wofford College Journal

Establ shed 1899. Spartanburg, S. C., May-June, 1908. Whole No. 171

STAFF.

J. LeROY DUKES, *Editor-in-Chief*

Calhoun

Exchange Editor .. .. L. K. Jennings
Assistant Business Manager .. .. L. K. Breeden

Carlisle

Local Editor .. .. B. N. Alsbrook
Assistant Literary Editor .. .. R. B. Hicks

Preston

Alumni Editor .. .. R. A. Brown
Assistant Exchange Editor .. .. J. C. Hardin
Y. M. C. A. Editor .. .. W. B. Garrett

J. A. WILLIS, *Business Manager*

Entered at postoffice at Spartanburg, S. C., as second class matter.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

J. L. Dukes, Editor.

A Reminiscence.

Before beginning our first editorial we lift our pen and pause for reflection. Can it really be true that eight months have slipped into eternity since The Journal first made its appearance under our management? We can scarcely realize it. It seems but yesterday when we launched upon the untried and apparently tempestuous sea of college journalism; but we have found the breakers less multitudinous than we anticipated, and our way has been lighted by the friendly torch of favorable criticism. The multitudinous duties that have devolved upon the editorial chair almost provoke a grim smile as we contemplate them. Never will we forget the wild enthusiasm that thrilled our mortal frame when we first grasped the editorial pen. But that

ardor has cooled; we are more than satisfied, and lay down the pen almost cheerfully. We trust that when this magazine shall make its appearance again that a stronger pilot will be at the helm, and that he will profit by our mistakes.

The Editor's Lament. Perhaps we should start this with a "Fear not, gentle reader," but we do not like the idea of apologizing or being intimidated before we say anything. We have very little to lament so far as the Journal is concerned but there are a few observations which we would like to make concerning college editors. An editorship of a college paper is the most thankless occupation in the entire collegiate world. Aside from the honor, there is nothing due but a few thanks and honest criticisms. As to the first, we can but say that we have several unpaid accounts still due. As to the latter, we have received a sufficiency.

We do not mind honest criticisms but we do object strenuously to grumbling. There is very little of it in Wofford but to the few we would only ask one favor. The next time you grumble, think a little and see what you have done to help. If you haven't helped, don't grumble. You haven't any right to.

Good-Bye. The time draws near when the colleges all over the land will close their doors and bid the students go home to rest. With a hearty handshake, thousands of young men and young women will separate, some to meet again in the fall, when the leaves begin to turn, some never to meet again unless it be on that day when it is said the heavens shall roll back like a scroll.

There are some mysteries and problems in life that become more complex when we try to solve them. During college life we are brought in vital contact with men and women that soon pass out of our lives and become but memories of youthful days. Some of our strongest and most lasting friendships are made in college. But, unless we are

exceptions to the general rule, after the exchange of a few letters, the great majority of our college chums will soon drift out into the great sea of humanity and become lost to us in the mighty roar of its deafening waters. This fact alone makes the word, good-bye very sad to the college student. Some will have gained the coveted diplomas and will go to come no more. Some go to the country where a quiet summer will be spent in the cool of the trees; others go to the throbbing city where wealthy parents await them, and still others have nobody to look for them, nowhere to go, but merely drift out with the tide and become the play things of fate.

The Old Black Mammy.

An orator once said that the day would come when the South would erect a monument to the old black mammy. We believe this assertion to be true. Southern people might have little love for the negro as a whole, but the old-time negress is classed under a different nationality. She is not looked upon as an ordinary negro, but is loved by our women as much today as she was when she rocked them to sleep on her bosom in the long ago, and sung lullabies that linger still. The old black mammy has a large place in the hearts of Southern people. It was she who nursed all the babies of the antebellum days and told them tales of "de big 'ouse, and de cabin"—tales that are still repeated around the fireside of a winter night. It was she who bustled around in the kitchen in preparation of the wedding feast, and it was she who, like the wailing of a pine, sat in a corner and rocked and mourned when the great parlor was wrapped in the solemn hush of death. "Honey" is the pet word of the old woman, and the women of today like to hear it. They are fast passing away, and soon the memories of the old South with its snow-white mansions and boundless cotton fields, will have to be gathered from books and then the charm will be lost, for the life is lived again in its description by the untaught tongue of the negroes.

Patriotism in the South.

Patriotism is something more than a love for one's country, for the word country only signifies a certain amount of land with fixed and prescribed boundaries and of itself would hardly excite the feeling of love, but patriotism is a love and reverence for the men who have made that certain amount of land, called a country, dear to us.

The men who threw off the shackles which England had placed about us and proclaimed to the world that we were in name and in fact a free and independent people, the men who lead the conquering armies through the bloody fields of the Revolution, the men, who, when they had made success complete upon the battlefield and then began with the crude material at hand to mould and shape the many different and complex elements from as many different sections of those original colonies into some substantial governing body, these men were from the South, for the South was then not only the center of the nation but it was the nation itself.

The men who put the machinery of this government in motion and then patiently watched it, noting its deficiencies and remedying them as they saw them were Southern men. The men, who, all through these early years guarded the interests of this country and held the reins of the government for the first thirty years of its existence, and made these United States a possible world power, were Southern.

Due evidence of patriotism in some exhibition of our revenue for the memory of the great men of our country who have gone before us. Does the South reverence her great men?

Were a foreigner to visit Boston and were he unacquainted with the past history of the United States, he would be lead to believe that Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Marshall and Madison were all born, lived and died in New England. He would see the days which marked the births of these men set apart and kept sacred. He could go into some New England school house on the 22nd of February and find the little girls and boys declaiming selections per-

taining to Washington and his work for the American nation. He would find Jefferson spoken of as the greatest of his time after Washington.

The North has taken all these men from us and made them its own, and it seems only to be a matter of time before the North likewise will place Lee, Jackson and Davis by the side of Washington, Jefferson and Marshall and say that these, too, are its own. And if they do, who can blame them?

It would hardly be making too rash an assertion to venture that there are ninety-nine school boys out of every one hundred who cannot tell you the day of Lee's birth, and nine out of every ten could tell you whether Jackson was a Texan or a Virginian.

North of the Mason and Dixon line, wherever there was a battle fought and brave men died, there you see well-kept graveyards, each grave marked and a marble shaft or stately monument rearing itself skyward to tell the passerby that here the dead are sleeping.

In the South the graves of our famous dead are overgrown with briars and brambles, unmarked and unknown. No marble shaft marks their resting-place and the pen of the historian and the lyre of the poet alike are silent as to the noble deeds of our noble dead.

And why is all this? It is because whenever the anniversary of the birth of any four great men of the South comes around we let it pass unobserved and unnoticed.

It is not because we do not feel that these men were great men, but it is because we are too busy to stop in our mad rush after wealth and pay these men their tribute of respect.

When the 22nd of February comes round again let the South have a holiday and some fitting celebration, and upon Lee's birthday let us give his memory the reverence due it. Let us at least remember that these men once lived and that they are ours, men of the South, and when we begin to remember them in some substantial way patriotism in the South will become something more than an empty name.

Let us build monuments above their graves, let our historians of the South write their deeds of valor upon the pages of our history, let the poets of our Southland weave their matchless grandeur into deathless songs, and then the South will come into its own.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

L. K. Jennings, Editor.
J. C. Hardin, Assistant Editor.

This being the last issue of The Journal for the collegiate year, we realize that it would be of comparatively little real advantage to attempt the criticism of the April magazines. Few, if any, of the editors and contributors would profit by, or even see, the criticisms; for now the journals everywhere are falling into the hands of new editors. So, instead of criticising, we propose to make a few remarks, which we consider appropriate at this time, on the experience and value of our year's work.

We have learned that "the real object of the exchange department is to bring about a uniformity and make a standard of college journalism." But this cannot be successfully accomplished without the careful attention and study of the exchange editors. Hasty criticisms, useless severity, and careless remarks, intead of uplifting the standard of the department, tend only to bring about failure and to arouse the disgust of all contemporary editors. No editor can do effectual work, meting out justice to all, unless he gives his work the proper time and attention. Let each editor show that his criticisms are correct and true, and not merely written for the sake of criticism. When this is done the work will meet with hearty approval and those criticised will not only appreciate your efforts but will also profit by them. For, to the sincere and earnest editor and contributor, favorable criticism always serves as an encouragement, and adverse criticism as an incentive to nobler efforts.

Most students judge the standing of all college magazines chiefly by the comments of the exchange editors. And as the college magazine is a good index to the college, being the direct expression of the individual men who make up the college community, the college is also often rated ac-

cording to the attainments of its journal. For this reason, if for no other, should the editor be just, and try always to avoid severity and harshness in his remarks. He should never underestimate a man's work and should realize the distinction between the patient efforts of the under-classman and the polished attempts of the senior, and regulate his pen accordingly. Nor should the exchange editor simply point out the defects of various magazines; for it is his duty also to praise and comment upon the better elements. It is by this means that a staff is encouraged and induced to strive for higher attainments and better things. The editor should criticise no magazine harshly, but should point out its defects and render praise where it is due. For such an editor we predict a brilliant future in his journalism; for he will soon gain the confidence, respect, and esteem of his contemporary workers, and will be regarded with favor by all outsiders.

In conclusion let us say that every exchange editor should conscientiously study and endeavor to understand the value and purpose of criticism in its true sense; what its purpose should be and how this purpose should be sought. And, above all, he should criticise, not with a feeling that it is a privilege, but a duty to help inexperienced and would-be writers. Therefore, it is necessary for a critic to have ability, and not merely tact to say sharp things.

We wish the best of success to our new and able staff, and hope that their faithful endeavors will ten to place The Journal on a higher plane than heretofore and that the close of next year may find it as near perfection as our energetic staff and loyal student body can make it. Here's to the success of The Journal and its esteemed contemporaries!

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

The Sophomore Exhibition

By the Editor in Chief

The annual "Soph. Ex." at Wofford College proved to be one of the most enjoyable entertainments of the college season. There was a large audience present, and after listening to the speeches in the auditorium many remained to enjoy the reception given in the society halls. The speeches made by the young men were of high order and were well delivered showing that they had prepared their speeches with great care.

The exercises were presided over by G. K. Craig, president of the class, and he introduced the speakers with grace and ease.

The exercises were opened with a prayer by Rev. R. S. Truesdale. The following were the speakers:

G. M. Heinitsh (Calhoun) "Opportunity."

C. D. Dawsey (Carlisle) "Duty and Value of Patriotism."

J. K. Davis (Preston) "Jefferson's First Inaugural."

E. B. Hammond (Calhoun) "Self-Culture."

W. M. Wilkes (Carlisle) "The Old and New South."

"Shug" Glenn was escorting a delegate to the College Press Association over the campus and was asked: "How high is your college curriculum?" Looking up at the tower he replied: "About fifty feet, I think, sir."

May 4th being Dr. Carlisle's birthday all college work was suspended in honor of the occasion. The doctor's many friends everywhere over the United States wish him many returns of the day.

Society Officers

Calhoun Society—W. D. DuPre, president; R. C. Huggins, vice-president; R. B. Stackhouse, first critic; O. L.

Herring, second critic; F. M. Crum, first censor; W. Moore, second censor; W. Smith, recording secretary; J. G. Galbraith, third critic; S. O. Black, corresponding secretary; Sam Lander, treasurer.

Carlisle Society—R. B. Hicks, president; P. F. Murph, vice-president; F. E. Bearden, first critic; H. M. Cox, second critic; C. B. Dawsey, third critic; C. V. Hays, first censor; H. Hucks, second censor; W. B. Baker, recording secretary; M. S. Lively, corresponding secretary; D. L. Betts, treasurer.

Preston Society—J. C. Hardin, president; Tom Hill, vice-president; R. C. Folger, first critic; G. C. Patton, second critic; Clyde Curry, first censor; J. E. Watson, second censor; G. K. Craig, recording secretary; G. E. Bull, corresponding secretary; S. B. Connor, treasurer.

Soph. Bowman, being asked: "What class was his father in while at college?" replied: "He was in all of 'em."

A certain freshman resolved that he would get an education if he had to associate with the faculty to do it.

Freshman Contest

The "Fresh. Ex." held in the college auditorium on the evening of May 11th, was decidedly a big success. Mr. H. Hucks, of the Carlisle Society, won the "Gray Medal." All the speakers did justice to both themselves and the college, and no one could guess who would get the "gold," but the able judges decided in favor of Mr. Hucks.

Mr. W. B. Abbott, the chairman of the judges, brought the speeches to a climax by a beautiful tribute to oratory in general to the boys who spoke and to Wofford, in presenting the medal.

After the orations were delivered the large audience repaired to the society halls where a reception was tendered between the hours of 10 and 11:30 o'clock.

Brown—"Dukes, you cannot give one case where a snake poison has killed anyone."

Dukes—"Yes, I can; I know of plenty of cases."

Sheridan (whispering to Dukes)—"Cleopatra was bitten by an asp."

Dukes—"Yes, that's a good illustration from the Bible; Cleopatra was bitten by an asp, and it killed her."

The following was overheard in a conversation between one of our dignified seniors and a fair Music Festival visitor:

Visitor: "Mr. M——, do you advocate the reform system of spelling?"

Senior M——: "Only 'Miss' to 'Mrs.'"

Dr. C. B. Waller delivered an address at the closing exercises of the Reidville High School. Prof. Miller C. Foster, of class, '07, is principal of this school.

Junior Breeden to Junior Crum: "Say, is compulsory education where you make boys and girls go to the same school?"

We would like to know who the student is who said he would color his meerschaum pipe nicely if he flunked on all subjects.

Prof S. L. Prince, of Lander College, was a Music Festival visitor. The boys were all glad to see Prof. Prince.

Ask Senior Dukes who it was that on entering his room and seening a pennant on the wall, exclaimed: "That is a pretty rosette you have."

The Journal Staff for 1908-'09

The Wofford College Journal will be in the hands of the following students during the college session 1908-09. It is with much confidence that the present staff turns The Jour-

nal over to this new one. Judging from the kinds of men elected to fill the different positions, the societies and the college will have a magazine of which they may well be proud. The new staff is made up of men of ability and we predict success for them. We have known them for three years, and in all our associations with them we have found them to be gentlemen in every sense of the word.

Below is the new staff, and society from which elected:

Editor-in-chief, W. D. DuPre; local editor, C. A. Easterling; assistant literary editor, E. Hammond, from the Calhoun Society; business manager, R. B. Hicks; alumni editor, F. E. Bearden; assistant exchange, H. C. Raysor, of Carlisle Society; literary editor, W. C. Curry; exchange editor, G. C. Patton; assistant business manager, H. C. Hardin, of the Preston Society.

The oratorical speakers for next February 22nd are: C. A. Easterling and W. D. DuPre, from Calhoun; C. B. Dawsey and M. W. Wilkes, from Carlisle; G. C. Patton and H. C. Hardin from Preston.

Mr. B. Nettles Alsbrook resigned as one of the Emory-Wofford debators. Mr. Edward R. Mason was chosen in his place.

Senior Carter being asked by a young lady at Dr. Cooke's reception: "Do you belong to any clubs?" He replied: "Yes, ma'am, I belong to Bomar and Crigler's Pressing Club."

Wofford College Glee Club

The entertainment given by the Glee Club in the college chapel on the evening of May 15th was a great success. The chapel was crowded with an enthusiastic audience and their appreciation was attested by the manner in which they applauded each number. Many complimentary expressions were heard as the large crowd filed out of the auditorium at

the conclusion of the entertainment. A large number said that the Wofford Glee Club was as good as any college glee club they ever had the pleasure of hearing.

The solos, quartette, readings, and topical songs were all well rendered and the large audience was liberal with their applause. The members of the club did work that evinced careful training and the entertainment was as much credit to Prof. Hines as to the club.

Dr. W. (in Biology)—"Nothing produces starch except those things that are green."

Junior—"Doctor, do we produce starch?"

Dr. W.—"Yes, certainly."

Freshman (to Dr. Cooke at first of year)—"Ah! Very pleasant room you have here, Doctor. I look forward to many pleasant recitations in this room."

Same Freshman (after exams.)—"!! ?? !! — — !! —!"

A certain Freshman on being asked by The State agent to subscribe for the paper, was heard to reply: "Why, man, I already take the Dorchester Eagle. What do I want with two papers?"

State Oratorical Contest

To win the "State Oratorical Contest" is an enviable record for any college, and this is the record Wofford now holds, having won it in the recent contest at Greenwood. The speaker who won for Wofford was Mr. James C. Hardin, a member of the class '09.

During the nine years of the existence of the "Intercollegiate Contest" Wofford has won first place four times and came in for second honors twice. Wofford also won second honors twice in the "Southern Oratorical Contest."

Here is wishing you success, James. May you write the name of South Carolina at the head of the list when the contest is over at Mont Eagle, Tenn.

Dr. W.—"Any commodity that satisfies a desire of the mind and heart is an economic good."

Junior M.—"Is a young lady an economic good?"

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

Wm. B. Garrett, Jr., Editor.

Once again, as time sweeps irresistibly onward, comes the close of another college year. Once again, as is natural for humanity, we look back upon our work—our opportunities, some of which we have made the most of; some we have neglected. Were it not for the fact that we acknowledge ourselves as exceedingly human, were it not that "hope springs eternal in the breast," we would surely, even now, be crushed by a great overpowering despair. For what opportunities have been ours; how little we have seen what good we might have accomplished if we had only thought—had only possessed enough moral courage. How much greater, purer, nobler we might now have felt ourselves, had we given ourselves over more zealously, more earnestly, to the advancement of the cause of truth, duty, righteousness; and had thought less of the follies and worthless pleasures of youth. It makes us sad when we consider that our many mistakes must still exert their silent influence through the coming ages. Yet we are absolutely convinced that it is infinitely better to have striven, be it ever so little, be the mistakes ever so many than to have remained idle and at our ease—wherever humanity strives error must necessarily follow. Wherever error comes, there is a glorious privilege of attaining a fuller life by having rectified it. All have lived together these nine months, have doubted, have striven perhaps in our ignorance, for the wrong things, yet "that which we have done, may He himself make pure." For, we trust that somehow, somewhere our unaccomplished hopes, our unrealized dreams, of good, may be perfected, and that even our puny efforts will be respected.

It seems, that our most common fault, our intense selfishness, we seem to forget that other people have a claim on us; forget that service to others is necessary before the

truest happiness may be realized. Then, in the summer, and as we come back for the new year, may be determined to give more of our time, talents, and especially more of our sympathy to those round about us. The world is in need of sympathy. There is always a place for the broad minded, sympathetic, unselfish man who scatters sunshine and gladness wherever he goes. The world opens its arms to him who is always trying to make someone else happy or better. We have all seen that man; have felt his genial presence! If he speaks a word, it is that a boundless sympathy may be expressed; if he sings a song, it i sthat the melody in its widening vibrations may touch and soothe some heart that is downcast and sad; if he plants a tree, it is that some weary traveler may turn aside from the dusty road and rest himself under its cooling shade; and if the world smiles, and his own heart aches, he keeps his own sorrow to himself and lets the world smile on. Let us leave off these little, mean, selfish acts and thoughts, and find our greatest pleasure in the service of others. May we always remember that He thought not of Himself, but always "went about doing good."

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

R. Arlington Brown, Editor.

"Naughty Eight"

The world will soon feel a new impulse. Long and earnestly has it waited for and looked for this strengthening element among the forces of men. But just as long and even longer has it needed the invigorating power. Not only is the class of '08 the largest but one of the strongest in every respect. Four years of thorough and efficient preparation has changed the aspect of the once raw and uncouth youths, and the college is proud of them, where it was once ashamed and uneasy about them. Since the first finding, there has been a polishing and a finishing, and ere the sun spans her summer solstace she will look down upon forty-seven Wofford men and see them go out to do honor for themselves and for their dear old institution.

Not only will the world feel a new impulse, but those who go out from here will also feel the sense of duty that binds them closer than any penal code could to their alma mater. Already the men of place and rank are looking for associates, and sure they have turned to the center where they know that men and not mummies are made. There are vacancies in the higher spheres of activity and they can be filled only by those of lower order rising in their turn. Sure the time has come for the boys of "naughty eight" to step into some of these places—and they are. All you have to do is to listen, and you will hear of them clinging on to the opportunities that pass around them. For truth, one noble youth has already plucked from the bough of a foreign university a salamander—I beg pardon, it's a salary—upon which to study and travel. Another has resolved to give to the South a representative periodical, one that will always be an honor to his section, to his college, and most of all to himself. The pens are busy now and soon it will set the

chimes ringing in South Carolina, Georgia, and beneath the shady orange boughs of Florida. Then, too, a hoard of hearty, hale, and helpful fellows have been persuaded to tea —Oh, no! to tutor. But even in these pursuits all have not been included, and the rest of the class of "naughty" fellows are now within the halls of fame winning for themselves a name. But rest assured that when the man with his sheepskins comes around all the "naughty" boys will have become thoughtful boys and they'll every one be looking handsome and anxious.

There are some other folks proud of the "naughty" set, for the three largest classes are coming to see their "superiors" commune for the last time with the faculty. Oh, what a glorious occasion for the old college to experience, even the unconscious of the tribute. But these classes are not going to come singly and all alone. With them they'll bring their daughters and their friends, and when 'twill have past, all will be proud and joyful over the "naughty" class and the sunshine they brought.

With a closing word of hope and good cheer, we say, that as the class looks out upon the arena, there looms a future and it is going out divided, and yet, with hearts and best wishes united, to see what life has to offer.

Class of 1895

As regards numbers, the class of '95 has held the banner until this year, and now hands it over cheerfully to the class of '08. The class of '95 was known as a "big" class from the time it struck the campus. It had the misfortune to be divided in the Freshman year—it may have been the first to be divided—and now some of those who finished the course do not know all who were in the Freshman class, because they were in another section. The faculty are known to have said that there was more class spirit in this class than in any other they had taught. This explains why there were so few "irregulars" in it, and why such a large percentage of the Freshman class finished the four years'

course. The members of the class have taken up work in different channels of life, as nearly as the writer can find out about as follows:

John J. Cantey, after having taken a special course at Vanderbilt University, studied law and is now practicing at Summerton.

Gus M. Chreitzberg was probably the best all round athlete that Wofford has turned out. After graduation, he declined good offers to go into professional ball, and went into business. For awhile he taught in the Fitting School and had charge of the gymnasium. He now holds the important position of cashier of the First National Bank of Spartanburg.

Wm. C oleman took a law course at Harvard, and is now president of a mill and a bank at Whitmire, S. C., besides having a voice in the management of several other banking institutions.

T. C. Covington has been teaching since he left college, and at present is located at Lake City, S. C.

W. J. Crosland spent three years at the Charleston Medical College, and is now enjoying a fine practice in his native town of Bennettsville.

A. H. D agnall is practicing law at Anderson, S. C., and those who keep their ears open to po litical noises say he will at an early day be solicitor of his district.

J. C. Daniel has taught in several of the large towns in the State, and at present is superintendent of a flourishing school at Manning, S. C.

F. Eldon Dibble taught for several years after leaving college, but he has left that field of labor to find his life work in the ministry of the South Carolina Conference.

W. G. Duncan is engaged in the mill business in Columbia, S. C.

A. Mason DuPre has been teaching in the Fitting School since he graduated, and has been headmaster since 1897.

G. W. Fooshe has given up his native State. He is very successful in the insurance business in Memphis, Tenn.

W. I. Gaines has chosen North Carolina for his home, and is now engaged in the book and publishing business in that State.

B. H. Henderson is dead. Noble fellow he was—courteous, gentle, gentlemanly, loving fair play, faithful to duty He practiced law, entered the legislature; and, had he lived, South Carolina would have heard from him.

S. C. Hodges is a prominent pharmacist of Greenwood, S. C. At first he devoted his time to the retail business, but in addition to his retail store he now owns and manages one of the largest wholesale drug stores in the up country.

J. Porter Hollis took his Ph. D. degree at Johns Hopkins, taught awhile in the Southwestern University, and is now practicing law at Rock Hill, S. C. His friends say he will soon represent his district in congress.

John B. Humbert always did his work well and was always a business man. His classmates knew from the good trades he made with Brede's "pie wagon" that he would lead a business life. He is secretary and treasurer of the Chiquola Manufacturing Company at Honea Path, S. C.

Geo. C. Leonard is a faithful member of the South Carolina Conference, and is stationed at McColl, S. C.

J. Fraser Lyon has become well known in South Carolina and beyond her borders because of his connection with the dispensary investigating committee and as attorney general. In his fight against corruption and fraud he is displaying the same qualities he showed in college.

S. J. McCoy, after teaching in the public schools of the State for a few years, went to Columbus, Ga., where he has charge of a business college.

Samuel H. McGhee is a prominent citizen of Greenwood, where he was brought up. He is a successful lawyer and president of the Loan and Exchange Bank.

H. H. Newton is engaged in the bond and real estate business at Bennettsville, S. C.

W. W. Nickels is superintendent of a very prosperous school at Dillon, S. C.

J. O. Norton is at Conway, S. C.

J. R. Rogers is a successful dentist at Dillon, S. C.

B. B. Sellers is farming on a large scale in Marion county.

H. J. Shoemaker until a short time ago was proprietor of the Palmetto Book Store at Spartanburg, S. C., but he has sold his interests and is now connected with the Southern Christian Advocate.

F. H. Shuler, the president of the class of '95, is a member of the South Carolina Conference, and is stationed at Clio, S. C.

R. E. L. Smith has been devoting his time to teaching and farming since he graduated.

W. F. Stackhouse studied law at Harvard University, and is now enjoying a lucrative practice at Marion, S. C.

B. W. Wait studied at Vanderbilt and Columbia Universities, and is now practicing law at Conway, S. C.

W. H. Wannamaker, after having taken a course at Harvard, studied abroad and is now professor of German at Trinity College, Durham, N. C.

J. E. Warnock is practicing medicine at Allendale, S. C.

J. A. Wiggins is a prominent banker of Denmark, S. C.

M. C. Wood took a special course at Harvard, studied law, and is now located at Marion, S. C., having a large practice.

Class of 1892

Among those of the class of 1892 it may be said that Asbell, E. L., is a progressive lawyer at Lexington, S. C.; Bearsen, E. M., has moved to Ashville, N. C.; Bethea, P. P., is teaching at Kingstree, S. C.; Boulware R. C., joined the South Carolina Conference; Cauthen, H. J., is a member of South Carolina Conference; Cocke, W. J., a resident of Asheville, N. C.; Covington, J. C., a farmer and merchant of the Clio section; Dagnall, W. A., is running on the South ern Railway as mail clerk; Daniel, D. W., Associate Professor of English, Clemson College; Daniel, J. W., now resides at Chester, S. C.; Dent, W. D., lives in the Capital

City at Columbia; DuBose R. M., h as cast his lot with the brethren of the S. C. Conference; Fair, H. W., represents the American Book Company; Fooshe, J. F., is editing a paper at Winnsboro, S. C.; Harper, J. C., a prominent and leading physician at Greenwood, S. C.; Herbert, C. C., has also joined the S. C. Conference; Law, J. H., Jr., died some time since he graduated; Lesene, N. D., they say, has gone to banking at Kingstree, S. C.; McLeod, T. G., is well known as South Carolina's popular Lieutenant-Governor; Moss, A. H., attorney at law, Orangeburg, S. C.; Moss, J. M., resides at Walhalla; Pegues, A. S., has gone to Texas, where he is professor in South Western Uuiversity; Riley, J. J., is dead; Waller, C. B., is Professor of Chemistry and Biology at Wofford College; Whorton, W. R., Superintendent of Epworth Orphanage, Columbia, S. C.; Willis, W. E., is a Y. M. C. A. Secretary in Tennessee; Wright, T. F., teacher at Phoenix, S .C .

Class of 1876

Of the twenty-one men who graduated from Wofford in June, 1876, twenty are still living. James Liston Sheridan, after practicing medicine a half dozen years in Abbeville county, died. "Jeemes," as the boys called him, was a popular and successful physician.

S. M. Bagwell—"Bags" of college days—still resides near Glendale, just where he first discovered America a little more than a half-century ago. He has a wife, three children, more land than he needs, and the same jolly, good-naturned laugh that he carried off with his diploma.

G. W. Brown, who came to us from the banks of the Catawba, in old Lancaster county, has been for several years one of the leading lawyers of the Pee Dee section. "G." hung out his shingle at Darlington and advanced rapidly in his profession. He has represented his county in both branches of the State Legislature, and is now in the campaign for Congress from his district.

J. Fleming Brown, now "Grandpa" Brown, taught school

several years successfully in country schools, high schools, in the Columbia Female College, and in Converse College. A few years ago he gave up teaching and is an active, hustling member of the wholesale grocery firm of Fielder & Brown, Spartanburg, S. C.

W. E. Burnett, the graceful speaker of the class, is one of Spartanburg's capitalists. A public-spirited man as he was a public-spirted student, old "Buck" takes an active interest in every movement that looks to the development of Spartanburg or the uplift of humanity. Burnett is now president of the First National Bank of Spartanburg, and in some way interested in every other enterprise in sight.

The next man on the class roll I pass over. As I look at the slightly faded class picture, I notice that he had a pretty fair quantity of hair. That hair has gone the way of all the earth, and his teeth are following after. He, too, is a grandpa.

C. M. Crayton—"Old Marsh" as we knew him—is a successful physician in Missouri. He has four horses, an automobile, fourteen dogs, an interesting family, and money to burn.

J. Avery Finger—"Old Doc"—is the dignified teacher of the class. "Doc" started out as a drummer—a cigar drummer—but he smoked too many of his samples, and finally settled down as a teacher in Charleston. "Doc" is true to the best things of life.

J. B. Franks, of the three baby boys of the class, is in the life insurance business in Philadelphia. "Jimmie" writes as good a hand as he did in the days that are gone, loves the city of his adoption, and can go the gaits with his Yankee cousins.

The first year after W. L. Glaze left college he taught a country school, shot rabbits, and read law. Since that time he has been Major Glaze, and is recognized as one of the ablest lawyers in the commonwealth. The major says he won his title by killing a vicious snake one morning near the banks of the Edisto.

W. L. Gray —"Old Fussy"—after one year as school master, turned his attention to the mercantile business. He is the merchant prince of the class. "Fussy" loves his alma mater, his family, and his church.

Sam Keener, for many years the Rev. Samuel Keener, D. D., is prominent in church affairs in Louisiana. Doctor Keener in Louisiana, to the boys of '76 he'll ever be "Old Sam," the curly-haired, big-hearted man of the class.

Preston Brooks Langston was unfortunate enough to be born about the time that Brooks caned Sumner, hence the name. Brooks taught school a year or two after graduation, then went into the mercantile business at Pelzer, S. C. He is not in business now, and, I am told, has lost his health. Brooks was the blusher of the class.

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PAGE

Anderson, C. W. & Co. . . . xii
Argyle, The viii

Bernhardt, Photographer . . ix
Biber, A. W., Jeweler . . . iii
Bishop, A. J & Co. iv
Bagwell, J. E., Grocer . . . viii
Band & White, Printers . . xvi
Bomar & Crigler . . . . . cover

Cudd, R. E. & Co. x
Chapman, The Grocer . . . x
Cannon & Fetzer Co. i
Central National Bank v
Correll, D. C., Jeweler . . . v
Crimm, Dr. I. E. xiii

DuPre Book Store i

Fairyland xi
Fashion, The ii
Fleming, C. E. iii
First National Bank xiv
Fidelity Loan & Trust Co. . xiv

Gas and Electric Co. iv
Greenewald, The Clothier . cover
Harris Furniture Co. x

Hygeia Ice Co. xi
Hopkins Shop xii
Heinitsh's Drug Store . . . xiii

Irwin's Drug Store xv

Johnson, H. J. ix

Keene, Alf. xiii

PAGE

Lester, L. T. x
Littlejohn, Worth iii
Ligon's Drug Store vi
Liles, Floyd L. viii
Lemmond, A. W. xiii

Miller, Bob xi
Maddux, W. E. v

Piedmont Laundry Co. . . . ix
Price's Clothing Store vi
Peterson, The Photographer . vii

Queen, J. R. x

Rowe & Rowe vii
Rigby's Drug Store x
Riebling Drug Co. v
Russum, J. M. xiii

Star Cafe ii
St. John, Dr. F. C. iii
Spartan Hardware Co. . . . vii
Spartanburg Bus. College...viii

Thompson & Dillard xiii
True's Department Store . . iii
The Battery Clothing Co. . . xv

University of Virginia . . . ix

Walker, John A. xi
Watauga Cafe vii
Wright-Scruggs Shoe Co. . xv
Wofford College . . . . . cover
Wofford Fitting School .. cover

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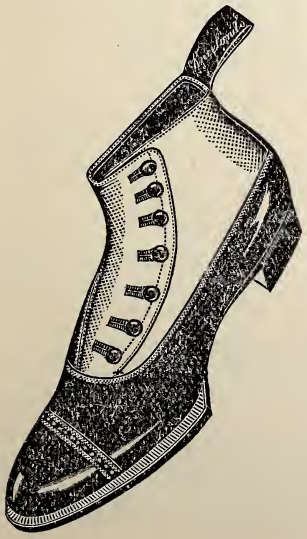

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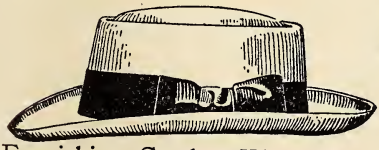

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